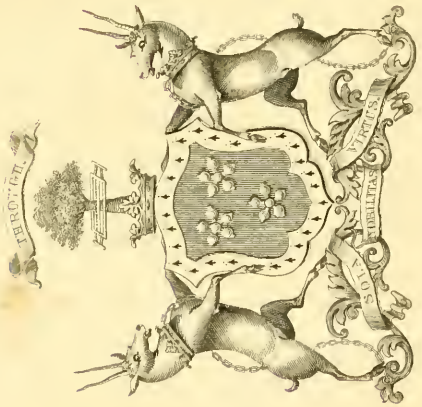
	£	s.	d.
WARWICKSHIRE HUNT. The Warwickshire Hunt, from 1795 to 1836; describing many of the most splendid runs with these highly celebrated hounds under the management of John Corbet, Lord Middleton, E. J. Shirley, and others . . . with numerous notes . . . By VENATOR [John Cooper]. 8vo., *with frontispiece and numerous woodcuts; a clean copy in the original half binding,* UNCUT; VERY SCARCE 1837	12	12	0



JOHN A. SEAVERNS

THE

WARWICKSHIRE

HUNT.

Mr CORBET AND HIS FOX HOUNDS

THE

WARWICKSHIRE HUNT,

FROM 1795 TO 1836;

DESCRIBING

Many of the most splendid Runs

WITH THESE

HIGHLY CELEBRATED HOUNDS

UNDER THE

MANAGEMENT

OF

Mr. JOHN CORBET,
LORD MIDDLETON,
Mr. E. J. SHIRLEY,
Mr. HAY,

Mr. R. FELLOWES,
Mr. J. RUSSELL,
AND
Mr. W. P. THORNHILL;

FROM

AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS,

MOSTLY ORIGINAL;

WITH

NUMEROUS NOTES, ANECDOTES, &c.

TO THESE ARE ADDED,

Supplementary Pieces,

CONNECTED WITH THE CHASE, THE TURF, AND THE TRIGGER.

BY VENATOR.

'A braver choice of dauntless spirits never
Dash'd after hound.'

LONDON:

HENRY HARRIS, GREAT ALIE-STREET, GOODMAN'S FIELDS;

J. COOPER, WARWICK; AND ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS.

1837.

COOPER, PRINTER, WARWICK.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN COOPER, WARWICK.

TO

THE MASTER AND MEMBERS OF THE

WARWICKSHIRE HUNT,

AND

THE SPORTING GENTLEMEN

OF THE COUNTY,

THIS WORK

IS,

MOST RESPECTFULLY,

INSCRIBED,

BY

The Author.

PREFATORY REMARKS.

The noble diversion of Foxhunting, according to the sporting annals of the country, has long been a favourite amusement of the British people.

The *Chase* and the *Turf*, altho' ardently pursued, and liberally supported in their progress by gentlemen of opulence and spirit, still wanted something to enable them to enjoy those recreations with pleasure and effect. That object has at length been attained—and we have now a breed of horses, swift of foot, strong enough to carry weight, hardy in constitution, and able to endure fatigue.

When the amusements of the higher classes of society contribute largely to the convenience and prosperity of the whole community, they may justly claim an eminent rank amongst the sources of national utility; and the English horse, for all the various purposes of pleasure and business, is now preferred to those of any other country in Europe.

There is a sort of *witchery*, not easily defined—but, by its votaries, pretty sensibly felt, in hunting the fox. The light-hearted, high-spirited stripling, when *cigaring it* carelessly to cover, with a kind of a *knowing demi-devil-may-care twist of his beaver*, receives in his transit a benison from every real friend of the chase he may chance to pass; and the airy, eager zeal of the youthful aspirant to *rolls*, *tumbles*, and the *brush*, will flush his memory with the frolic gayety of other days, and animate his mind with reflections most welcome to his heart.

In the progress of this work, I have received much ready assistance from many gentlemen of great talent and long experience in the Field. The *Original Contributors*, too, have furnished me with an interesting mass of important information. The value of their favours has been greatly enhanced by their manner of bestowing them, and I shall ever retain a most grateful recollection of both.

I have observed, amongst that class of Sportsmen I most distinctly address—a kind of social feeling—a sort of mysterious sympathy—a species of freemasonry of the chase, I may call it—which is rarely to be met with elsewhere—and it is with pride and satisfaction I acknowledge, that no small portion of that good feeling has been kindly extended to myself.

To the manly and generous Sportsman, then, I appeal. The *Warwickshire Hunt* now lies before them. They can best estimate the labour and perseverance that have been

exerted in the production of the work—and I trust they will construe candidly its defects —and admit liberally its claims.

JOHN COOPER.

WARWICK, DEC., 1837.

PERIODS OF MASTERSHIP.

Mr. J. Corbet	from	1791	to	1811
Lord Middleton	from	1811	to	1821
Mr. Shirley	from	1821	to	1825
Mr. Hay	from	1825	to	1826
Mr. Fellowes	from	1826	to	1830
Mr. Russell	from	1830	to	1833
Mr. Thornhill	from	1833	to	1836

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THE

WARWICKSHIRE HUNT.

'All shall join in jolly song,
Noble Sports to us belong;
Hail the morning's ruddy face,
Now begins the sprightly Chase.'

MR. WRIGHTSON, as correctly as I can remember, hunted several parts of Warwickshire about the year 1780. He had two kennels, the one at Swacliffe Grange, and the other at the White Lion Inn, Stratford. This hotel was then, and for many years afterwards, the principal place of resort for the Sporting Characters of the country; but more particularly for those Gentlemen who resided in this and the neighbouring counties. He was an excellent Sportsman,

and spared, what was then considered, no expence, in making his establishment as complete as any Master of hounds could wish. He had a huntsman and two whips, whom he supplied with four horses each; and by his own experience, and that of his men, he afforded some capital sport to the admirers of the chase.

RUN WITH MR. WRIGHTSON'S HOUNDS,

IN 1780.

BY AN OLD FOXHUNTER.

We once ran a brace of foxes from Alveston Pastures, which we lost, and then went to Eatington Grove. We found there, and ran a ring about the grove for an hour, and killed.

We found a third fox, a short time afterwards, at Houington Spinies, and then ran him at a very fast pace, over Idlicote Heath, close by Lord Northampton's, and on to Shutford Long Hill, where the pack turned him up in gallant style.

The late Mr. SHIRLEY, on a favourite chesnut horse; the late Mr. DADLEY, on a chesnut horse; and Mr. WM. BARKE, on a brown mare, were the only persons up at the end of this run, which was as good a one as any sportsman could wish to see. 1

1 Our venerable correspondent, 'An Old Foxhunter,' has sent us this capital run with Mr. Wrightson's hounds. The reader will perceive by the date, that it took place more than half a century ago, and is, probably, the only authentic record now to be met with, that describes a run with 'The Warwickshire,' previous to the one that succeeds it, in the year 1795.—VENATOR.

SPLENDID RUN WITH THE WARWICKSHIRE.

MEET—WOLFORD HEATH.

'STRATFORD-ON-AVON, Dec. 8, 1795.

Mr. CORBET's hounds threw off at Wolford Heath, near Shipston-upon-Stour, where they found a fox; and, after driving him once round the cover, he went over Lemington Heath, Norton Common, Evenlode Heath, Longborough Lees, Donington, Scott's Brake, Eyford, Halford Holt; over Cold Aston Downs, within two miles of Farmington Grove; then turned through Saperton Grove, over the finest part of the Gloucestershire Hills, within four miles of Cheltenham, and ten of Gloucester, and was then killed; after running at least 35 miles, and 23 point-blank from the cover in which they found him.

The first hour and half was a complete burst, succeeded by almost the same time in cold hunting, and 50 minutes more as hard running as possible, out of scent into view; and after every hound viewing him, they killed him most gallantly.

Out of upwards of a hundred horsemen only six were in at the death, namely—Mr. J. CORBET, (who joined them after the first burst,) Mr. J. MARTIN, Mr. S. LITTLETON, Mr. PIGOTT, the huntsman, and whipper-in. Mr. HILL came up while the hounds were worrying their fox, and none of the rest at all.' 1

1 The Old Sporting Magazine was first published in 1793; and in the number for December, 1795, the same version of this run is inserted without a signature.—VENATOR.

THE SAME BY VENATOR.

Only on Britain's fertile ground,
Is bred the true and perfect hound;
From them, in other climes, we trace
A weak, degen'rate, feeble race.
'Tis thine to train the sprightly steed,
With hound unmatch'd in scent and speed.
Hail! land of freedom!—happy, gay.
Thus saith the poet in his lay. 1

What a Field of fine Sportsmen—how princely the throng!
You'll soon be in action, and dashing along.
Your nags in prime order this day must be found,
Or you'll quickly lose sight of the Field and the hound;
'Tis a fine-scenting morn, and few Sportsmen yet
In nose, wind, and speed, their equals have met.

At fam'd Wolford Heath, having Shipston in view,
The pack first caught scent, and quick on it they flew;
Hark, the challenge! the game is just rous'd from his den,
And the pack, in sweet music, respond it again.
'Tis a famous old fox—tho' crafty and stout,
I'll bet a cool hundred they'll soon have him out;
After skulking, sly vagabond, once round the cover,
The hounds at his brush—away bolted the rover!

To Ilmington Heath, and o'er Norton Common,
They went at a split exceeded by no man;
O'er Evenlode Heath, and Longboro' Lees,
The scent it lay well, and delightful the breeze;
To Donington next, and thorough Scott's Brake,
The nags all alive, and no man broke his neck!

1 William Somerville, Esq. author of that fine poem, 'The Chase.' He died at Wootton Wawen, in the county of Warwick, in 1742, and was buried in the family vault in the chapel at that place.

To Eyford and Halford—no time now to crane,
To turn over a fence, or to creep down a lane.
Thence to Holt, and away o'er the Downs of Cold Aston,
Ev'ry Sportsman well up rode a good and a fast one;
Within two miles of Farmington Grove—ev'ry *screw*
Was by this time done up—others *losing a shoe!*

Off to Saperton Grove, a turn rather short—
No sinecure now to the Dons of the Sport!
O'er the fine Gloster Hills Reynard shew'd us the way;
All follow'd, who could, on this terrible day,
Till from fam'd Chelt'nam Spa we were miles only four,
From Gloster's old city but ten and no more,
When this gallant old fox did reluctantly yield
Up his life to the pack i' th' midst of a field;
After leading us thirty-five miles—what a run!
And point-blank twenty-three from the place it begun!

For thirty-five minutes stout reynard at first
Led us bravely along—how tremendous the burst!
Cold hunting then follow'd the same length in time,
A welcome reprieve e'en to nags some call'd prime.
Fifty-two minutes more of desp'rate running;
No art could avail him, of trick or of cunning.
Out of scent into view—by a wonderful rush
Ev'ry hound got a sight of his long-flowing brush.
Tho' matchless in speed—in courage tho' valiant—
They kill'd him at last in a style th' most gallant!

What a Field in the morning—not less than five score
Eager Sportsmen appear'd—some said there were more.
What a brilliant day for stout nags and good riders!
What a terrible blank to the tricksy outsiders!

To the end, only six were able to follow,
To join in proud triumph the welcome—*Death-halloo !*

Good Sportsmen are not the most anxious of fame,
Yet we may be excused if we give them by name.
J. Corbet, who did not appear at the cover,
He join'd in the chase when the first burst was over.
J. Martin, S. Littleton, Pigott—all bold
Crack riders who knew when to go and to hold.
The Huntsman the stoutest and best of his race,
And the tight Whipper-in, a lad always in place.

Then Hill to the spot in a few minutes came,
As the hounds were all busy in killing their game.
The pace and the rate had made such a clearance,
Not one of the others could make his appearance !
Thus ended a run—we fear not retorting—
That will scarce find its match in the Annals of Sporting ! 1

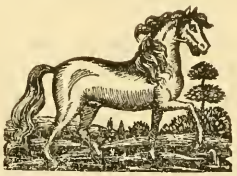
Mr. Corbet, Mr. R. Canning, Captain Hawkes, Major Pigott, and Mr. W. Greenall, of Milcote, were up at the death. The late Mr. Thomas Handley, of Barford, on his clever chesnut horse; and Mr. Joseph Russell, of Grove Fields, on a brown splint-legged horse, were also in good places when the fox was killed.—actæon, jun.

Mr. Corbet was so delighted when the hounds viewed their gallant fox, that he instantly clapped spurs to his horse, and not being able to stop him (as was his custom,) when he came to the next gate cleared it on his back. When the run was over, he exclaimed, " I have done more

1 The fox was killed in or near to Sandewell Park.

than I meant to do.' Mr. CORBET, in the evening, threw the head of this famous fox on the dinner table at the White Lion Inn, Stratford, before the Gentlemen who assembled there after the run. Mr. CORBET had the head preserved, and hung up in a glass case, in the room called *The Tempest*, where the Members of the Stratford Hunt Club dined.—ACTÆON, jun. 1

1 Mr. Corbet had the head of the fox that had afforded this most extraordinary run preserved and put into a glass-case in 'The Tempest Room,' so named in honour of Shakspeare, where the Members of the Hunt Club then dined, and upon the frame was written the description of the chase we have already given. The head of that noble animal continued to grace the room for 45 successive years. Every Sportsman who knew his history and achievements, contemplated his stern grim visage with delight, and many, whose hearts never responded to the gladsome Tallyho! felt some pleasure in looking for a moment at the gallant old fox of Wolford Heath. In 1834, the White Lion changed proprietors; and in the following year the tenant then in possession left the house. This relique of sporting had kept its station under every tenancy, and was considered as a sort of heirloom to the premises. An old Sportsman, on entering the room on the day of sale, exclaimed, 'Stole away!' The fine old fox of Wolford Heath was no where to be found. Had this not been the case, his likeness here had superseded the necessity of our making this apology.—VENATOR.



BY AN OLD FOXHUNTER.

MEET—ILMINGTON, ABOUT 1796.

We had once a fine day's sport, when the meet was at Ilmington. The Field, in the morning, was excellently mounted—the hounds in the primest condition—the huntsman in famous humour—the morning most favourable—the country good—and the whole company in capital spirits, and determined to go. We found in a small gorse cover on the right of Stoke, as stout a fox as ever led a Field, who sunk the hill as if pointing for Preston Bushes; but turning short back he regained the hill, and dashed through Stoke Wood, by Foxcote on to Blakewell Bushes. He passed through those bushes, and then crossed the Stour between Halford and Newbold; over the road by Eatington Church, below Kineton, and we lost him in a large grass meadow ground under Avon Dassett Hill. This was a capital thing, and the distance could not be less than 18 miles, which was done in a very short time.

Under Baker's Hill, which the fox first sunk, Mr. W. Barke, on a young restive horse of Mr. H. Wyatt's, met with a terrible fall; but quickly remounted, and occupied a good station at the end. Mr. Stubbs, Mr. H. Wyatt, Mr. F. Canning, Mr. R. Canning, Mr. Cockbill, the huntsman, and a few others, were up when we lost. The pace was so quick, and the fences so strong and awkward, that many *good-uns* stopped at Kineton.

When Mr. Corbet hunted this country, he resided at Clopton House, a mile from the town, but his hounds and horses were kept at the White Lion, in Stratford. He generally had about 70 couple of hounds, which he divided into two packs, dogs and bitches; the dogs were the largest and stoutest, but the other pack was preferred by many of the Sportsmen for quickness of scent and activity.—Mr. Corbet dined with the Club at the White Lion, every other Thursday.—AN OLD FOXHUNTER.

BY AN OLD FOXHUNTER.

MEET—WALTON WOOD.

We had a very good run from this cover, some time in 1798, but I forget the exact date. We found a fox in the wood, and ran him straight over Meon Hill, and Mickleton Grounds, to Weston Subbage, where we killed him in a little garden.

Mr. F. Canning, Mr. R. Canning, Mr. Greenall, and a few others, were up at the death.

MEET—SNITTERFIELD.

We once found a fox at this cover, which broke away at a famous rate, and led us through Alveston Pastures, across the river by the mill, and on to Lord Willoughby's, where we killed him after a most excellent day's sport.

We ran another fox from the same Bushes for some length of time, and killed him after swimming the river at Warmington village.

Mr. Corbet first hunted the Meriden covers in 1778. At that time Mr. Ward hunted Oxfordshire, and occasionally part of the Stratford country, when his kennel was at Newbold, five miles from Shipston and six from Stratford. On Mr. Ward declining Oxford, and taking to Northampton, Mr. Corbet took possession of Warwickshire. Mr. Wrightson, of Cashworth, Yorkshire, the Earl of Thanet, and Mr. Willoughby (afterwards Lord Middleton,) severally hunted Warwickshire, until Mr. Corbet took it in 1791. He continued to hunt it with the greatest success till he resigned to Lord Middleton. I believe, Mr. Corbet was master of foxhounds, without having a guinea subscribed, upwards of 40 years, with the exception of £5 a year by each Member of the Stratford Hunt Club, to reward the earth-stoppers of the country. I heard him say, he had kept hounds longer, at his own expence, than any man before him. Soon after Mr. Corbet took to the Warwickshire, his friends advised him to go abroad, and the country was then hunted by the Earl of Craven, Sir R. Puleston, and the celebrated Col. Wardle. On his return, Mr. Corbet again became master of the Warwickshire. —NIMROD.

Although Mr. Corbet kept hounds for so many years for the amusement of the county, without receiving any subscription, he was, nevertheless, very tenacious of any one hunting them when he was absent. The hounds, one day, had not been able to find a fox, after trying the covers from Alveston Pastures to Oakley Wood, where they left off. The gentlemen took the direct road home, whilst Mr. Barke, Bill Barrow the huntsman, and Jack Barrow and Jack Jones, the whips, returned home with the hounds across the country. Just as they reached Middle Hill, a fox was seen to pass through a gap about 40 yards before them. The huntsman debated for a short time whether he should let the hounds go or not, but being pressed by Mr. Barke, he consented to have a short run. The pack had no sooner got within 20 yards of the spot, than off they set, with their heads up and sterns down, until they reached Bowshot, where Bill Barrow stopped them, and took them home.

Mr. Corbet had been impatiently inquiring if the huntsman had brought his hounds home, and whether Barke was returned? The waiter replied in the negative, and received orders to send Mr. B. up to the Master when he came home. As soon as he entered the room, he was accosted by Mr. Corbet, in his usual way—'What makes you so late, I suppose you have been up to your d—d tricks?' Barke replied, the hounds had seen a fox, and Bill Barrow could not stop them. This made matters worse, for it was impossible to deceive so good a judge as Mr. Corbet upon this point; and he said—'D—n me, Barke, never tell me that again; Bill Barrow can stop any hounds in England; any hounds in England, by —. Never you tell me that again, Barke. I keep hounds for my own diversion, and not Bill Barrow's; he can stop

any hounds in England, BARKE.' After repeating his expressions, Mr. CORBET invited BARKE to a glass of wine, and resumed his usual composure, of which he had been deprived, more by the excuse that was made, than by the occurrence that had first excited his displeasure.

BY AN OLD FOXHUNTER.

MEET—ALVESTON.

One day when we met at the Pastures, we found a fox that went quick away over the Crofts Farm, round Cherry Orchard, through Fir Grove, and across the top of Goldicote Farm; reynard then turned to the left and went straight to Tiddington turnpike, where he ran to ground. This was a very quick ring of an hour and five minutes; and the snow, which was nearly a foot thick in some places, rendered the riding very dangerous, and we did not, in consequence, meet before mid-day.

Colonel ROBERTS rode very hard, and on taking a stile, with a wooden plank bridge on the other side, which his horse did not see, was thrown; and though perhaps not much injured was intimidated, and did not ride in the same determined way afterwards. Mr. CORBET, Mr. FETHERSTONE, Mr. PACKWOOD, Mr. BARKE, and a few others, were up when the fox took the earths.

MEET—SNITTERFIELD BUSHES.

We had an excellent day's sport once, when we met at this cover. The Bushes then produced the best foxes in Warwickshire, and they always went away immediately when the Master hunted it regularly. We had no sooner thrown our pack into them, than one of the old hounds spoke, and the cheering and heart-stirring halloo of 'Gone away!' was given by that famous huntsman BILL BARROW.

Reynard took straight through Bushwood, and made his way, at a bold slapping pace, down to within four miles of Birmingham, when he was headed and turned; and after a short time run into at the back of the Box Trees. This, I remember, was a most capital thing; the hounds stuck to their game in a most delightful style, and reynard did not give up until he was quite exhausted.

The worthy Master Mr. Corbet, Sir E. Smythe, Mr. Curtis, who once kept hounds at Solihull, Mr. Henry Roberts, of Stratford, Mr. Barke, [1] and four or five others, were in at the death. The distance could not be less than 16 miles.

---

1 Mr. W. Barke was formerly landlord of the White Lion Inn, at Stratford-on-Avon, where the Warwickshire Hunt Club was held, and was very frequently in the field. He was among the 'welters,' and was always considered a good fellow of his weight. An eye-witness has furnished us with the following anecdote of this sportsman: one day, about the year 1795, when a party of yeomen, invited by Mr. Smith, of Admington, to dine with him at Clifford Forge, were cracking a bottle as frequently as the joke, Mr. Zouch, of Milcote, inquired of Mr. Barke what he wanted for Flying Gib. This animal was a shooting pony of strong muscular power and uncommon activity. The owner said his price was fifty guineas. 'Can he jump?' was the next question put by the purchaser. 'Jump! d—— me, Tom, fetch him out and I'll shew you.' The pony was no sooner brought out than Mr. Barke mounted—not in the general way, for to shew the leaping powers and surprising docility of the pony, the owner sat with his face towards the tail—and having put his head straight, with a quiet 'Come up,' he cleared a flight of rails into the turnpike road, to the great amusement of his companions. At their request, he repeated the leap in the same extraordinary manner, and sold his pony for the sum he asked, without further recommendation.

BY A VETERAN FOXHUNTER. 1

The hounds began hunting this season, 1800, at Sundorne Castle, in Shropshire, the noble hereditary mansion of Mr. CORBET, on the 2d of September.

In a run on the 5th, JACK BARROW, in leaping over a hedge, fell into a stone-quarry, broke his collar-bone, and hurt his horse very much.

On the 8th, while the hounds were drawing Hall Hole, and Leighton Shelf, the rain came on so very violent, that they returned home without finding. My boots (says the writer,) had above a pint of water in them, and I never had such a wetting in my life.

On the 9th, we hunted in the neighbourhood of Acton Burnell; the hounds divided, and afterwards joined again; the day was very wet, and the foxes were lost. I had this day the pleasure of the company of two of the female sex, Mrs. CORBET and Miss BROWN, and they drank foxhunting in a bumper on their return home. They saw the fox frequently, and enjoyed the sport of all things.

On the 29th, after killing one fox, and running another to Weston House, which was lost nearly in view, a fox was found at Boscobel Wood; he was run for an hour, and killed near the Lodge at the Cowhay cover. Many Sportsmen were in the field, and we got some most excellent ale, and a true Sportsman's luncheon, at Mr. LOCKLEY'S.

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1 A Gentleman, whose courtesy we are proud to acknowledge, has favoured us with the MS privata of a Sportsman for many years well known and highly esteemed in 'The Warwickshire Hunt.' The observations of a man of good sense and veracity, aided by long experience and an extensive knowledge of his subject, are of no common value in the estimation of a well informed and intelligent Sportsman. Foxhunting, probably, never pressed more closely on the heel of Science, than in the practice of the Gentleman to whom we allude.

The hounds came to Meriden, this season, on the 10th of October.

Monday, Oct. 13.—Met at Chelmsley Wood, and found a fox as soon as the hounds were put into cover; he was very soon killed on the earth. Some of the hounds casting forward while the others were eating the fox, they got on the scent of another fox. They ran rings for an hour in part of the cover, there being at least three foxes up at the same time. At last we got away after one over the country that had been too long gone, and by the scent dying away he was lost. We came back to Chelmsley Wood and found another fox immediately; but the cover had been so much stained, we could do nothing with him. We then drew Mr. York's wood; as soon as the hounds had entered the cover they found a brace of foxes, and one went away directly. The hounds kept with the other fox down the cover. I saw five foxes cross the ride, one after another, in the same direction. We ran rings, in and out of cover, for some time, constantly changing foxes. We were relieved, at length, by one of them taking over the country pointing for Coleshill; he then took an extensive ring over that part of the country, and ran into Park Hall woods, in which cover the hounds, after viewing him several times, killed him. This was a run of an hour and three quarters, as good hunting, and as good a day's sport as possible, for the young pack.

Oct. 15.—Met at Daniel's Wood, and found a brace of foxes at Bredbane Wood; then run one to Daniel's Wood, and very quick over the country to Birchley Hays, in which cover the fox was killed, after a very severe burst of 35 minutes. The hounds carried a remarkably good head.—As soon as we had killed the fox, another broke away from

Birchley Hays, and ran very quick to Close Wood, where he earthed. We dug for him, but there being so many spouts we did not find him. We then drew Meriden Shafts without finding. We soon afterwards found a fox in Lord Aylesford's decoy. He then run over his Lordship's park for Daniel's Wood, pointed for Shawsbury cover, and came round by Close Wood. Skirted Meriden, when a cur dog hunted the fox before the hounds, and he was lost.

Oct. 17.—We met at Hampton Coppice, and found a fox immediately. He took two or three rings in the cover, and then went off for the Solihull woods. Being headed near the great turnpike road, he came back over the canal pointing for Chelmsley Wood, and under Mr. Spooner's house. After taking an extensive ring, he returned to the cover he was found in; we hunted him through the cover, and the scent dying away he was lost. As good hunting as possible with the young pack for two hours. We then drew the Solihull woods, and found in the third; but the scent was so bad we lost this fox.

Oct. 18.—Met at Tilehill; found immediately, and soon killed. The hounds then drew the other part of the cover, and hit upon another fox; he took away, and ran a very extensive ring for three hours within six minutes, when he was killed very near the place he was found.

Many horses were done over, as the fox was supposed to have run 20 miles without the hounds being once cast. *Chester* distinguished himself, particularly in hunting as well as at the death, being first when most of the hounds viewed him.

Oct. 20.—Met at Haywood, and immediately found a fox which broke cover towards Wroxall House, where he was

headed back. The hounds then drove him round the wood through Gilbert's coppice, to the dog-kennel at Wroxall, where he got into a drain. Drew on to the Honiley woods and found a fox, which, after trying all the points towards Haywood and Meriden, the hounds pressed him so close, he was obliged to make away for the Fern Hill covers; then over the country to Woodcote House, to Kenilworth, up the meadows by the Castle, and the hounds ran into him in Thick Broom, making for Stoneleigh earths, after a run of one hour and 27 minutes, as complete as any hounds could do. This was the whelp pack.

Oct. 22.—Met at Chelmsley and found a brace of foxes; one broke away through Ancot Hall farm to School Rough, and over the meadows for Elmdon Hall; headed short at Hampton coppice, he ran through the village of Bickenhill, over the fields towards Hampton, turned to Stone Bridge, where the fox crossed to Lord Aylesford's decoy; the scent dying away he was given up. We then went to York's wood and immediately found a fox; and drove him, as well as the day would permit, to Water Orton, and Park Hall woods, when we were obliged to give in, the day was so unfavourable.

Oct. 24.—Met at the Shawberry woods, where the covers had been disturbed by shooters. Got upon a disturbed fox at Lord's wood, hunted him for some time and then gave him up. Drew on to Birchley Hays, and found; our fox went away to Close Wood, over the fields to Kinwasey; to Alderman Hewett's plantations, by Fillongley town end, and again into Birchley Hays. Here a fresh fox crossed, and the day being unfavourable, after persevering till near five o'clock, and not being able to drive him out, we gave in. The day being very windy, we did not hear the hounds

kill their fox; but the next time the hounds drew the cover, *Leveller* drew out the hind quarters of the fox killed on that day.

Oct. 26.—Met at Millisant's Wood, at ten o'clock, but did not find. Drew on to Tilehill Wood, and found a fox; went away to Allesley village, where an indifferent scent, and a prospect of sport forward, induced Mr. CORBET [1] to hold on to a favourite cover; but, unfortunately, a fox found at Long Meadow Wood went away for the Stoneleigh covers. The scent bad, they hunted on to Burnt End, down the common to Stivichall village, and into the rough, where he stayed for some time. We next drove him away by Colonel Gregory's house into Wainbody Wood, where he was killed in good style, after persevering for two hours and a half, and very good hunting.

Oct. 27.—Met at Water Orton, and drew Park Hall woods without finding. Found a brace of foxes in Mr. York's wood; after running in and out of cover for an hour, he was earthed under a tree in Mr. York's pit; the hounds would soon have killed him if he had not gone to ground. We then hunted a fox that had been gone a long time, through Smith's wood, pointing for Park Hall; he was so far ahead we could not hunt him. We then drew the decoy

1 The uniform politeness of Mr. Corbet formed a striking contrast to the occasional moroseness of his huntsman, Bill Barrow. Were a man seen by Mr. C. in the midst of his hounds at a most trying moment, he would say—'Pray, Sir, hold hard, you will spoil your own sport.' That was all. But Bill Barrow would say—'Hold hard, Sir; G—d d—n it, where the hell are you going?' When his hounds were well settled to their fox, and things looked well, Mr. Corbet would cry out—'Now, gentlemen, ride over them, now ride and catch them if you can.'—NIMROD.

and Chelmsley Wood, without success. Found a brace of foxes at the mill-pool, near Mr. York's. One immediately went away through his wood, skirting Smith's wood, and ran within a quarter of a mile of the town of Coleshill; then pointed for Curdworth Bridge, and went over the water a little below it; made a line for Dunton Wood, but was headed to the village of Curdworth. Running through the cottage gardens of that place, he made the canal side, and then ran very near to the village of Minworth. From thence he led over the meadows to Park Hall, where he crossed the river. Leaving the cover, and keeping forward pointing for Mr. York's covers, which he passed to the left. The hounds were running for their fox as well as possible, expecting soon to kill him, when a person who ought to have known better, rode on the hounds, and brought them to a check. After that we hunted the fox as long as the scent would permit us, pointing on for Hampton coppice. This run was two hours.

Oct. 29.—Met at Hampton Coppice, and drew that and Barber's cover, without success. Went to School Rough, and found in Chelmsley Wood; the fox was away the moment the hounds spoke, and never did hounds run quicker than they did, by Banerby Pool and on to Little Packington, where he was unaccountably lost. We then went to Mr. York's wood, where we immediately found a fox that led us for one hour and a half, in rings, through the Decoy, &c. and we killed him handsomely near Smith's wood. The scent was good, and the day fine.

Oct. 31.—We threw off this morning at Weobly Wood, where we found a fox that took a ring round the cover, and then went away to Ryton Woods; these he skirted, and then dashed away towards Sir T. Biddulph's, at Birding-

bury. We ran him for one hour and a half, at least, with an indifferent scent, when he was run by our dogs, and lost. Cast back to Frankton Wood, where the hounds instantly hit upon a fox. There were not less, certainly, than two brace of foxes in the cover, and we ran, in rings, for an hour and a half, a little way out of cover, constantly changing. At length one took right away, and we hunted him, in as good style as possible, and killed him 18 miles from the kennel. Left Meriden at eight o'clock a. m. and got home past six o'clock p. m.

Saturday, Nov. 1.—Met at the Priory, Maxtoke, and drew all the woods without finding. We went on to Lord Aylesford's [1] woods, and found a fox, which, going off down-wind, left all the great Sportsmen from Lord Vernon's, Mr. Adderley's, &c. in the lurch. We ran him over the vale to the Maxtoke woods, and over the river Bourne towards Arley wood; here he was so much pressed that he bore away by Mr. Sadler's house, at Whitacre, pointing over the open fields for Hore parish; when the huntsman, not seeing his Master, made a back cast, and lost the fox. We afterwards drew Birchley Hays, without success.

1 The late Earl of Aylesford, unlike the present, was no sportsman; but as a well-wisher to foxhunting, and out of respect to Mr. Corbet, he would sometimes make his appearance in the field, when the hounds were drawing the covert at Packington. One day his Lordship placed himself behind Mr. Corbet in a very dirty ride in a cover. A hound spoke. 'Hark!' said Lord A. 'A puppy, my Lord,' said Mr. C. Another hound spoke. 'Hark again!', said the Earl. 'Puppy,' said Mr. C. softly. At last old Trojan challenged on him. 'Trojan, by —,' said Mr. C. 'A fox for a hundred;' when clapping spurs to his horse, with one of his cheering halloos, he suddenly disappeared, leaving the noble Earl not only covered with mud, but enveloped in astonishment. —Nimrod.

The hounds had now hunted three weeks at Meriden, and killed five brace of foxes; and out of that number six were old ones.

The hounds left Meriden, for Stratford, on Monday the 3d of November.

Nov. 5.—Our first meet from Stratford, this season, was at Frizhill. We soon found a fox that took away to Walton Terrace, and then returned to the cover in which we found him. He then went over Lord Willoughby's grounds to the bridge near the house, where, from the scent being so bad, he was lost, after running an hour. We then drew Chadshunt gorse, and Itchington Heath, without finding, both covers having been disturbed by the shooters. We then went back to Lighthorne, and found a fox in the small cover; he soon made away for Frizhill, and from that place on to Lord Willoughby's plantations; he then took an extensive ring for an hour and ten minutes, with a good scent, and was killed just as he was going out of Lighthorne cover.

Nov. 7.—Found a fox at Ufton Wood, that ran rings in cover for some time, and was killed without breaking away. The hounds hunted other foxes in the cover for near an hour, but the scent being so bad, and the cover stained, the hounds were drawn away. On being next thrown into Mr. Palmer's spinies, at Ladbroke, the hounds did not find until they drew an ozier bed near the brook, when they unkenneled a brace of foxes. After running one extensive ring for near two hours, the hunted fox was lost, entirely owing to the great want of scent, and the unfavourable state of the weather. The hounds behaved particularly well to day.

Nov. 10.—By a previous fixture, the hounds were to hunt to-day at Walton Wood; but this was prevented, by the water being so much out, we were not able to cross the Avon; we therefore sent a man over in a boat, to inform the gentlemen who might meet at Walton, of the circumstance; and a whipper-in was dispatched to stop the earths at Austey Wood. The hounds found here plenty of foxes; and after running and changing, in and out of cover, for near two hours, the wood became so much stained, that the hounds were taken away. A fox was afterwards found at Hogwell, and after running him rings, out of cover, for about an hour and a half, we killed in Austey Wood.

Nov. 17.—We threw off at Black Marton; as soon as the hounds were thrown into cover, away went a fox over the country for Idlicote spinies and Honington Grounds; then over the first part of the Vale to Sutton North; over the hill, and pointed for Lord NORTHAMPTON'S; the hounds had got upon very good terms with their fox, when he was headed at the village of Brailes. After making a cast, they hit him off again, and hunted him under Sutton North, taking a dip in the Vale. He then took over the earths at Sutton North, pointing for Weston House, and ran over all the open country for Wichford Wood; and, when but a little short of that cover, he was ran into, and turned up on the top of the hill.

This day's sport gave great satisfaction to a numerous Field, particularly to Mr. MORANT; the distance was full 20 miles, and 14 from the place where the fox was found. A memorable day!

Nov. 19.—Having met at Ufton Wood, we drew that cover and Itchington Heath, blank. A fox, which we soon afterwards found at Chesterton Wood, ran in cover for an

hour; the scent was bad, and he was lost. Drew on to Lighthorne, and found at three o'clock. The fox went briskly away for Frizhill, and on to Walton; then over the country for Kineton, pointing for Edge Hill, and leaving Itchington Heath on the right, and then pushed forward for Chesterton. We ran reynard half an hour after dark, and had him among the hounds; we should certainly have killed him, if it had been day light. The Field was a large one, and they were much gratified by the sport the day had afforded them.

Nov. 26.—Hunted at Eatington Grove. A fox went away before the hounds reached the cover, and we ran him with a cold scent over Mr. SHIRLEY's Park, and then returned to the Grove. Drew it again, and afterwards the gorses without finding. Found a brace of foxes in Wellesbourne Wood; one of them led us to Charlecote earths, and back to Wellesbourne cover; from thence to Walton Terrace, and Walton Wood, in which place the hounds changed their fox, and ran him on to Frizhill. The pack here divided, ten couple and a half in one division, and fourteen and a half in the other; both divisions gave general satisfaction to their attendants, but lost their game, after running them well for three hours and a half each.

Nov. 28.—We threw off at Lord NORTHAMPTON'S, and found a brace of foxes. One of them the hounds killed in cover; the other was run three quarters of an hour, taking an extensive ring very quick round Brailes, and then earthed near the White House. After drawing other gorse covers we found a brace of foxes at Shutford Long Hill; we ran one, in two hours within ten minutes, at least fourteen miles. The first part, and the ending of the run were very quick, and had not the fox gone to ground

in an old stone quarry in Wroxton Field, near to Lord Guildford's, he would soon have been killed.

The day's sport gave the greatest satisfaction to a most numerous Field of good Sportsmen.

Monday, December 1.—The Field, to-day, met at that celebrated cover for wild stout foxes, Wolford Wood, and immediately the hounds were put in, a brace of them were afoot. After taking a ring in the cover, one of them went away, pointing for Bourton-on-the-Hill; being headed near to that place, he ran back to the cover, but not into it; he then faced the whole of the open country, by leaving Barton Grove on the right, and going forward near to the town of Chipping Norton, within about three miles of which place, from the scent dying away, he was lost. Barton Grove, and the gorses near Wolford, were then drawn, without success. Having found in the wood, the fox went off immediately for Barton Grove, and through part of that cover without a stop; he then went, at a good pace, across the open country for Long Compton Hill, and Wichford Wood; then through a part of that cover, and very near to Weston House. The fox here was so much beat, that he went back to Wichford, and was killed in the cover, very near to Mr. Corbet's house.

It was a remarkably quick run of about one hour and 20 minutes, over a very fine country.

Dec. 8.—Oakley Wood was the meet this morning, and we drew that cover without finding. Found, very soon after, in a cover a short distance from it, when the fox ran very quick to Lord Warwick's park; after running him an hour, he went to ground in the bank under the dairy. On leaving the park, the hounds were taken to Chesterton, and on drawing it, a fox was soon found in the wood; he

went away over Chesterton Grounds for Itchington Heath; over the finest part of the Vale, pointing for Farnborough; he then ran through the spinies under Edge Hill, for Mr. MILLER'S, at Radway—and, after hanging a short time in those covers, the fox was so much beat that he was killed.

This was a run of an hour and three quarters, and ended 14 miles from the place where he was found.

Dec. 10.—The meet was at Hook Norton Lodge, but the fog was so thick we could not hunt. I went 20 miles to cover in the morning.

Dec. 12.—Found reynard at home at Black Marton, this morning; he instantly went away for Itchington Grove, and over the country for Walton, but we changed foxes here, and after running three hours and twenty minutes, we killed near to Lord WILLOUGHBY'S house.

Dec. 13.—We drew Hatton Rock, and Hampton Wood, blank. Found immediately at Snitterfield; the fox soon went away for Austey Wood, which he brushed quickly through, and then passed Henley to the left. He then led us across the great road, a mile and a half on the other side of that town, running straight for Mockley and Holdbro', but skirting those covers, he made for Studley, and then forward for Spernal Park, near which place we lost him, after a run of two hours and twenty minutes, without a hound ever being cast.

This run was supposed to be above five and twenty miles; the hounds changed their fox, or they would have killed him.

Dec. 20.—The hounds threw off this morning at Wellesbourne Wood, but they did not find till we got to Walton;

the fox ran through Frizhill to Lighthorne Rough, with a good scent, in which cover he earthed, after running him 30 minutes. On drawing the wood at Moreton, afterwards, we found a brace of foxes; the hounds divided, one part of them went for Walton, and the other for Lighthorne. The whipper-in stopped the hounds going for Walton, and joined the others at Frizhill. The fox, after running some extensive rings, went first to Walton Wood, and then over the country nearly to Kineton, pointing for Itchington Heath; he ran back over Lord Willoughby's grounds, and through Frizhill to Walton Wood, and was killed in the cover next to that wood.

Many horses were quite done over, and several others were nearly brought to a stand-still. A good day's sport.

Saturday, January 3, 1801.—Snitterfield Bushes was the place of meeting this morning, but we drew without finding, as the whole of the cover had been disturbed by the shooters in the late snow. Afterwards we drew several covers near Sir Edward Smythe's without success, but at two o'clock we found a fox in a pit near Austey Wood, which the hounds drove round the cover with a good scent, and pressed upon him so much that he went to ground in a rabbit hole. From this retreat he was soon bolted, and after allowing him a little time, the hounds were laid on, and ran into their game near to Wooseley Wood, about three miles from Alcester, after a very severe burst of thirty-five minutes, in which time they went about seven miles over the country. A good afternoon's sport for the young pack.

Jan. 5.—We threw off at Weston Park, and immediately hit upon a fox; he first took two rings round the cover, and went away towards Broadway; then turned to the left

as if he was going to Bourton Wood, and after hunting him for an hour and three quarters, with an indifferent scent, the hounds killed him at Lord NORTHWICK's park, near Cambden. The hounds never gave greater satisfaction.

Jan. 10.—Met at Spernal Park, and immediately found a remarkably fine fox, that hastily left the cover, and took for Studley Common; then turned to the right for Ipsley, pointing for Lord PLYMOUTH's woods, [1] at Hewell, and we killed him near the town of Redditch, after a run of an hour and a half, cold hunting. We then drew some large woods near Redditch, and the Rough Hill, blank.

Jan. 14.—The meet, this morning, was at Oakley Wood, and we drew that cover, and the wood at Chesterton, blank. In trying Lighthorne Rough, we found a fox that first led us to Frizhill, and on to Lord WILLOUGHBY's plantations. Here the hounds pressed him so hard, that he ran back through Frizhill, and over the country to Kineton, and he was lost near to that town. Drew the wood at Walton without success. At length we found a fox in the Terrace above Walton, which ran as quick as hounds could follow him, through Frizhill, Lighthorne, and on for Chesterton Wood. After a most severe burst of 35 minutes, and running several rings in the cover, the fox earthed in a rabbit spout.

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[1] The late Earl of Plymouth was a firm and ardent supporter of the chase. His Lordship's stud usually exceeded twenty horses; the hunters were of the first class, and the best that could be purchased. The Earl and Countess were owners of Melton Lodge, within a mile of the town. This Nobleman patronised the Melton Hounds for many years, and it was usual for him to have two hunters in the field, at least, on the same day. His Lordship had a very superior horse called Zigzag.

Jan. 22.—We met at Farnborough, and found a fox in the gorse, and after running him half a mile he went to ground in a drain, in the middle of a large field. Having bolted him in view of the hounds, he ran us for two hours and a half, with a good hunting scent, over the finest country in England, we lost him in the village of Bodington. The hounds in every respect hunted well.

Jan. 30.—We met at Weston Park, and were greatly disappointed at drawing that cover, Broadway Wood, and the covers near it, without a find; some gorse covers, and Mickleton Wood, were afterwards drawn with no better success—reynard was not at home. At length, we found in a gorse, and the fox going away in view, we ran him a severe burst for an hour and 20 minutes, when the hounds turned him up in capital style.

A fine day's sport, and most of the horses were completely done over.

Jan. 31.—Drew Alveston Pastures, this morning, blank. Found soon afterwards in Wellesbourne Wood, and quickly followed our fox to Walton Terrace, pointing for Kineton; in this cover there were two foxes, and the hounds dividing they ran one sharply back to Wellesbourne Wood, over Mr. Lucy's park, where the fox earthed near the river, after a severe run of two hours. On returning to Walton, we found again, and the hounds had run him for an hour, at a slapping rate, when he was lost in consequence of Mr. Gould's servant very improperly pressing the hounds.

Monday, Feb. 2.—Itchington Heath was our meet, to day; and we drew that cover, and then Ladbroke Spinies, without success. We shortly afterwards, however, found three foxes at Ufton Wood; two of them were soon

away, and the hounds immediately hung to the other, and after running rings for near two hours, in and out of cover, we drove him away over the country pointing for Lord WARWICK'S park, 1 when he was lost, from the scent dying away, after a run of two hours and a half.

Feb. 4.—This morning we immediately found a very good fox at the meet, Wolford Wood; we ran him, as quick as possible, over the country pointing for Chapel House, when he earthed in a stone quarry between Chapel House and Chipping Norton, after as severe a burst, for 30 minutes, as hounds ever ran. We then drew all the gorses near Wolford, blank; we found a fox at Barton Wood, which, after taking some rings in the cover, made away to Lord NORTHWICK'S park wall; being headed back, he pointed over the country for Wolford Wood, but in consequence of the scent being bad, and the storms that came on, he was lost.

Feb. 5.—The meet was at Walton Wood, and we took the hounds forward to Kineton Gorse, but could not find; we then drew Lord WILLOUGHBY'S new gorse cover, and Lighthorne Rough, without success. At length we found at Frizhill, and pursued our game to Lighthorne earths, over the country near to Kineton; we then came back over the bridge at Compton, and through the plantations at Frizhill. The hounds got up to their fox in a cover near Walton, and we expected every minute to kill him, but he

1 In 1789, the late Earl of Warwick obtained the King's Plate of 100gs. to be run for at Warwick September Races. That handsome addition to the other stakes contributed, in no small degree, to bring these Races into repute, and to raise them to that eminence they have since attained.

broke away for the covers near Frizhill, where we had him among the hounds for several minutes. He then ran for Sir JOHN MORDAUNT'S Terrace, where he was most unaccountably lost, the hounds close at his brush.

Feb. 7.—Met at Haywood. Before a hound spoke, a fox went away, first pointing for Green's Grove, and on for Honiley; then through Hell Kitchen, by the farther end of Bedington's Wood, through Long Meadow Wood, and the other covers pointing for Stoneleigh; over Weston Heath, through the covers on the other side of it, when leaving Tile Hill to the left, he stood on to Horsley, within a mile of Coventry. Being headed back to Tile Hill, he passed on through the cover, and very near to Berkeswell; here he was very much distressed, and so dead beat that he was obliged to stop for breath in the middle of a field, and was killed in a small cover near Tile Hill, after a most severe run of an hour and three quarters, the hounds not being once cast.

This run was supposed to have been very near twenty miles.

Feb. 19.—The hounds met at Ufton, and found as soon as they entered the cover. The fox, after taking a turn in the wood, ran at a very fast rate to Chesterton Wood, to Lighthorne, Chadshunt, Itchington Heath, and over the vale to Farnborough; after a very good run of seventeen miles over the country, the fox was lost from a snow storm coming on.

This ended the last day in the Vale for the Season, after some capital sport.

Feb. 21.—This day the hounds left Stratford for Meriden. They threw off at Stoneleigh Abbey, and drew the covers

near the house, without finding. A fox was then found at Weston Wood, near Cubbington, and he went away with as good a cry of hounds, and good a scent, as any Sportsman could possibly desire; we ran him for one hour and 20 minutes, when he went to ground nearly in view of the hounds. On drawing Waveley Wood, afterwards, we soon found another fox, and after hanging some time in cover, he ran over Stoneleigh Park to Baginton, and saved his life by taking to main earth. This run lasted three quarters of of an hour. 1

Feb. 22.—We met at Chelmsley Wood, and found a brace of foxes; after taking a turn or two in the cover, one went away for the Solihull woods, but was headed, and came back by Mr. SPOONER'S house. He then passed through Hampton Coppice, pointing for Barker's Coppice, and after a run of one hour and three quarters, he was lost the scent dying away. In drawing Mr. York's woods we found three foxes; we ran one over his earths, near to the decoy in Coleshill Park, then over the brook near the bridge into Chelmsley Wood, over the earths, through the cover, and over Coleshill Heath, near to Mr. WEDGE'S. Here he was headed back to School Rough, where we had him among the hounds; he broke away, and pointed for Mr. SPOONER'S, but he was so much beaten that he was obliged to return, and we killed him near School Rough, after a run of an hour and a quarter.

Feb. 25.—This morning we met at Combe Abbey, and found a brace of foxes in High Wood. After running one

1 Jack Barrow and Jack Jones DRUNK—both put in THE BLACK BOOK!

for half an hour in that cover, we killed him. Drew the covers over the road, and found several foxes; we got one away in a short time, and after running him for three quarters of an hour, he was turned up near the London road leading to Coventry.

Feb. 28.—Our appointment, this morning, was Hall Park Wood. A fox which we found in that cover led us through the plantations by Combe Abbey, to High Wood; from thence to Bretford, Brinklow, and All Oaks; and to King's Newnham. Across the Cathorn-lane to Easenhall, Little Harborough, and to Newbold Field. On to Church Over, Cesters Over, Street Field, and Walton; then through Willey plantations to Lutterworth Cross Hands, and to Bitteswell Gorse. Crossed Lutterworth Fields, Ashby-par-Claybrook, to Willesthorpe; and we killed our fox, in most famous style, in Frolesworth Field, one mile and a half from Whetstone Gorse, and one of Mr. MEYNELL'S covers.

The fox ran full ten miles in the county of Leicester, and the whole length of the run was more than 26 miles. *Tifter* in every respect behaved the best to-day.

MONDAY, March 2.—Met at Wainbody Wood, and drew it without finding. In trying Ryton Wood, a fox, after a few rings in the covers near, ran at a pretty fast pace, to Frankton Wood; on running through a small portion of that cover we had reynard among the hounds, expecting every moment to kill him; but he broke away for Princeps Wood, and on to Shuckburgh Caps, where he was turned up, after a remarkably quick run of an hour and three quarters.

March 5.—The appointment, to-day, was at Frankton Wood, where we found. The fox ran off, at his best pace,

pointing for Combe, but came back over the great London road, and ran to Ryton Wood; through that cover, on to Shuckburgh Caps, and to Princeps Wood, and then he returned, very quick, to the cover he was found in. After running an hour and a half, the whole time very fast, he was killed in Frankton Wood. The hounds in every respect performed well.

March 7.—I rode to cover this morning from Welcombe. Drew Chelmsley, York's, and Smith's woods, and did not find. In a short time afterwards, we started a fox out of a hedge-row near to the latter wood; we hunted him on to Park Hall woods, and near to Castle Bromwich; running then near to Mr. York's, he pointed for School Rough; and leaving that cover to the right, he ran on until he got near to Mr. Spooner's, and then came quick back again to School Rough. In this cover we changed foxes, and the hounds divided; six couple and a half going after the hunted fox to Coleshill Wood, and over the brook near to the bridge at Chelmsley Wood, and on to Smith's Wood, and Park Hall, where, having so very few hounds, we lost him. The main body of the hounds went away with the other fox to Hampton Coppice, through that cover and Barber's Coppice, on to Bickenhill. Being headed there, reynard went back through Hampton Coppice, very quick, for School Rough and Chelmsley Wood, and to the town of Coleshill. He then made for Banerby Pool, and over the open country to Little Packington, where he went to ground under a tree in the Church-yard. The hounds ran five hours and a half without interruption.

March 10.—We met at Newnham, and drew that cover and Bickerley Twelve-acres, without finding. Went on to the covers near Combe, and drew them and High Wood,

blank. In the covers on the other side we found two foxes in part of a cover, and nearly viewed one of them to ground in a hedge-row; we could have unearthed him without much trouble, but as Lord SEFTON's hounds were coming to hunt the country the next week, we left our fox.

March 12.—Met at Millesant's Wood, and drew that cover, Tile Hill, and Long Meadow Wood, without finding. In a short time we found a fox in a cover not far from the Coventry road, and ran him through Wainbody Wood, over the earths at Baginton, and across Stoneleigh Park; the scent now dying away he was given up. Went to Berricot Wood, near Stoneleigh, and hit upon the hunted fox; we had him, at one time, among the hounds, and viewed him several times. He then broke away over the country, and ran very quick near to Mr. KNIGHTLEY's, at Offchurch, and on to Cubbington Woods, in which cover, from the badness of the day he was lost, after running two hours.

March 16.—Our appointment, this morning, was at Lord AYLESFORD's Park. As we were going on to draw the first cover, Daniel's Wood, a fox came in full view of the hounds; we ran him very quick for 20 minutes, and hunted him afterwards for an hour and three quarters, all the time keeping forward, supposed to be full 15 miles, and lost him on the other side of Sir ROGER NEWDIGATE's, pointing for Nuneaton. The day was particularly bad, and the scent dying away the fox was lost. The hounds during the whole day hunted well.

March 20.—The place of meet for to-day, was fixed at Water Orton. Sir ROBERT LAWLEY and myself came from Canwell in the morning. The day was so bad it was impossible to hunt.

Not one blank day with the Warwickshire hounds, since Christmas. 1

The hounds left Meriden on Monday, March 23d, and got to Beckbury on the same day.

The season finally ended in Shropshire, on the 7th of April, after some capital runs, more particularly in that part of the hunt called the Staffordshire country.

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1 We were in error, by stating, in page 8, that Mr. Corbet when in Warwickshire, divided his hounds into two packs, dogs and bitches. His packs were classed according to their age.—VENATOR.

Mr. Corbet had a peculiar way of crossing a country. Although he would not leap, he would gallop as fast as any one, and shewed no small share of nerve as well as hand, in going the splitting pace he did along the stony and sloughy lanes; and he got several awkward falls. He knew every gate, gap, and lane, and it was astonishing to see how well he got to hounds, without going over a fence. On coming to a fence he did not like the looks of, and seeing one he knew, going at it he would say,—'Thank ye, Sir, I am very much obliged to you; you'll just catch my horse.' This just catching his horse, just lost his friend the run, if it were a good one.—NIMROD.

The names and ages of Mr. J. Corbet's hounds, in September, 1801, were—

DOG PACK.

1797.
Goodman

1798.
Chanter
Craftsman
Druid
Tantrum
Traitor
Trial
Turpin
Tyrant

1799.
Castor
Gallant
Gaudy
Lawyer
Liberty
Limner
Lofty
Lowther
Pedlar
Proctor
Rally
Tackler
Tifter

1800.
Carver
Conqueror
Cryer
Dabster
Dinger
Forester
Gameboy
Gamester
Granby
Grasper
Guider
Hopeful
Layman
Leveller
Liberal
Pirate
Portland
Tartar

SMALL PACK.

1796.
Tuneful

1797.
Skilful
Stranger
Susan

1798.
Comfort
Gaylass
Rosabel
Trophy

1799.
Graceful
Liberty
Prettylass

1800.
Careful
Galby
Gamestress
Glancer
Lively
Pastime
Peeress
Perfect
Phœnix
Playful
Prattle
Primrose
Princess
Tricksy

1801.
Careless
Charmer
Comedy
Conquest
Crafty
Crony
Danger
Harper
Hero
Music
Peggy
Tempest

The hounds commenced hunting, this season, on the 7th day of September, in Shropshire, where they had some famous sport. On the 25th, the meet was at Boreatton. In crossing the Piny after the hounds, Bill Barrow and his horse were immersed overhead in the river.

The hounds left Sundorne, on Friday October 26th, for Meriden.

BY A VETERAN FOXHUNTER.

Monday, October 19.—Chelmsley Wood was drawn without finding. We then went to York's Wood, and there found plenty of foxes, three brace at least; ran rings round the covers for two hours, and killed. We afterwards drew the Decoy, found a fox, and forced him through York's Wood, Smith's Wood, and then over the river Blythe to Chelmsley; through the wood again, and over Aucot brook to Tile Cross; he did not venture to take the river here to York's Wood, but turned to Bacon's End, through the Decoy, and through Smith's Wood, and the hounds ran into him before he could gain the next cover. A run of one hour and a half, mostly very smart good hunting.

Oct. 20.—Met at Daniel's Wood, and drew the Priory covers without success. Hearing of some foxes at Maxtoke Castle, we drew all round that place but did not find. At the Shawburys we were more fortunate, by finding an old fox in Parson's Wood, which went away very quick through Birchmore Stumps Wood, Flint's Rough, and to ground in Packington Park; this was a run of three quarters of an hour. Found another fox immediately in the Decoy; he went off across the park for Quarry Wood, through Flint's Rough to Close Wood, and onward to Chantry Wood; skirted the Shafts, through Millesant's Wood, and towards

Tile Hill, where being headed by some acorn gatherers, he turned short back, and was given up. Very hard running for one hour.

Oct. 22.—We found a brace of foxes at Tile Hill; one of them went gallantly away by Allesley, and across the turnpike road towards Corley Wood; then turned to the left over Corley Moor, through Birchley Hays, Waterfields Wood, and Close Wood, and on for Lord AYLESFORD'S Park. Being headed back through Chantry Wood, and Meriden Shafts, he took up to Birchley Hays again, back through the Shafts to Millesant's Wood, and on to Tile Hill. Here the fox was turned short back, and rain coming on he was lost. This run lasted three hours and a half. Long Meadow Wood was afterwards drawn, blank. The day was very stormy and bad.

Oct. 23.—Hampton Coppice was the place of meet, and, after a short interval, the hounds hit upon a fox that led us away over the country to Hurdle Hall, over the bog at Thornborough to Truffmore; and then up to Chelmsley Wood. Having gone right through that cover, he took across the river to Kingshurst, where, with the hounds close to him in the same field, he went to ground. Very hard running for three quarters of an hour.—Drew York's Wood and found at the millpool tail; the fox went off to Radley Moor, to Yardley village, and then bore away to the little town of Sheldon, where the hounds ran into him near to that place. A run of an hour and a half, very quick to Yardley, and afterwards good hunting. Most of the pack viewed the fox into the pit in the open ground.

Oct. 26.—Hunted at Stoneleigh Abbey, and found a brace of foxes immediately on the hounds being thrown into

Berricot Wood. After driving the fox for a quarter of an hour, he went towards Warwick, and made a ring to the left hand, as if he was going to Cubbington Wood; but he skirted the large woods, and Stoneleigh Grove, and ran into Thickthorn cover. Here two brace of foxes, at least, were up at once. The hounds kept together, and after an hour and 40 minutes, hard running, killed one. While the hounds were eating him, another fox was halloo'd away; the hounds set to with him as soon as possible, hunting him over the fields at the back of Stoneleigh village, to Berricot Wood, where the hounds got up to him; they were now halloo'd away towards Waveley Wood, which the fox skirted, and he passed through Cubbington Wood with a famous cry of hounds after him. They then ran him over a fine country to Mr. KNIHGTLEY'S, in a line for Ufton Wood; then turned to the right hand, and went to ground in a drain at Mr. WISE'S, at Lillington, within two miles of Warwick, after a chase of two hours.

Oct. 28.—Found an old fox at the meet this morning, Long Meadow Wood, that went off at a good pace, pointing towards the Chase Woods; came back over the rabbit warren at Weston Heath, and through the small covers to the place where he was found; passed straight through it, and over the country to the Chase Woods. From thence over the common to the covers near to Honiley Boot, then over the country to Haywood, through it to Baddesley, and almost to Bushwood. The fox then turned back to the earth near Haywood, which was open; and we ended after a hunting chase of three hours and a quarter, greatly to the credit of the hounds.

Oct. 30.—Hunted at Frankton Wood, found, and ran the fox about the cover for half an hour; he then broke

away towards Rugby, but the day was so bad that we gave him up when going on for Mr. GRIMES's, at Coton. Came back to Frankton Wood, found, and after a short run killed our fox.

The hounds left Meriden on Monday the 2nd day of November.

THURSDAY, November 5.—Met and found immediately at Frizhill. After changing, and running rings for three hours, we killed our fox. In drawing Lighthorne Wood we found another fox, and ran him over the country for Lord WILLOUGHBY's; the day was now become so bad that we drew off the hounds and took them home.

Nov. 7.—This morning, by notice previously issued by the Master, we hunted at Ufton Wood, where we found three foxes. After running some time in cover, one broke away over the country for Oakley Wood; through that cover, and forward pointing for Charlecote. We were not certain that we did not change at Oakley. He then ran for Lord WARWICK's Park, and after running for four hours, very good hunting, we lost him.

Nov. 9.—Met at Oakley Wood, and found. After running some time in cover, the fox went straight to Lord WARWICK's Park, where it was supposed he earthed, but the hounds did not mark him. We soon afterwards found another fox in Chesterton Wood, but the day was so very unfavourable for hunting, that we could not follow him with any chance of success, and we gave him up.

Nov. 11.—Met this day at Preston Bushes, and found a fox near Stoke Wood, that led us away over the hill for

Mickleton, and through an extent of as fine a country as a Field ever rode over for near ten miles, to the village of Welford, where he was lost; the run was a very quick one, only two hours. 1

Nov. 13.—On putting the hounds into Wolford Wood, we very soon found a brace of foxes; one of them instantly left the cover, and went over the country for Barton Grove, near to the cover, but did not go into it; then went forward pointing for Chapel House; when the hounds got close up to their fox, he earthed in a stone quarry. 2—We afterwards drew Barton Grove and Wichford Wood, and to our great disappointment, did not find.

Nov. 14.—Hampton Wood was the place of meeting, this morning, but we did not find till we came to Snitterfield Bushes. Our fox took away for Austey Wood, where we had three foxes afoot. For some time we ran rings, in and out of cover; at last we got away after one to Snitterfield, and killed in that cover, after running him for more than two hours.

Nov. 16.—At the meet, Weston Park, we found three brace of foxes, which we constantly changed. As we drove some of them out of cover, the hounds divided; one part of the pack turned up their fox in the open country, a short distance from the cover; the other part earthed their fox

1 Mr. Boycot went away with the hounds; had Mr. Corbet been there the fox certainly would have been killed. Mr. Boycot was much delighted at having all the sport to himself.

2 The hounds ran at their quickest pace for 25 minutes; so fast that but few of the Field could keep up with them; I had that pleasure. Mr. Morant was first up in the run.

at Broadway.—We came back again to the same cover and found, and after running him for an hour killed our fox.—Then drew on for Mickleton and found, but this fox was soon lost.

Nov. 20.—Met at Black Marton. Found a brace of foxes in Eatington Grove, and the hounds followed one of them near to Alscot House, 1 not far from which place he was lost. After this we drew a small cover near to Walton, and discovered that the fox had gone away; we hunted him through Walton Wood, Lord WILLOUGHBY'S plantations, and over the country to the town of Kineton; he then pointed for Itchington Heath, and went over an extent of country for Lighthorne Rough, at which place it was nearly certain we changed foxes. Then we were led forward for Frizhill, and through the Terrace at Walton; after taking rings in that country, and constantly changing, a fox led us near to Wellesbourne Wood, and on to Wellesbourne town. After running three hours we stopped the hounds, it being nearly dark. 2

Nov. 23.—Hunted at Wichford Wood, found, and ran an hour and a half, mostly in cover, when they killed an old dog fox. Drew on to Sutton Norris, and found a brace of foxes; got away after one and killed him, although there was a bad scent during the greater part of the run. The last fox ran for nearly an hour. This was a good day for the hounds.

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1 Mr. Boycot here had a very severe fall, which caused every attention to be paid to him.

2 This was a great day's sport. Many horses were done over; Mr. Morant's, and two other Gentlemen's hunters, died before the next morning.

Nov. 25.—Met at Wellesbourne Wood, and drew that cover, Walton Wood, Frizhill, and Lighthorne, all blank. At Itchington Heath we found a brace of foxes; one of them soon broke away, pointing for Ladbroke, but leaving that place on the right, he kept forward over the finest part of Warwickshire, for Bodington Hill; and after very good hunting for above two hours and a half, the scent became very bad, and we lost our fox. 1

Friday, December 5. 2—Met at Preston Bushes, and drew that cover, Spernal Ash, and several small places at Alscot, without finding. Found a fox in the gorse near to Eatington, and killed him in cover. Another fox was found afterwards at Eatington Grove; he was headed two or three times, and then went away for Major Pigot's house, and back for the Grove; we lost him near Mr. Shirley's. After that we went to Alveston Pastures, and drew that cover, blank. We then took the hounds home, after a fair day's sport.

Dec. 8.—Hunted at Farnborough, and found in the gorse. After hanging some time in cover, a fox made away over the country, and took an extensive ring for an hour, when we ran him into a drain in the middle of a large field. We after that found a second fox in a gorse, and had a good run over an extent of country for two hours, with a very indifferent scent, and we lost him near Mr. Miller's, at Radway.

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1 After this long and severe day we had full 20 miles to ride home at night.

2 The frost and snow had prevented the hounds from hunting for some days.

Dec. 10.—The meet was at Lord NORTHAMPTON'S, and we found a fox in the small covers near to the house; after running rings for an hour he earthed in a rabbit spout. He was got out and killed. We afterwards found a second fox in the gorse by the side of Epwell White House, that went away over the rabbit warren, and took a circle round Lord NORTHAMPTON'S into Tysoe Field, and then returned almost to the place where he was found; made away for Shutford Hill, pointing afterwards to Mrs. CHILDE'S, of Upton; passed it on the right hand, and went forward for Tadmarton; from thence over the large open fields to Lord GUILDFORD'S, and right on to Banbury town, where he lay down in a garden and was viewed by most of the Sportsmen present. Being started again, the hounds went close away with him over a very fine district to Bourton-on-the-Water, and from that place over a great extent of country; the hounds were running hard at a quarter after five, and as it was getting dark, they were stopped by the huntsman, on a hack. This chase lasted four hours and a quarter, being a distance, at least, of 35 miles. 1

Dec. 21. 2—Redhill was the place of meeting to day, and we drew that cover, Withycombe Wood, and Aston Grove, blank. A brace of foxes was afterwards found at Austey Wood, and after running two or three short rings in cover, one made away over the country for Aston Grove;

1 This run is a memorable one in the sporting records of 'The Warwickshire,' both for its length and severity; and the result was also singular and remarkable. Most of the horses were tired soon after they left Banbury; and no horse went near so well as Mr. Morant's. 'I, (says a Veteran Foxhunter,) rode a hack horse. Many of the Sportsmen did not get home that night, and not a horse got to the stable he came from in the morning.'

2 We could not hunt the three last days for the frost.

through that cover and Withycombe Wood, and over the enclosures to the river Avon; the water was much out, and the fox, as may be supposed, being afraid to cross the water, ran up the stream for some time; turned from the river opposite to Welford, and then went on for Luddington; the scent now died away, and he was lost. This run lasted two hours and 20 minutes, good hunting over the country, until the latter part of the day. 1

Dec. 23.—Met at Idlicote, and drew that cover and all those near it, without finding. At two o'clock we found a fox in Eatington Grove, and killed him in half an hour. Found again in the gorse near Eatington, and after running rings for an hour, we killed our fox.—A good day for the hounds.

Dec. 25.—Threw off at Thickthorn, but did not find until we got to Berricot Wood, near Stoneleigh; after running our fox for half an hour, the hounds ran into him. Found again in Ryton Wood, and had a good run for an hour and a half, when we lost our fox near General Scott's, at Wolston, two miles from Combe; he certainly entered one of the drains, or concealed himself somewhere in the buildings. 2

Dec. 27.—Threw off at Ufton, and found a fox in a very small cover near that place; he ran rings for an hour and a half, very good hunting, when the hounds turned him up. Drew two very small covers, blank. In passing on

1 Mr. Gould's servant broke his leg during this run.

2 We did not get home till half past six; long after it was quite dark.

to some others, a Sportsman put out a fox as he was going over a hedge; every hound viewed him, and after a quick run for two miles, he went into a small rabbit hole. He was soon got out, and turned up again, when he gave us another quick run for half an hour; he was killed near to Mr. MILLER's, at Radway.

Dec. 29.—Met at Oakley Wood; the cover had been disturbed, and a good fox had gone away before the hounds had got to it; we hunted him, but he had been gone too long, and we were obliged to give him up. In trying Chesterton Wood we found another fox, which immediately made away for Lighthorne, and then on for Chadshunt; over the vale pointing for Farnborough, and forward for Mr. MILLER's, of Radway, when a storm of snow caused us to lose our fox. 1 We then drew Kineton Gorse, but did not find until we came to Walton Wood; the day was now so bad, that it was impossible for the hounds to follow their fox.

WEDNESDAY, January 20. 2—The hounds hunted this day at Snitterfield, and drew that cover, but did not find until they got to Austey Wood. In that cover we found two or three foxes; hunted one away pointing for Green's Grove; he then took a turn in the Claverdon covers, and went forward for Bushwood. After a good hunting run of two hours, across a heavy country, we lost our fox near Haywood.

1 This run lasted for two hours and ten minutes, and we killed our fox ten miles from the place where he was found.

2 The frost, which continued for some time, kept us out of the field until it broke up.

Jan. 22.—This morning we met at Farnborough, where we found three foxes in the gorse; we hunted one over the vale for Edge Hill, and lost him after a run of an hour and a half, near Upton. Found again in a small gorse near to Farnborough, a fox that led us a quick run, pointing for Bodington Hill, where we marked him into a drain; he was got out and killed. Drew again, and found a brace of foxes in Mr. HOLBECH'S gorse; we ran one of them for an hour, when he returned to the gorse where he was found. Here we had a brace of foxes up at the same time, and after doing all we could to kill one in cover, he broke away; we ran him at a good pace for several miles, and did not stop the hounds until dark. [1] The numerous Field of good Sportsmen out this day, expressed themselves very highly delighted.

Jan. 23.—Met at Thickthorn, but the frost prevented us from hunting. We then went to Kenilworth, and after trying for some time, found a fox in Long Meadow Wood, and had a very good hunting run for two hours and a half. The fox first went for Berkeswell, near Meriden, through part of Tile Hill cover, pointed for Ansley, and forward for Coventry, going so near to the town that he would have ran into the New Barracks, if he had not been headed. So many persons had now collected, that in the confusion the fox was lost.

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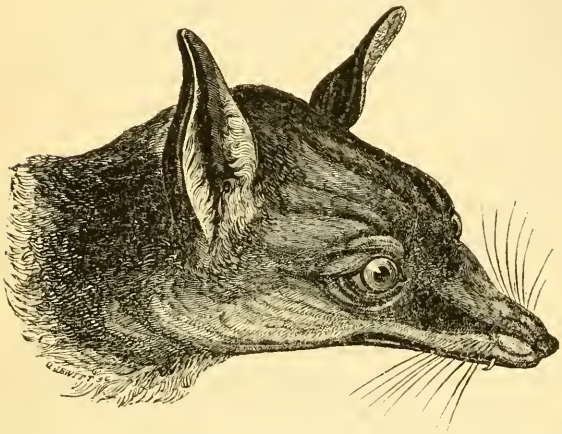
1 We did not reach home until eight o'clock at night.

The Evening Uniform of the Stratford Hunt Club, was a scarlet coat with a black velvet collar, and a handsome gilt button with the letters S. H. upon it; black waistcoat, breeches, and stockings; the tout ensemble of which, when the room was lighted up, was very good.—NIMROD.

A WOLFORD FOX.



BY A VETERAN FOXHUNTER.

Jan. 25.—We hunted this morning at Wolford Wood, where, as soon as the hounds had been thrown into the cover, they found two brace of foxes. Three of them very quickly got away, while the hounds kept with the fox that remained in the wood. He did not stop long, but he was frequently headed, and that prevented him from breaking away sooner. He ran first for Barton Grove, forward for Weston and Sutton North, near Lord NORTHAMPTON'S, Epwell, and on for the village of Sibbard, full 15 miles from the cover he was found at. He then bore away for Brailes, and on for Halford Bridge; then ran for Idlicote, and over a very fine country for Sutton, and on to Wichford Wood. Here the hounds would have killed him in the wood, if they had not been halloo'd away by a footman to a fresh fox. The hounds, on catching the scent, hunted him over the country to Wolford.

After running this day for six hours, the hounds were stopped by Jack Barrow going into the cover, who rode the only horse at the end of the day that left the cover in the morning. Mr. Fisher, on a fresh horse that he got when the hounds ran near to his house, assisted Jack in stopping the hounds. 1

THE SAME, BY AN OLD FOXHUNTER.

'Happy they who now stand by them,
While the nags knock up so fast;
Such a day as this will try them,
None but good ones long can last!'

We met at Wolford Wood, then a capital cover for a good day's sport. When we found a fox, he immediately broke cover in a style that shewed he was not afraid of his resolute pursuers. He went through Barton Grove, and within two miles of Chipping Norton, when he turned back and led us away by Long Compton to Weston, by Brailes village, Epwell White House, and over Wigginton Heath to Sibbard. Here he took a turn to the left, and came back by Lord Northampton's, straight to Idlicote Heath. From that place he pursued his course down to Black Marton, within one mile of Eatington. Then he turned back over Idlicote Heath, straight to Brailes Hill, and to Weston again, and on to the top of Long Compton Hill; he then

1 Mr. Corbet's old horse, Trojan, stopped at Wichford Wood, for the first time; he had seen many a hard day, but such a one as this was not remembered by the oldest man living. Every horse was completely done up. The extent of country ran over was full 50 miles, the greatest distance I ever knew these hounds to have run. There was one hundred horses at cover, at least, when we threw off in the morning.

ran down to Wolford Wood again, and took shelter in the gorse. The hounds were soon up to the gorse, but they were so completely beaten they could not kill their fox, which had led them away over a hilly country for five hours and forty minutes. The fox was viewed by Bill Barrow as he was going over Wigginton Heath.

I do not remember ever seeing so severe a thing with any pack of hounds before. There was an unusually large Field in the morning, as the meet was in great repute, and the whole were mounted in the very first style, anticipating there would be some necessity for riding their best nags, but never expecting such a tremendous *tickler* as they all received. The huntsman, Bill Barrow, tired two horses; Mr. MORANT also knocked two of his best hunters up, and so did Mr. FISHER, of Idlicote. The only man that rode the same horse from the beginning to the end of the run, was Jack Barrow, the whipper-in, but he was never good for any thing afterwards. No circumstance would prove the severity of this day's sport so satisfactorily, as the fact, that Mr. CORBET's famous old horse, *Trojan*, which was never known to stop before, was obliged to halt under Brailes Hill. Mr. CORBET endeavoured to lead him, but he could neither go nor stand. Mr. JOHN VENOUR, 1 on

1 Mr. John Venour was one of the best men over Warwickshire, in the early part of Mr. Corbet's hunting it. He particularly distinguished himself on a little horse called Hero, which I sold him when in my teens. He was by Hero, a son of Herod, out of a Welch pony, but so restive that no man would venture on him, at £13, when four years old. Putting little value on neck or limb, in those days, I became his owner, and after much trouble, his master; but throwing himself down, one day, in his ill humours, and blemishing himself, I sold him to Mr. Venour for £28. He was well remembered in Warwickshire for many years.—NIMROD.

a capital animal of the right sort, stopped in the same field; and Mr. William Barke, on a young horse, went to Brailes Hill, and there quitted the run.

I never saw a Field so completely beaten before. You had only to cast your eye from the top of Brailes Hill, and you would see groups of Sportsmen leading and driving their best nags home before the run was half over. I once stood on Long Compton Hill, and retraced the line of country this gallant fox had led us; and I found we had reached, at different periods of the chase, within five miles of Banbury, two of Chipping Norton, and six of the town of Stratford-on-Avon.

BY A VETERAN FOXHUNTER.

Jan. 29.—Met at Ufton Wood, and found a brace of foxes; hunted one with a bad scent for an hour, and ran him, at the close, into a drain, three miles from the cover. We found another fox, afterwards, at Lighthorne, and ran him for Chesterton; through that cover, and we lost him while pointing for Oakley Wood. 1

Jan. 30.—Threw off at Lord Dormer's, and found near Claverdon. Our fox pointed for Bushwood, and was many times headed in making for that cover. After running two hours we killed him near Haywood.

Friday, February 5.—Met at Itchington Heath, and found a brace of foxes. One of them went away, at a very fast pace, for Ufton; we then drove him, at a rapid rate,

1 Lord Craven, Mr. B. Craven, and a large Field, hunted with us to-day.

through that cover, when he was unexpectedly lost within two fields of it; it was supposed he got into a drain; this was a run of half an hour. Afterwards, we found three foxes in Lord WILLOUGHBY'S gorse; and ran one of them very quick for Chadshunt, and over Itchington Heath on for Ladbroke; over the Watergall fields on to Bodington; and after a fine run of two hours, over a most beautiful country, we killed our fox near Bodington Hill, much to the satisfaction of every Sportsman who had the good luck to witness the run. 1

Feb. 10.—Found this morning at Farnborough, soon after we put the hounds into the gorse at that place. The fox shortly broke away, and after hunting him an hour he returned to the cover where he was found, and there killed. A second fox was found near to Mr. MILLER'S, at Radway, that led us over the country for Lord GUILDFORD'S, at Wroxton, and then pointed forward over the grounds from that place; and, after a quick run for above an hour, we earthed him at Long Shutford Hill.

Feb. 22.—Met at Alveston Pastures, and drew that cover, Alscot new cover, Eatington and the other gorses, Lord WILLOUGHBY'S new cover, and we found, at last, at Itchington Heath. We had then a capital run over a very fine country for one hour and 40 minutes, and after hunting him to Upton, the hounds killed him at Mr. MILLER'S, at Radway. 2

1 The sport could not be better, and the distance of the run was 18 miles from the cover where the fox was found.

2 This was a fine day's sport; the best horses had quite enough of it, and many of them were quite done up.

Feb. 24.—Found in a very small cover at Farnborough; most of the hounds viewed the fox away, and we killed him in Mr. HOLBECH's gorse, after a run of 20 minutes. We then drew all the covers near that place, Upton, and the covers near Epwell, and Lord NORTHAMPTON's, blank.

On the 1st of March, the hounds left Stratford for Meriden.

MONDAY, March 1.—Met this morning at Thickthorn, and drew that and the other covers near Stoneleigh without finding. In trying Cubbington, we found a brace of foxes. This occurrence divided the hounds; one part, 14 couple, followed a fox to Ryton Wood, and forward pointing to Frankton; through Brandon woods, and near to Combe, where every hound viewed him to ground, after a run of an hour and 40 minutes. The other part of the pack, near 20 couple, followed their fox from Cubbington, straight over Stoneleigh Field for Baginton; he tried the earths in the Grove, and then crossed the Avon, pointing directly for Wainbody Wood, and in the Warwick turnpike road, close to this wood, the hounds came to the first check; but this was only for three or four minutes, as the hounds then hit the scent across the road for Canley, through Jeacock's Wood, and on to Westwood Heath, Park Wood, and to Tile Hill, and straight through that cover towards Allesley; then bearing to the left, he crossed the Birmingham road near the Rainbow, and ran for Meriden Shafts. He did not stop here a minute, but went on through the Out-woods to the Decoy in Packington Park, where our fox, unluckily, found an earth open and went to ground. 1

1 This was a good hunting run over the best part of the Meriden country, and though we were running more than two hours and a half it was by no means a bad scent, and, as far as Tile Hill, very fast.

March 4.—We found a brace of foxes, this morning, in Haywood; one of them went quickly away for Honiley, Bodington Wood, and Long Meadow Wood; then forward for Weston Heath, pointing for Berkeswell; here our fox was headed, and he went back to Long Meadow, and then for the covers near Kenilworth, and we killed him in a field near that town, after a very pretty run of one hour and 40 minutes.

March 6.—Hunted at Chelmsley Wood, and found a fox in Mr. York's cover, which we soon killed. Drew the Decoy, and found another fox; he ran off through York's Wood to the end of Castle Bromwich, and then through all the Park Hall covers, and for Coleshill Park; he next went for Smith's Wood, and we killed him near to Water Orton, after a run of an hour and a half.

March 16.—This morning we met at Millesant's Wood, and found in a cover near Tile Hill. It was a very bad day, the hounds hunted their fox, as well as the weather would permit, for an hour, when he was lost. [1]

March 18.—Met at Maxtoke Castle, and found a brace of foxes in the covers near Lord Aylesford's. After a good run of one hour and 40 minutes, we killed one near to Sir R. Newdigate's.

March 24.—To-day we met at Hockley House, and drew most of the covers near to that place, Hockley Wood, and Oldborough, blank. We afterwards found two brace of foxes in Spernal Park; drove one over the country near

1 Lord Sefton, Lord Craven, and several other Leicestershire Sportsmen, hunted to-day.

to Austey Wood, where he was headed and went back to Spernal Park; and we killed him after a run of one hour and 20 minutes. During the time the hounds were eating him, another fox was viewed away; we hunted him until he got to Austey Wood, when the hounds were stopped, as the meet was to be at that cover on the morning of the following Monday.

The hounds went from Meriden to Stratford this day, after hunting.

Thursday, April 1.—We met at May's Wood, but did not find until we came to Spernal Park; we ran a fox for near an hour, when we found it to be a vixen in cub, and the hounds were stopped. Afterwards found a brace of foxes in some covers near to Red Hill, and killed a dog fox when we had ran him an hour. 1

April 8.—To-day we hunted at the covers on the other side of Alcester, and killed a dog fox and two martens. A good day for the hounds.

April 10.—Hunted at Lench Close; found a fox and ran him for an hour and a half, when he earthed near to Spernal Park.

This day ended the season; and the hounds left the Warwickshire country on Monday the 12th of April, and got to Sundorne the next day.

The hounds continued to hunt in Shropshire until the 18th of the month.

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1 The meet at Alcester and Cubbington, on the two preceding hunting days, from the bad state of the weather, afforded us but little sport.

FROM ANONYMOUS—BY VENATOR.

'When April show'rs, delightful scene!
Where all around is gay—men, horses, hounds,
And in each countenance appears
Fresh blooming health, and universal joy!'

MEET—LYNALL WOODS.

Easter Monday—the jocund horn
Salutes the solemn festive morn;
While guileless maids, half willing, fell,
To roll with swain down daisy'd hill.
Our fox, a crafty knave, so good,
Few better broke from copse or wood;
At such a rate the rogue did scour,
He reach'd Lord HERTFORD's in an hour.
Close press'd to the Great Water's side,
He cross'd the fluid deep and wide. 1
Now *terra firma* gain'd, and hark!
The hounds press on him thro' the Park;
The wary fox, in his career,
Ran thro' a herd of timid deer;
But art, nor trick, nor strength, nor speed,
Could aught avail in desp'rate need.
The noble pack held him in view,
He jump'd the dairy-window through, 2
Where ruddy maids prepar'd, with ease,
The curd to make the primest cheese;
Whence butter of delicious taste
Was on my LADY's table plac'd.

1 At the same instant that reynard took the water, three colts dashed in, and swam to shore, as soon as the fox, on the opposite side.

2 Lady Hertford's beautiful ornamental dairy, erected close to the house.

The hounds, too, thro' the window sprung,
Rattling the churns and pails among;
From broken pans the milk ran out,
The cream from steens was dash'd about;
The maids tuck'd close their spatter'd clothes,
And scamper'd off like frighted roes;
The pack, heedless of damsels' scream,
First ate the fox—then drank the cream! 1

Stratford, April 12th, 1803.

BY A VETERAN FOXHUNTER.

1804.

The hounds began hunting this season, in Shropshire, on Monday, September 13th, at the Roomers, at six o'clock in the morning; they hunted until the 6th of October, having killed eight brace and a half of foxes within the month.

The hounds came to Meriden on Saturday the 13th of October.

Tuesday, October 16.—Drew Chelmsley Wood, and there found a brace of foxes. One of them went away for Mr. York's, through the cover, and forward for Park Hall woods, but not into them; he ran very near to the Church, at Castle Bromwich, and at last got into a drain, at Lady Lawley's. The run up to this time was very quick for an hour. We soon bolted him, and then ran him by Mr. York's, through Chelmsley Wood, pointing for Hampton Coppice, where he went to ground. We got up to another

1 The writer adds, that the fox was killed to the great satisfaction of a numerous field of Sportsmen, and the whole scene was beautiful beyond description.

fox at a little cover near the common, ran him over Coleshill Heath, and after running him for 20 minutes, he got into a little rabbit spout; he was bolted, and soon after killed.—The hounds ran near three hours and a half.

Oct. 17.—Met at the Quarry Wood, and immediately found a fox that led us through Birchmore Stumps Wood, Cooper's Grove, Butler's Wood, and the Shawburys; he then held on towards Arley, where the hounds turned with a fresh fox that ran back through the same coverts, very hard over the brook to Close Wood, where the pack came to a slight check near an ozier bed. A fresh fox now went away back to Close Wood; and the old hunted fox was ran, by a single hound, through the Decoy, and on to Banerby. The rain came on very fast, yet the hounds continued to run the fox to Birchley Hays, and had him amongst them several times; but the scent at last became so bad they could only run him in view, and at three o'clock he was given up. [1]

Oct. 18.—We met at Tile Hill, and drew all the coverts thereabout, blank. In Long Meadow Wood we found a litter of foxes, and killed one in cover. While the hounds were eating him, another fox went away; we hunted him, with a bad scent, over the grounds to the Danvats, where the hounds met with a check. They soon afterwards got upon terms with their fox, and dressed him round the cover until he went to ground in the main earth. Then drew on towards Coventry and killed a very large badger. The day became so bad that we were obliged to take the hounds home.

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1 The hounds ran the fox for four hours, and part of the time very hard.

Oct. 19.—Hunted at Hampton Coppice, and in a very short time found three or four foxes. We went off after one for the Solihull covers, where we got up to him; he took a turn in the distant covers, and then went back again to Hampton Coppice; the hounds rattled him through that cover, and ran into him at Mr. SPOONER's house, after a run of full three hours.

Oct. 20.—Drew, first, Cawley Wood, but did not find before we got to Birchley Hays. The fox went away the moment the hounds spoke, and took right for the Meriden Out-woods, and on to Meriden Shafts; in this cover he hung some time, and after being frequently headed he went off to Lord AYLESFORD's Decoy, over the Park for Daniel's Wood, and then back to the Park, where he was killed, after running two hours and 20 minutes.

Oct. 23.—The Field met, this morning, at Wennel Wood; the hounds found in Brandon Wood, and killed their fox after a sharp burst of 20 minutes. We found a second fox almost immediately in Brandon woods, and after driving him about in the Combe woods for an hour and five minutes, he went to ground in a rabbit-hole, where he was killed. We then drew High Wood, and directly found a brace of foxes; one of them, after taking a circle in the cover, broke away for Brinklow, then towards Rugby, and back to Alloaks cover; then over a fine country to Mr. GRIMES's, of Coton, where the scent died entirely away.—A good day's sport, the hounds running very hard between four and five hours.

Oct. 24.—The hounds hit upon a fox as soon as they were thrown into Hampton Coppice. After taking a turn round the cover, he went away to Mr. SPOONER's. At this

place the pack divided, and the body of the hounds returned to Hampton Coppice. The other part was stopped when running hard for Shirley Street, and brought back to the others at the coppice. That cover being very much stained, we drew Barber's Coppice, where we directly found three foxes; the hounds ran one, in circles, to Hampton Coppice, Barber's Coppice, and Aspery's Rough, but did not kill him. We then found a fox in drawing Aucot Hall Rough; the hounds drove him round the cover, with a most melodious cry, for a quarter of an hour; he then broke away, and went through Chelmsley Wood, over Coleshill Heath, by Thornelow's, pointing for Mr. York's, where they lost him. —A very hard day's work for the hounds.

Oct. 25.—Drew Long Meadow Wood, found, and the fox went immediately away to Bushwood; being headed back from Rough Close, he took over Weston Heath short of Park Wood, and ran to ground in Long Meadow Wood; bolted him and ran him round the wood, where it was supposed, he earthed again. Went on to the Kenilworth Chase Woods, and found a fox that took us away to Balsall Heath, Burton Green, to Long Meadow Wood, and on to the Danvats; being headed back again, he took a turn in Long Meadow, and then away to the Warren House, on Weston Heath, over the heath to Park Wood, and on to Tile Hill; here the hounds ran into their fox in good style, after a chase of two hours and ten minutes.—A hard day for the hounds.

Oct. 26.—Met at Meriden Shafts, and then drew the Packington Out-woods, where we found a brace of foxes, and killed one. Ran the other, in rings, in the adjacent covers for an hour, and earthed him. Found a third fox in Birchmoor Stumps; he ran for the Shawburys, and over

Packington Park, through the Decoy for the Out-woods, pointing for the Danvats, and after running him for an hour and a half, he was lost from the bad scent.

The hounds killed four brace of foxes within the last fortnight.

The hounds came to Stratford on the 30th October, and hunted some days with but little sport, from the bad state of the weather.

Wednesday, November 7.—We hunted this morning at Oakley Wood. The fox hung some time in cover, and then went away for Warwick Park, and over the Avon to the Castle. There were so many Sportsmen out, that we stopped the hounds, to avoid cutting up the beautiful gravel walks in the pleasure grounds near to that noble edifice. Drew Chesterton Wood, and found a brace and a half of foxes, which we ran near an hour in cover. At length one of them got away, but he was headed back to the cover by some coursers; the cover was now so much stained, that the hounds were not again permitted to go into it. We then drew Lord Willoughby's gorse without finding. Found at Lighthorne Rough, and run our fox for two hours over the grass country; the hunting was as good as it could possibly be, and the hounds killed him after a fine day's sport, at five o'clock; the latter part of the run was very quick.

Nov. 12.—Met at Ufton Wood, and very soon found a brace of foxes; after running them for some time in cover, one of them made away for Chesterton Wood, and he was lost in that cover, after running him for two hours. Drew Moreton Wood, blank. Found a fox at Frizhill; the run

lasted for half an hour, and the hounds turned him up at Walton; all the time the hounds were very near to their fox. 1

Nov. 14.—We hunted, this morning, at Farnborough, and found an old dog fox in the new cover there, which we soon killed. Drew all the covers near Farnborough, but did not find until we came to a gorse near to the Banbury road; and after a very quick run for half an hour he was killed. We then drew all the covers near Upton, blank.

Nov. 16.—Found a fox this morning at Itchington; he soon went away, but from being very frequently headed he was lost. Drew Lord Willoughby's gorse, where we killed a large badger. We then went back to Itchington, where we found another fox, which soon led us away for Chadshunt; from being frequently headed, he turned back to Itchington, and we killed him after a run of two hours. A good day for the hounds.

Nov. 23.—We met at Alveston Pastures, and drew that cover and Eatington Grove, blank. We afterwards found a fox at Black Marton, and killed him in cover. Found again near unto Frizhill, when our fox ran through Walton Terrace, and over the country for Kineton; and although he was among the hounds in the town, he got away; first pointed for Chadshunt, and then ran very near to Compton; through Walton Wood, pointing for Wellesbourne, and over the road forward for Moreton, when he left that place on the right; it being very near dark the hounds were now stopped.

1 Mr. Corbet's brother, from Northamptonshire, joined the hunt this day.

Nov. 28.—Hunted at Wichford Wood, and found at Rollright Gorse; the fox broke away for Wichford, through that cover, and over the open country until he got into a drain near Rollright Heath; bolted him, and ran him for near an hour, the first part very quick, and we killed him on the hill half way between Long Compton turnpike and Barton Grove.

Monday, December 3.—The appointment, to-day, was at Ufton Wood, where we soon found a brace of foxes. One of them went almost directly away, taking over an extent of country within a short distance of Shuckburgh; here he was so much pressed that he turned off to Sir T. Wheeler's, and from that place forward until he got near to Sir T. Biddulph's, and then he ran through Frankton Wood. The hounds got well up to their fox at Princethorpe Wood, and ran him, very quick, to Ryton Wood, when he pointed for the Combe covers, until he was headed on the great road within three miles of Coventry. He then went for Baginton, over the earths, and near to Stoneleigh Park; then for the road leading from Kenilworth to Coventry, and crossed it about half way from each place; then he ran through the Danvats cover, and away to Weston Heath, but the hounds did not mark their fox. 1

Dec. 7.—We found a fox at Wellesbourne Pastures; he broke cover in view, and after crossing Wellesbourne Wood, made for Walton, and then passed by Compton, pointing for Edge Hill; when about half a mile to the right of Kineton, he turned by Oxhill to Pillerton, and after passing near Black Marton and over Eatington Park, crossed

1 This was a fine day's sport, as the hounds ran for more than 40 miles.

the Stour, at Newbold, into Worcestershire. Then ran by Armscott and Whimpstone Leys, and entered into the county of Gloucester. Leaving Preston Bushes and Quinton just to the right, he ran over Meon Hill, and stretched across part of the Vale of Evesham, through the fine old pastures of Mickleton, Norton, and Aston. Here the fox was very severely pressed by the hounds, and he was at length Tallyho'd and ran into at the village of Weston, about a mile from Broadway. 1

THE SAME, FROM ANONYMOUS—BY VENATOR.

'Tho' high his brush he bear—tho' tipt with white
It gaily shine—yet ere the sun declin'd
Recal the shades of night, the pamper'd rogue
Shall rue his fate revers'd.'

MEET—WELLESBOURNE PASTURES.

An excellent pack, primely season'd and steady,
In kennel well manag'd, in field ever ready;
Affording to amateur Sportsmen, elate
At the prospect of fun, a delectable treat.
Confin'd in its limits the district, but yet
A fine Field of Horsemen this morning we met;
With pride many Sportsmen this run will remember,
On a dull cloudy day i' th' month of December.

From Wellesbourne, a fixture well known as a throw off,
Our fox broke away—a sure item to go off.
Who shys at a fence, or tails off as he goes,
May talk of the burst, but will ne'er see the close!

1 The best day's sport I ever saw. The place where the fox was found was 16 miles from Weston, and above 20 from the farthest place he ran during the chase.

Old pug, a game fellow, broke covert in view,
The fam'd Wellesbourne Wood, without halting, dash'd thro'
For Walton—and thence, not to Compton, tho' near it,
No rider now stops at a fence who can clear it!
Edge Hill makes his point, if right we can reckon,
From whence on clear days can be seen the proud Beacon. 1

When opposite Kington, from fear or in spite,
By a little finessing, pug turn'd to the right
By Oxhill, and then unto Pillerton Hersey,
A run more delightful you ne'er saw, I dare say.
Away thro' Black Marton, and Eatington Park,
The seat of a Sportsman who flies like a lark. 2
Cross'd at Newbold the Stour, t' th' county o' Worster,
Passing Armscott o'er Whimpstone's fam'd leys into Gloster,
Preston Bushes and Quinton we left by the way,
Where the horses stopp'd short who'd enough of the day.

At a split some called racing right over Meon Hill,
Where many who'd pinn'd up the basket, stood still;
Then sulkily gaz'd at the *leapers* and *goers*,
And grumbling went home—after resting their *blowers!*

The rich vale of Evesham now stretching across,
The huntsman well up—not a hound at a loss.
O'er Mickleton Pastures, the old and the fine,
Thro' Norton and Aston, direct in a line.
Our fox, though a game one, both crafty and stout,
Was now press'd so closely he scarce could hold out;

1 The well-known Beacon, at Great Barr, in Staffordshire, near to the seat of Sir E. D. Scott, Bart. It is reputed to be the highest ground between Edge Hills, and Wellington Wrekin, in Shropshire.

2 The residence of E. J. Shirley, Esq.

Near the village of Weston at length Tallyho'd,
From Broadway a mile, as a bird takes his road—
Was ran into and kill'd—how delightful the style;
The Sportsman's reward for his danger and toil! 1

BY A VETERAN FOXHUNTER.

Dec. 12.—Hunted at Sutton North, where we found a fox and killed him. Found again at Mr. Fisher's cover; the fox went near to his house, over the large fields pointing for Sutton North; crossed into the open country near to Mr. Townsend's, ran for some miles over the open fields, and went into Mr. Shirley's Park, near Halford Bridge; then over the park and through Eatington Grove; forward near to the village of Eatington, and then turned to the gorse covers; he ran through them very near to Houndshill House, forward for Wellesbourne Wood, ran very near it, and close up to the village of Wellesbourne; pointed for Moreton Wood, on to Frizhill, and went into that cover on the Lighthorne side. After hanging some time in the cover he was driven away, and we killed him very near to Lord Willoughby's, highly delighted with the conduct of the hounds. 2

1 This severe and extraordinary run was of three hours' duration, with only one check, which did not continue more than five minutes. The place where the fox was killed, was about 15 miles from where he was found, and more than 20 from the farthest point he had run in the chase. Of nearly one hundred horsemen who were present at the throwing off, only 15 were up, or in view, at the death. These hounds had as great a succession of excellent runs within these three weeks, as ever was remembered by the oldest and most experienced Foxhunter in any part of Warwickshire.

2 We ran two hours and 20 minutes, most of the time very quick. A very fine day's sport.

Dec. 14.—Met at Itchington. As soon as the hounds were put into the cover, a fox took away over the country for Ladbroke; leaving that place to the right, he pointed for Shuckburgh, and then turned for Ufton Wood; here the hounds got up to their fox, and drove him very quick on his point for Farnborough. He then went circling round Itchington, and some miles back for Ufton; but the day was so bad, that the hounds, after hunting him very well for above three hours, lost him. 1

Dec. 15.—Found a fox at Hampton Wood, and ran him very fast to ground at Scam Bank. Found another fox at Snitterfield, which, after taking a turn in the cover, went away pointing for Wolversley Wood; but being headed in the great road, he went off close by Clopton House, over Mr. Lloyd's ground, and for Scam Bank, over the Avon very near Charlecote; and he was killed in a field next to Oakley Wood.

Dec. 17.—Found a fox at Cubbington, that ran direct for Stoneleigh Park; over it, and through Berricot cover; he then took an extensive ring, and we got up to him in a little cover near Cubbington. He went away at a very fast pace for Offchurch; leaving Ufton Wood a mile on the left hand, he made over the country for Oakley Wood. In the next field to that cover, he made a turn and pointed for Chesterton, crossed the road half way between that cover and Oakley, near to Harwood's House, and close to the village of Lighthorne; then turned from that place and ran close by Chesterton Wood, and pointed for Itchington; he

1 Mr. Corbet's horse, Beeton, got from him near to Southam, and hurt himself so much that he was left at that place. He then took Jack Barrow's horse, and was up at the end of the run.

ran forward and passed very near to Lord WILLOUGHBY'S gorse; over Chadshunt Heath, through the copses near to that place, and then over the grass fields to within one mile of Kineton; when the hounds were stopped, it being then so dark it was not possible to ride after them. 1

FRIDAY, January 18.—Threw off at Long Meadow Wood, and found a fox; after hunting him an hour and a half he was ran to ground at Baginton. Found again in a cover near Tile Hill, and had a very good run for two hours and 20 minutes, when we killed him on the other side of Cawley Wood, pointing for Sir R. NEWDIGATE'S.

Jan. 21.—Threw off at High Wood, near Combe, where we found a fox, and had a very good run for one hour and a half, when we killed him near Lutterworth. 2

WEDNESDAY, February 13.—Hunted and found a brace of foxes at Alveston Pastures; one of them went off quick for Walton, and we constantly changed foxes; we killed one after running rings for full four hours. A very hard day for the hounds.

Feb. 15.—Immediately the hounds were put into cover at Itchington, we found a fox that broke away very quick for Lighthorne village, near to Chadshunt, and back close to Itchington; he then went forward to Ufton Wood, where

1 The hounds ran the fox six hours, all but 20 minutes; the distance was very great. The horses stopped in all parts of the country, and only six were up at the end of the run.

In consequence of the severe frost, the hounds did not hunt again until the 7th of January, when they commenced in Shropshire.

2 The frost and snow prevented hunting for many days.

the hounds got up to him. He ran very quick in that cover for some time, and then went off again, taking through Walton and Wellesbourne, and we killed him near Moreton Wood. 1

Feb. 23.—Met this morning at Thickthorn; we found a fox at Wainbody Wood, and ran him to Baginton, where he was lost. Found a second fox at Cubbington cover, which ran for Frankton Wood, and over the country for Dunchurch; leaving that town to the right, he went forward for Barby Wood, in Northamptonshire; we hunted up to him near that place, and ran him very quick for near an hour, when we were obliged to stop the hounds, as it was 20 minutes past six o'clock, and getting very dark. 2

Friday, March 8.—Drew, first, Edge Hill, and found a brace of foxes in a cover near to Lord Villers's. Had a very good hunting run over the vale to Itchington, of two hours; and after running half an hour in cover, we killed.

March 9.—Met this morning at Snitterfield, and found in the gorse near Clopton; he ran in Snitterfield for an hour, and then went to earth. Found again in Claverdon

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1 This was a very fine day's sport, for the most part as good hunting as possible, and at other times very quick.

Lord Villers, Sir J. Shelley, and a large Field of Sportsmen hunted with us to-day.

2 Mr. Corbet did not get to Clopton until ten o'clock; the hounds did not reach home until a much later hour. The run was at least four hours. A fine day's sport.

Mr. Corbet went in a chaise twelve miles to cover, and was on his horse above twelve hours; he did not go into any house from the time he left home until he returned.

Wood, and ran our fox some time before he reached Austey Wood. He hung so much to that cover, that we returned to hunt the fox that had earthed at Snitterfield, which had now been dug out; and we hunted him to Wootton, where we killed him a little before six o'clock.

March 11.—Found a fox at Weston Park, that led us gallantly over the country until he got within eight miles of Cheltenham, where he got to ground. Drew again, and found another fox in a gorse, but we lost him by one of the Field taking the hounds away to a fresh fox.

March 13.—We found a fox at Ufton Wood, and had a good hunting run for two hours and 40 minutes, when the hounds turned him up at Baginton.

March 16.—Met, to-day, at Lord Dormer's, where we found a fox that led us away at a quick pace for half an hour, and we killed him near Claverdon. Found again in a small cover near to that place; ran him for Austey Wood, through that cover to Aston Grove, and we lost this fox a distance from Clopton, after running him, at a good pace, for three hours.

On Wednesday, March 20th, the hounds left Stratford, for Meriden.

March 25.—At our first meet in this country, Broan Wood, we immediately found when the hounds were put into the cover; we ran one, constantly changing, for four hours, and killed near Combe Wood.

March 26.—The hounds challenged as soon as they entered Daniel's Wood, and a fox went away, very quick,

for half an hour over Lord Aylesford's Park, when it was discovered we were running a vixen, and the hounds were instantly stopped. We very soon found another, and after hunting up to him, had a capital run over a great extent of country for four hours, and killed him, at length, in Close Wood. 1

March 29.—Met at Newnham, and then drew all the covers near that place, and Alloaks, without finding. We afterwards found a brace of foxes in Highwood; ran one and killed him in Lord Craven's Park. Found two or three other foxes in the rides, but as the day was now so very bad, and we were repeatedly changing, the hounds were stopped. 2

March 30.—Hunted at Bodington Wood; found at Wroxall, and soon killed our fox. Drew Haywood without a find; but we had better luck at Frogmore Wood, where we hit on a fox that led us away, at a very quick pace, for Haywood, forward for Bushwood, over the great road near Henley; he then left Barrells to the right, and we killed him in a stone-pit near Spernall Park, after a run of more than 20 miles.

Monday, April 1.—Hunted, to-day, at Princethorpe Wood, and drew that cover, blank. We found immediately in the Bull and Butcher Wood, ran our fox for an hour, and

1 Mr. Cattell's horse was so completely done up, that he had great difficulty in getting him home; he was not in at the end of the run.

2 Mr. Corbet got into a chaise at Clopton this morning at six, and was at Coventry by eight; he then rode his horse Bilberry, in one hour, from that place to Newnham.

killed him. In a very short time, we hit upon another fox, hunted him over the country for almost two hours, and lost him near Ufton Wood; the fox, certainly, went into that cover.

The hounds came in the morning from Meriden, on their way to Stratford.

April 4.—In drawing Spernall Park, this morning, we found a brace of foxes. One of them was soon away for Aston village, and turned to the left for Alne Wood; then on to Austey Wood, and from that cover quick to Aston Grove; by Withycombe Wood, to Woosley Wood, where we had up a brace of foxes; we hunted one to the mill near Alcester, and there we lost him. This run was two hours and forty minutes.

April 6.—Hunted at Coton Park, and drew that cover and Three Oaks, blank, Found a fox at Weadley Wood; he went through the covers that had been previously drawn, leaving Ragley House to the right; then as far as the turnpike road that joins Coton Park, and back to the cover he was found in. Away from that cover to Rouse Lench, then for Tire Mills, through those covers, and over the country to within two miles of Evesham. After a good hunting run of three hours and a half, by the scent dying away, he was lost at Cleave Mill.

The hunting finished for the season, on Saturday the 20th of April, when the meet was at Preston Bushes. They had a good day's sport.

The hounds left Stratford on the following Monday for Shropshire.

The following concise and unsatisfactory notice is given of this run; and we regret to observe, that several others of a similar description have been as slightly passed over, and many interesting runs have occurred, of which no record is now to be obtained.

February 1st, 1806.—Mr. CORBET's hounds had a very severe chase on Saturday last, from Bearley Bushes, and killed their fox, after a run of four hours and 50 minutes. The huntsman was obliged to change horses, and out of a numerous Field but few were in at the death.

FROM ANONYMOUS—BY VENATOR.

'See, yonder the hounds, o'er brook and o'er brake
After reynard they eagerly go;
While the shouts of the Sportsmen resound in the air,
Hark forward, my boys! Tally-ho!'

MEET—OAKLEY WOOD.
MARCH 7th, 1806.

Now early met—what hounds so good
As those produced of *Trojan* blood?
What pack, by their great Master taught,
Is nearer to perfection brought?

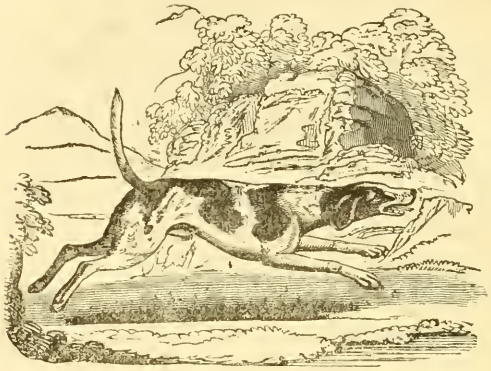
At Oakley Wood—no cover nam'd
Is more for gallant foxes fam'd;
Num'rous the Field—each busy hound
Had scarcely pass'd the woody bound,
When a game fox stole sly away,
Leaving because he durst not stay!

Having the covert bid adieu,
He ran the vill of Ashorne through,

By Newbold Pacey Church made good
His ground—then off to Moreton Wood;
Uncheck'd, either by head or double,
He took again o'er turf and stubble;
Direct thro' Frizhill push'd his course,
While more men urge than hold their horse.
From thence to Compton House, so straight
The foremost can't a moment wait.
To Compton Gorse without a stop,
While all who could the fences top,
And they that could not stay'd behind,
For want of stamina and wind.
At Chadshunt House, or pretty near,
A check occurr'd to save the rear;
Welcome, too, the short probation,
E'en to those who kept their station.

Ere long the agile pack anew
Hit off the scent—away they flew;
Few Sportsmen ever saw, 'tis clear,
A burst more splendid and severe!
Now Gaydon parish running through,
With Gaydon Coppice full in view
To the left hand—to Knightcote, where
Not many horsemen did appear;
Old reynard prov'd so fast and stout,
The nags were seen to face about.
To Northend next—and, ere he'd yield,
To Fenny Compton led the Field;
Where the fleet pack of noble fame,
Turn'd up in gallant style their game. 1

1 This run lasted two hours and a quarter; as good hunting, and over as fine a country, as perhaps the oldest Sportsman recollects.



THE HOUND TROJAN.

As this is the first time that *Trojan* has been mentioned, (see p. 72,) we shall here lay before our readers all the particulars we have been able to collect of that most extraordinary hound.

In a letter signed SOMERVILLE, (vide S. Mag. March 8th, 1806,) he states that *Trojan* was entered in 1780, and hunted till 1788. Amongst some hounds bought for Mr. CORBET, by his brother, was a bitch called *Tidings*, and out of her, by a cross with Lord SPENCER's *Blueboy*, came *Trojan*. He has been described to us as a black and white hound.—VENATOR.

'The blood of the Trojans,' was always drank after 'The King,' in the Hunt Club Room, at Stratford. He was one of the best hounds that ever challenged a fox, and his blood has circulated most parts of the kingdom. He was first entered to hare with Mr. CORBET's other hounds, which were afterwards converted into a pack of foxhounds. He would only look to a fox, a pheasant, or a marten-cat.

He had the nose of a bloodhound, and his pace was a killing one. Mr. CORBET said he was the only hound he ever had that could jump Chillington park wall. [1]

Trojan never by any chance got lamed—here must have been legs and feet! Or missed a day's hunting in eight years—here must have been a constitution! He was always to be depended upon. His speed enabled him to be at the head of his pack. He could hunt over a fallow, or over dry ground, like a harrier; and his stoutness was such, that after the longest and hardest day, he always appeared fresh and gay.

Mr. CORBET was called—'The father of the Trojans.' 'Fuit Ilium, et ingens gloria Teucrum.' The glory of Troy is no more.—NIMROD.

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[1] Chillington Park, in Staffordshire, the residence of Mr. T. W. Giffard.

During the latter days of Old Champion, when his powers were on the decline, and he could not run up with the rest of the pack, he got under the horse's feet of one of my friends, and was laid for dead on the ground. All that Mr. Corbet said was—'Killed the best hound in my pack, that's all.' Another hound was killed, but he did not see it; and all he said to several of his friends, was,—'They've killed me a favourite hound, Sir; you don't happen to know who did it, do you?' —A gentleman was caught by him hunting his hounds, not knowing he was so near them. 'Thank ye, Sir, (said Mr. C.) but my hounds will do that very well WITHOUT YOU.'—NIMROD.

At the Stratford Hunt they sold horses by handicap. Mr. Best bought Confidence for 750 guineas, he having carried Mr. Lockley one hour and ten minutes in a trying country, and then jumped a fence of timber. A decoy was laid for him by several of the Members of the Hunt who had assembled next morning at cover. They sent Bill Barrow to leap a very high rail in the corner of a field. When he had done it, they cried out—'Now, Mr. Best,' and he cleared it, and a yard over.—NIMROD.

THE EPWELL HUNT; OR BLACK COLLARS IN THE REAR.

BY EDWARD GOULBURN, ESQ.

'A chosen few
Alone, the sport enjoy.'

As Epwell's wide Heath [1] t'other day I pass'd over,
The hounds, I perceiv'd, were then trying the cover;
Enraptur'd I heard them, and spurring my horse,
Soon discover'd the pack, which had found in the gorse.

Two hundred gay Sportsmen enliven'd the scene,
All determin'd to ride, and professedly keen.
Tho' the morning was cold, and the frost overnight
Made the country around in terrible plight;
Yet reynard broke cover, disdaining to stay,
And in view of the Field went bravely away;
But a bad country took, much against all their wills,
And led them a dance o'er some heart-breaking hills,
Then fled to some furze, and kept dodging about,
Till *Wanton,* good bitch, drove the vagabond out.

Thus routed, his foes he determin'd to face,
And again took them off at a rare splitting pace,
O'er a strong and stiff country went forward in style,
With the hounds at his brush, in full view for a mile;
Was next seen in a bottom, and then headed back,
And whilst climbing the steep fell a prey to the pack.

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1 The Epwell Hunt was written in the year 1807, but we have not been able to ascertain the precise time. The hounds met in that year at Epwell, on November 14th and December 7th, and the run must have taken place on one of those days.—VENATOR.

The burst, (perhaps Melton will smile while it reads,)
Was so quick that it took something out of the steeds;
Nay, to speak the whole truth, many found it too fast,
And some very crack riders were looking aghast.

Squire KYNASTON, 1 mounted on *Whalebone* the tough,
Found he'd lost a fore-shoe—that's to say, had enough;
And CROMIE, who came just to see them throw off,
And at all that he saw predetermin'd to scoff,
Allow'd, that for once his opinion was wrong,
And confess'd with a sigh that they could go along!

Many others, contented, went quietly home,
Little dreaming, I ween, of the pleasure to come;
And a few, whilst debating to stay or to go,
For the former resolv'd when they heard—Tallyho!

Tallyho with a vengeance—for strange to recount,
Scarce allowing us time our nags to remount,
Another stout reynard went boldly away,
For Wimberton making most desperate play.
Now headed, and forc'd his first point to decline,
To Epwell push'd forward as straight as a line;
Finding there nothing left for his life but to run,
He resolv'd to die game, and to shew them some fun:
So thro' Swacliffe's plantations intrepidly went,
Passing Hook Norton Heath with a fine burning scent;
Where a few of the oldest put on a wry face,
And the young ones no longer complain'd of the pace.

From thence, quite determin'd to give us our fill,
For Swarford he made, and went right up the hill;

1 Mr. R. Kynaston, near Chapel House, Oxfordshire.

Cross'd the road at a pace that made some people stare,
And was fatal, poor FRETWILL, 1 alas! to your mare.

Close press'd, towards Heythorpe despairing he roves,
But in vain, for the scent ev'ry moment improves;
Till at length having gone twenty miles right an end,
At a rate that the oldest man out never kenn'd,
Having fill'd the whole country with falls and disasters,
Nearly kill'd all the nags, and well pickled their masters,
He was kill'd in the Park, when just going to ground,
Above twenty-three miles from the place he was found!

By this time, as my readers perhaps may suspect,
The attendants of reynard became quite select;
And the few that remain'd never witness'd, I ween,
In the course of their lives a more comical scene;
Such confusion—such rolls—of Red-coats such a string,
To describe them is quite the impossible thing.
Here a *Buck* with his skirts cover'd over with mud;
There a *Groom* sticking fast on a slim bit of blood;
Here a *Farmer* gives in—there a *Nobleman* lags;
Alike anxious to make an excuse for their nags.
Not a field you pass'd thro' but appear'd some sad face,
Groaning over a fall, or lamenting his case;
In short, a more strange, or more comical sight,
Never fell to the lot of a Bard to recite.

Then aid me, ye Nine, to record all the fun
That took place in the course of this capital run;
Which, had it at Belvoir or Raby occurr'd,
A volume, I'm sure, such a run would afford.

1 Mr. Fretwill was, at this period, well known in the Hunt.

Regardless alike of thumps, scratches, or knocks,
Morant Gale 1 breaks away in full chase of the fox;
A Meltonian of old, and well vers'd in their creed,
O'er-riding all scent, for the sake of a lead;
Many tumbles and rolls got this hero, of course,
And concluded by dreadfully laming his horse;
Yet with skill unexampled he somehow contriv'd
To go hobbling along whilst old reynard surviv'd.

Lord Alvanley 2 next him, in close imitation,
Came sailing along in no very bad station.
His Lordship rode *Ploughboy*, and what's an odd case,
Not a soul seem'd to envy the clodhopper's place;
And I've since been inform'd, the poor fellow avers
That he learnt, by this run, the right meaning of spurs;
But spurr'd as he was, it's my duty to say,
He kept well with the hounds the whole of the day.

On his five-year-old horse, tho' of course in the front,
Bob Canning 3 comes next, the crack man of the Hunt;
Let him ride what he will, either hunter or hack,
Sure by some means or other to be with the pack;
At the end of the day almost always alone,
And scarce ever behind, tho' he weighs sixteen stone!

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1 Mr. Edward Morant Gale, then of Upton House, near Edge Hills, where he kept a clever pack of harriers.

2 This Nobleman was a distinguished attendant of the Hunt, at this time.

3 Mr. R. Canning then lived at Houndshill, within a few miles of Stratford-upon-Avon; he now, (1836,) resides at Hartpury, near to Gloucester.

Pressing close in his wake, and on much the same plan,
FRANK his brother, 1 keeps up, tho' a heavier man;
On the *General* mounted, and what's very queer,
Like some of that tribe he preferr'd not the rear;
Yet even this vet'ran, tho' warm to a fault,
Gave the word of command very often to halt;
Nay, so hard at one time his condition was render'd,
Had the action continu'd he must have surrender'd.
Still he lasted it out, tho' much weary'd and spent,
And no doubt felt much pleasure in reaching his tent.

Sticking close to the hounds observe steady Sir GRAY, 2
Riding equally hard in a quieter way;
Sufficiently forward, yet still keeping bounds,
His wish to ride after, not over the hounds!

In a style rather diff'rent came GOULBURN the bard, 3
Who a long time disdaining the cry of—hold hard!
Over fences and ditches kept thoughtlessly fanning,
Resolv'd at all hazards to follow BOB CANNING.
To accomplish which end he kept on at a *score*
That his five-year-old nag felt a terrible bore;
So at Swarford, unable to climb up the hill,
At a nasty oak stile stood obligingly still.
Then he left him in plight not a little distressing,
The breed of Arabians most fervently blessing!

---

1 Mr. F. Canning, of Foxcote. This gentleman died on the 17th of January, 1831.

2 Sir Gray Skipwith, Bart., then of Snitterfield; he now lives at Newbold-upon-Avon.

3 The facetious Mr. Goulburn, now at the bar, formerly hunted in Warwickshire, and seeing a Worcestershire Squire laughing violently, he went up to him and said—'Quid rides?'—My friend, not much of a linguist, replied—'My Magog horse.'—NIMROD.

'Well, I never did see ne'er a run like this here,'
Cries DICK BAYZANT, to-day most unusually near.
To see him so forward surpris'd a great many,
Who knew not the plot of this Worcestershire zany;
But his friends pass'd it by as a matter of course,
Well knowing he wished to dispose of his horse.
Now creeping thro' gaps, now trailing down lanes,
When noticed he leaps, and when not slyly cranes.
Now concealing a stumble, now hiding a trip,
Like a horse-dealer's man paid to shew off a rip;
In short, if allow'd I may be the expression,
What we deem a pleasure, he makes a profession!

Little GILLIBRAND, 1 too, now began to make play,
Tho' he rode mighty shy the first part of the day;
And averr'd, as if fibbing I ween was no sinning,
That his horse, to go pleasant, was just then beginning;
And if stumbling, and rolling, wide op'ning his throat,
And convulsively sobbing, can pleasure denote,
Or, if joy be attended with symptoms like these,
Master GILLIBRAND certainly rode at his ease!

Nor let us, my friends, in this place overlook
The fate of poor WHYNIATE, 2 who fell in a brook;
And who, had it not been for that woful disaster,
Must have seen all the sport, had he gone even faster;

1 Mr. Gillibrand, a good Sportsman, who frequently joined this Hunt during the season.

2 Mr. Reginald Whyniate, a hard rider in Mr Corbet's and Lord Middleton's time. He was a very powerful horseman, with rare nerve. He had a wonderful mare, 15 hands high, but long and wide, which he sold to Mr. Porter for 200 guineas.—NIMROD.

A lesson to Sportsmen—take warning from hence—
How much safer to ride, than turn over a fence;
For the *Chesnut,* indignant at being led over,
Threw him flat on his back—not exactly *in clover*;
Nay, to tread on his master the rascal made bold,
And gave him a bath most bewitchingly cold;
And what's worse, after playing this dev'lish rig,
Of the water he took such a terrible swig,
That tho' REGINALD mounted as soon as releas'd,
He could never get up till the sport had all ceas'd.

On *Michaelmas* mounted, somewhat in the rear,
Sailing steady along see Allesley's great Peer; 1
Now his Lordship asserts, and 'tis true without doubt,
That a nasty stone wall, with a ditch, threw him out;
Besides, GOULBURN, his crony, declares it's the case,
And avows that he stopp'd at the very same place.

Jack Ketch, too, with very uncommon forbearance,
At the close of this run never made his appearance;
And tho' HOLYOAKE 2 gave him much *legal* assistance,
Was kept by the hounds at a very great distance.
'Tis strange, you will say, that *Jack Ketch* should be dropp'd,
Who the *pipes* of so many, of course, must have stopp'd;
But alas! it is true, even *he* wanted breath,
And for once in his *life,* was not in at *the death!*

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1 Lord Clonmell, well known as an ardent Sportsman, who frequently rode twenty miles to cover in the morning, before the hounds threw off.

2 Mr. Holyoake, of Tettenhall, Staffordshire. This gentleman generally joined the Warwickshire during the hunting season, and was a true Sportsman.

On a broken-knee'd chesnut, with very good shape,
Tho' in muffle array'd, and without the black cape,
PEMBERTON 1 kept well in the front all the while,
And was carried throughout in a Brummagem style;
But not so was his groom, on a hard-pulling bay,
Which for some time kept tearing and running away,
But at Swarford stood still, and was done for the day.

With his hat in his hand, looking out for a gate,
Neither looking nor riding by any means straight,
Mister STUBBS, a crack rider no doubt in his time,
But who hunting on Sunday once deem'd it no crime, 2
Making desp'rate play thro' some fine muddy lanes,
And by nicking and skirting, got in for his pains;
High waving the brush, and with pleasure half mad,
Roaring out, 'Yoicks, have at 'em! we've kill'd him, my lad!'

In a state of delight, far exceeding all bounds,
See the veteran SQUIRE 3 in the midst of his hounds;

1 Mr. T. Pemberton, of Birmingham, who had some very famous horses, and joined the Hunt for several years.

2 'To explain this mystery, (says Mr. Goulburn,) it is necessary to inform my readers of an anecdote recorded of this gentleman, who for a long time kept a pack of foxhounds which were the terror of all foxes, and the delight of all Sportsmen in the neighbourhood. Nay, so anxious was he for the sport, and so fearful of a blank day, that he kept several bag foxes to afford amusement. In feeding these on a Sunday morning, one of them made his escape, though not unobserved by this keen Sportsman, who exclaimed—'What! you thought you had me, eh? but I'll be a match for you;' and so saying, he immediately let loose the keen pack, which killed poor reynard, after a run of above 20 miles, in a village when the inhabitants were just returning from Divine Service!'

3 Mr. Corbet, Master of the hounds.

How he liv'd to the end of this terrible day,
The Muse nor desires, nor ought she to say.
That he saw all, 'tis clear, and what more could Old MEYNELL,
And beheld the effects of his care in the kennel;
Saw his hounds, unassisted, make out a cold scent,
Tho' misled and o'errode ev'ry yard that they went;
But when once settled on it, to me 'tis quite clear,
Go a pace that leaves many great folks in the rear.
In short, such a run, in so perfect a style,
No county has witness'd a pretty long while.

Then let Leicestershire vaunt of its far-renown'd speed,
Let them jostle, or cross, for a start or a lead;
Upon selling their nags, more than hunting, intent,
And scarce knowing the meaning of what is called—*scent.*
All declaiming at once—such a shout, such a yell,
Doing only what monkies might do full as well;
Where sport depends quite upon knowing the cover,
And the very best run in ten minutes is over.
May such hunting as this never fall to my lot,
Let them race, if they like it, I envy them not.
The blood of *Old Trojan* is all I desire,
So give me the hounds of the WARWICKSHIRE SQUIRE!

Mr. Corbet never failed to be in Warwickshire on the 5th of November; on which day, if not on a Sunday, some favorite cover was drawn. A day or two previous to this, were the Warwick Hunt Races, at which Mr. Corbet gave a plate of £50. for the Farmers, who were proud to win it, not so much for the value, as for the sake of him who gave it.—NIMROD. The following were the conditions:—Half-bred horses, that had been regularly hunted with the Warwickshire Hounds, and had never won before running; to carry 12st.; 2 miles, heats; and to be rode by Gentlemen.—VENATOR.

BY A YEOMAN.

MEET—WELLESBOURNE.

Mr. CORBET's hounds once had a famous day's sport when the meet was at Wellesbourne Wood; we found in a small cover close to the wood on the right of the village, and our fox led us away at a rare slapping pace. He first ran through Wellesbourne Wood, and on by Sir JOHN MORDAUNT's house, at Walton, as if he would make a point for Kineton Holt, but here he turned to the right and went straight to Black Marton. From that place he brushed quickly through Mr. SHIRLEY's park, at Eatington, crossed the Stour at Newbold, and then ran over Armscott Field, Blakewell Field, and over Meon Hill. Leaving Mickleton to the left, by Norton Burnt House, and on to Weston, where he got into a hedge; he was whipped out by Mr. R. CANNING, and the hounds soon turned him up in gallant style. Although there was a large Field in the morning, not more than five or six were up at the death; the distance was great, and the pace, at times, very quick. [1]

We had a short burst or two this morning, and killed. At three o'clock we found a gallant fox at Ufton Wood; he led us away by Chadshunt, over Edge Hill, and on beyond Upton House; here he turned rather to the right, and ran close to Epwell White House. At this point the fox turned a little to the left, and ran over Brailes Hill, and straight into Long Compton Field. Poor reynard was nearly beat

[1] Mr. Corbet, Mr. R. Canning, Mr. H. Robbins, Mr. R. Bradley, Mr. T. Handley, the Huntsman and the Whipper-in, were in at the finish, but their horses were done up. Mr. H. Robbins was obliged to leave his hunter at Mickleton for the night; and Mr. T. Handley, in consequence of going to the end of this run, sold his horse to Mr. Bradley for a large sum.

at this place, but meeting with a shepherd's dog, they fought until the latter carried as much scent as the fox himself; the hounds soon got up to them, and hit upon the scent of the dog, which they followed until it was dark, when they were whipped off. Had it not been for this circumstance, we should soon have killed our fox; nevertheless, we were perfectly satisfied with the day's sport. 1

We found, this morning, at Crimpscott Gorse, and had one of the most severe bursts I ever witnessed. The fox went away across Armscott, Newbold, and Blakewell Fields; then straight for Shipston-on-Stour, but turned to the left, and went to ground in a sough at Honington. Mr. R. CANNING, 2 and Mr. H. ROBBINS, went away with the hounds, and had the whole of this splendid burst to themselves.

April 21.—Mr. CORBET's hounds finished this season on Monday last, by meeting at Lord NORTHAMPTON's, near Edge Hills. The season had afforded much excellent sport, and it is believed that no pack, in this part of the kingdom at least, had more capital runs, or killed more foxes, than the pack of this veteran Sportsman.—VENATOR.

Dec. 22.—This celebrated pack had a most capital run on Monday last. The meet was at Clifford Bridge, near Stratford, where they Tallyho'd a fox away, and after a

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1 Mr. Corbet, Mr. T. Cattell, Mr. H. Robbins, and a few others, were up at the death.

2 Mr. R. Canning commenced hunting with the Warwickshire in the year 1791, and continued to enjoy the sport for eighteen years.—VENATOR.

most tremendous burst, and a severe run of nearly two hours, the hounds ran into him at Ashorne, near to the seat of Mr. W. LITTLE.—VENATOR.

BY AN OLD ONE.

MEET—SHEEPLEY'S GORSE.

One day, when the hounds threw off at this fixture, a season or two previous to the resignation of Mr. CORBET, we had an excellent day's sport. We found a very good fox at Preston Bushes, that broke cover in an instant, and went away, with the hounds close at his brush, over Crimpscott Field, Newbold Field, across by Tredington mill, and then on to Honington. He next dashed forward to Idlicote, passed through Winterton Shrubs and Winterton village, and ran to ground in the main earth at Lord NORTHAMPTON'S, after a capital thing of above an hour. This was a very severe run, the pace was tremendous the whole of the way, and not the least check occurred during its continuance. Mr. LOCKLEY, on *Confidence*, and Mr. COCKBILL, on *The Straw-Horse*, were the only two up with the hounds when pug took the earth. BILL BARROW was very handy, and several others came up shortly after the thing was over. There was a very numerous Field in the morning, many of them crack riders well mounted, and determined to go, but expecting the fox would go from Preston Bushes to Meon Hill, they were thrown out, and lost the principal part of the run.

MEET—IDLICOTE.

About the same period, we had an excellent day's sport from Idlicote. We found, very quickly, at Honington Spinies, and our fox seemed determined to lead us a gallant run. He broke instantly away to Idlicote, through Hell Brake into Whatcote Field, by Mr. DYER'S, of Kirby, into Tysoe Field; crossed it, and went on at a good hunting

pace, by Hardwick, Battle Farm, Gaydon, Thistle Farm, and over Kineton Big Field. He next crossed the brook opposite to Mr. Jones's buildings, passed on through Mr. Anderton's spiny, in Burton Fields, then up Burton Dassett Hill, where he went to ground. In Kineton Field, Mr. Cockbill, on Mr. Barke's *Sky-Scraper*, and Mr. R. Bradley, were leading the way. Mr. Hawkes, of Snitterfield, Mr. Kynaston, and several others, afterwards got up. The former gentleman was riding his well-known horse *The Printer*, and cried out, 'They are going the right pace now, I will shew you what blood can do;' and so he did, for at the end he and Mr. Hancox were both up, with those mentioned above, and had a good station at the close of the run. I have seen many quicker things than this, which was a smart straight forward run of about 15 miles, done in very good time. The horses were beaten, as the country which the fox took was not the best he might have selected, although the hunters out were of the right sort to follow in such a way as would make some of the 'slim bits of blood,' of the present day, tail off before they had got half the distance.

Mr. Corbet's last fixture was on Saturday, February 9th, 1811.

Mr. Corbet, when he had finally determined to give up the Hunt, advertised 60 couple of foxhounds, and most of his hunters, for sale.—All the hounds were bred by himself.

The valuable hunters, 12 in number, were disposed of, at Stratford, by public auction, on the 28th of February. Two of them sold for 250gs. each, and the whole brought upwards of 1220gs.

On giving up his hounds, Mr. CORBET was presented with a very magnificent Silver Vase, by the Warwickshire Sportsmen, in testimony of their gratitude and respect.

Some time about the year 1807-8, the meet was at Warwick Park. Mr. CORBET rode his favourite grey, and we have seldom witnessed a more splendid Field than was assembled on that occasion. The Master was in high spirits, and conversed with those about him with his usual good humour and affability. As they were drawing the top part of the wood that falls down to the New Water, a young hound gave tongue to hare; Mr. CORBET detected the error in an instant, and a whip cantered off in search of the delinquent. At this moment a carriage approached from the verges, containing some ladies and two or three fine healthy boys. They were soon understood to be Mrs. CORBET and family. The little fellows amused themselves, at times, by playing with the brush of some gallant old fox, several of them hanging in view in different parts of the carriage.—VENATOR.

Mr. CORBET's forbearance and kindness were proverbial, but not more so than they merited. One day the meet was at Wolford Wood, and having sent their hunters on to the cover, Mr. CORBET, Mr. HOLYOAKE, and Mr. STUBBS, had a chaise from the White Lion, Stratford, to Shipston, where their hacks met them. The driver was directed to wait for them at the George Inn, but it was late before they returned, which afforded him an opportunity of taking more grog than was at all consistent with the rules of the new Temperance Societies; in fact, as Peregrine Pickle said of his Tutor, he had 'drank himself into a state of sweet intoxication.' The gentlemen, not being aware that their saddle-bumper had got 'just a drappie in his e'e,' seated

themselves comfortably in the chaise, and they set off homeward, confiding entirely in the care of their leader, to take them safe to Stratford. He had not proceeded more than 500 yards, when he upset the chaise, and tumbled the gentlemen into a deep wide ditch full of black mud, which, from the stagnant state of the water at the time, was by no means pleasant to the olfactory organs of those sportsmen. After some delay, the gentlemen resumed their seats, and were driven to Stratford without any further accident. On the following morning, BARKE, the landlord, was informed of the circumstance, and he immediately went to Mr. CORBET, who was walking out his hounds, and apologised for the conduct of his postboy, at the same time threatening that he should no longer remain in his service. Mr. CORBET instantly replied, 'Oh no, dem'me, BARKE, he shan't be turned away; but mind ye, he never drives me again.'—VENATOR.

It was the custom of Mr. Corbet not to fix one of his prime places on a Saturday, as it was market day at Warwick, and he had a consideration for the yeomen and farmers, whose business obliged them to attend there. —Warwickshire never knew better days than under Mr. Corbet. The farmers had all plenty of money, and the landlords too.

Exclusive of his civility to the farmers, Mr. Corbet took care to satisfy the complaints of their wives, for the damage done to their poultry by the foxes. The celebrated Wolford Wood had long been infested with fox catchers, who took them alive. By way of putting a stop to this destruction by the trap, Mr. Corbet agreed with those men to give them £40 a year to discontinue it, which they received every Christmas day. Lord Middleton, while he

had the Hunt, paid them the same sum, and they adhered to the faith of their engagement.

To the last year of his life Mr. Corbet was remarkable for the neatness of his person, and extreme gentlemanly appearance. His manners were peculiarly adapted to a man at the head of a pack of foxhounds; being civil and obliging to the whole field, and particularly to the farmers, by whom he was much respected, and the destruction of a fox by foul play was never heard of in Warwickshire.

In society Mr. Corbet was a most cheerful, as well as an entertaining companion. I was once present when an anecdote was told of a gentleman having purchased a pack of foxhounds, but on their arrival at his house his wife went into fits until they were sent back to their original owner. 'If my wife had done so,' said Mr. Corbet, 'I would never have kissed her again until she took off her night-cap, and cried 'tally-ho.'—NIMROD.

The observation has been made by more Sportsmen than one, that Warwickshire, next to Leicestershire, is the finest sporting county in England, and in heavy seasons preferable even to that county. A blank day very rarely occurs, and many of the covers are seldom drawn without finding a fox.

Mr. Corbet's motto was—'Deus pascit corvos.'

DEMISE OF MR. CORBET.

On Monday, May 19th, 1817, at Muddiford, Hants, died JOHN CORBET, Esq. of Sundorne, Salop, in the 65th year of his age. A man almost universally known, and as universally respected, for his integrity and benevolence—a man by whose death society in general has lost a link of a most valuable chain—a man who might not pass away from life without a tribute to his character such as the writer can supply. To scatter a flower on the grave of departed worth, and with a tear to sprinkle it, is a sad but not unpleasing task.

To the strictest moral and religious principles, Mr. CORBET joined the best affections of the heart; warm, sincere, and steady in his friendships; the most affectionate of husbands; the kindest of fathers; an indulgent master; a generous landlord. To the needy a most liberal and constant benefactor.

His manners were the most gentlemanly and unassuming; his disposition the most amiable and cheerful. Affection for his family, the welfare and amusement of his friends, and benevolence to all mankind, constituted the happiness of his life. The poor, who frequently partook of his unostentatious bounty, will shed the tear of sympathy on his bier.

For many years previous to his death he led a quiet life; but his hospitable table was ever open to a few select friends, who esteemed him when living, and will feel his loss with peculiar regret.

The sudden rupture of a blood vessel on the brain was the fatal cause of Mr. CORBET's death; a calamity which

assailed him on the preceding day, whilst in his usual good health, and surrounded by his family. The most skilful assistance was instantly obtained, but human aid was fruitless, and at the end of a few short hours society was deprived of one of its brightest ornaments. Peace to his shade!—and may

'Goodness and he fill up one monument.'

Mr. CORBET had filled various public situations in the county of Salop, namely—High Sheriff; Treasurer of the Infirmary in 1775; Lieut.-Colonel of the County Volunteers and Local Militia; and was elected one of the Representatives of the County in Parliament upon the death of Lord CLIVE, in 1774.

THE FUNERAL.

The remains of Mr. Corbet were conveyed to Sundorne on Saturday, the 31st of May, and on Monday they were removed from thence to Battlefield for interment in the family vault. A very large concourse of persons assembled to witness the mournful scene, and to pay their tribute of respect to his memory.

The tenants formed part of the solemn procession, preceding the corpse; and, beside the usual attendants, four mourning coaches, containing relatives, &c. of the deceased, each drawn by four horses. Mr. Corbet's and sixteen gentlemen's private carriages joined in the mournful train.

THE MONUMENT.

Sacred

To the Memory of

JOHN CORBET, Esquire, of Sundorne,

who departed this Life on the 19th day of May, 1817, aged 65 years.
He was in the twenty-first degree of lineal descent
from Corbet, a Nobleman of Normandy,
who accompanied William the First to the Conquest of England;
and received an ample donation of lands and manors in the
county of Salop, during the reign of that Monarch.

In the same vault are deposited the remains of his first Wife,

EMMA ELIZABETH,

daughter of Sir Charlton Leighton, Baronet,
of Loton,
who died the 19th day of September, 1797.

And of their only Son,

JOHN KYNASTON CORBET,

who died the 23d day of April, 1806, aged 15 years.

This Monument is erected by his second Wife, ANNE, daughter of the
Reverend William Pigott, A. M. Rector of Edgmond and
Chetwynd, as a Tribute of Gratitude and Affection
to the best of Husbands, the Remembrance
of whose Virtues is deeply engraven
upon her Heart.

DEATH OF BILL BARROW.

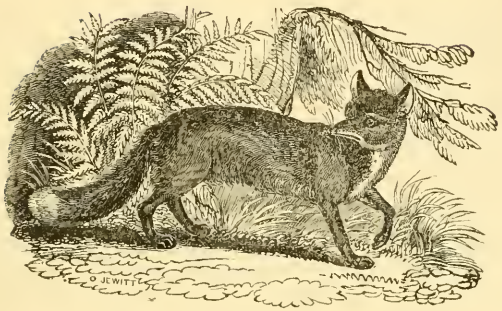
Bill Barrow is dead. After Mr. Corbet had given up hunting the Warwickshire Country, and had retired to his mansion at Sundorne, Salop, Bill Barrow hunted his harriers. In following them one day, in 1825, his horse fell, and in three weeks he was in his grave. In boxes and in old stockings was found £1,400, and suits of new clothes sufficient for a parish. He was buried at Uffington, a mile from Sundorne. The following lines are inscribed on his tomb—

> Of this world's pleasure I have had my share,
> For few the sorrows I was doom'd to bear;
> How oft I have enjoyed the noble chase,
> Of hounds and horses, striving for the race!
> But the knell of death calls me away,
> So Sportsmen, farewell! I must obey.

Bill Barrow was Mr. Corbet's huntsman for 15 years; and his foxhounds were remarkable for brilliant runs when they were hunted by him. He was as good a horseman as ever rode over a country. His View Halloo was the best I ever heard, and so melodious, that to see him, and hear him, by the side of his favourite bitch-pack, give—Have at him, my Lasses!—to a Sportsman was truly delightful—

NIMROD.

LORD MIDDLETON.



The voice of some old trusty hound,
Starts reynard from his kennel, round;
With ears erect, and piercing eye,
He stands, prepar'd to couch or fly,
Should danger on his peace intrude
Within his woody kingdom rude.

Lord MIDDLETON purchased Mr. CORBET's hounds for 1200 guineas, and became Master of the Hunt.

His Lordship was well known to the Warwickshire Sportsmen, having previously hunted the country, when Mr. WILLOUGHBY, before he succeeded to his title. Every one was perfectly aware, that any Gentleman who followed Mr. CORBET had many difficulties to encounter, and some strong prejudices to surmount. Lord MIDDLETON was known to be a man of splendid fortune, a gallant rider, and a good Sportsman, and that he had liberality and spirit enough to hunt the country in the best style, regardless of

expence. His stud of hunters, at that time, was allowed to be equal to any one in the kingdom, and from his Lordship's general knowledge of hunting, and his great partiality to the chase, the friends of foxhunting anticipated, upon reasonable grounds, a delightful succession of their favourite amusement.

Lord MIDDLETON, when he succeeded to the Hunt, divided his hounds into two packs, dogs and bitches. His Lordship's first meet was at Itchington Heath, on the 11th of February, 1811.

His Lordship gave a sumptuous dinner at the Sun Rising, Edge Hill, soon after he took to the hounds, to upwards of 60 farmers and other guests. Every person present expressed his determination to preserve the foxes on that side of the country.

For a few seasons, his Lordship, following the example of his predecessor, continued to give a Plate of £50, to be run for over Warwick Race Course, in November, upon the same conditions as that given by Mr. CORBET; but he afterwards discontinued it, in consequence, as it was then said, of the many disputes it occasioned among those who contended for the prize.

BY ANONYMOUS.

MEET—FARNBOROUGH, FEBRUARY 22nd, 1811.

We found a fine old fox this morning at Burton Dassett Hill, which led us over the country and through Knightcote Bottom, at a tremendous rate. The hounds, all the time, were on good terms with their fox, and when they had pressed him along the low grounds, he turned to the right and took over Fenny Compton Field, through Wormleighton

Bottoms, and on to Bodington Hill. Being driven through that cover, he took off to Hardwick Field. The fox was not headed, nor did the hounds come to a check the whole of the distance. From this place to Red Hill Wood, the pace was a killing one, and has seldom been equalled at any time. Here the hounds first came to a check, which was a relief, though only a very short one, to the Field, as most of the nags had got a pretty good dressing, and were nearly all blown. Reynard now shifted ground, doubled, and crept into a small furze brake. At the very instant the hunted fox doubled back, a fresh fox was tally-ho'd away; this divided the hounds, and the consequence was both of them were lost, after a very good run, which up to the time of falling in with a fresh scent, must have afforded delight and satisfaction to every one who saw it.

THE SAME, BY VENATOR.

'When the morn stands on tiptoe 'twixt mountain and sky,
How pleasant to follow the hounds in full cry!
When the bright spangling dew drops the meadows adorn,
How delightful to follow the hounds and the horn!'

While at the glass dull squeamish beaus
Adjust with girlish pride their clothes;
Or idly chaunt the morn away,
Trimming their whiskers, black or grey!
Give me, well hors'd, the chance to seek
Rude health o'er hill or valley bleak;
Down sloughy lanes to covert ride,
And over fences high and wide,
Led by the all bewitching sounds
Of the sweet horn, but sweeter hounds—
That lusty health, which labour, kind,
Bestows upon the sturdy hind.

The meet to-day might proudly vie,
In Sportsmen choice, of spirits high,
With any field that did appear
At any time in Warwickshire.

At Burton Hill a fox we found,
A better never led a hound
Over a country —one so good
Was seldom rous'd in brake or wood !

Hark ! as the pack upon him dash,
The clear, harmonious, thund'ring crash !
All silent now—the scent so strong,
They dart as swallows swift along ;
Bearing in style each head and stern,
They all with matchless ardour burn ;
While scent, that mystic subtle thing,
Is floating caught on zephyr wing !

Pug first o'er Knightcote Bottom stray'd,
Then to the right a turning made ;
Thence over Fenny Compton Field,
Too brave and stout to skulk or yield ;
Over Wormleighton Bottom ran,
And to the hill of Boddington.

In gallant style the pack pursue,
And drive him the thick covert through ;
Then off to Hardwick Field he led,
Impeded not by check or head,
To Red Hill Wood, the killing pace
Was seldom equall'd in the chace ;
Here the first check was timely found,
For horse and rider, fox and hound !

Reynard, by this, tho' stout and fleet,
Had no desire again to meet
An enemy who on him press'd
Without a moment's time to rest;
So shifting ground he doubled sly,
And crept into some furze hard by;
Where, trembling for his life, he lay
Until the field had gone away.

The moment he had doubled back,
Under the noses of the pack,
Another fox, to our dismay,
Was loudly tally-ho'd away;
Being divided, baulk'd and cross'd,
The hunted fox, alas! was lost! 1

The first meet this season, 1812, was on Monday, October the 26th, at Avon Dassett. The last meet on Saturday, April 14th, 1813, at Birchley Hayes.

On the 31st of May the following notice was announced from authority:—The Members of the Warwickshire Hunt are informed, that by the regulations newly adopted, Lord Middleton's hounds will permanently remain throughout the year within the county; and the covers will be hunted from their different kennels, early and late every season.

The first meet this season, 1813, was on October 25th, at Edge Hill.

1 This was a most capital run, and the disappointment at the conclusion was more than compensated by the diversion it previously afforded.

The last meet, this season, April 29th, 1814, was at Long Meadow Wood.

The reader, probably, will be surprised that the hounds have not been more frequently noticed while under the management of Lord Middleton. This apparent omission we shall now explain. His Lordship called upon the late respectable proprietor of the *Warwick Advertiser*, and desired him not to insert in the paper any accounts of his hounds unless they were sent by himself, or by his authority from one of his intimate friends. This injunction was complied with, but many of the farmers who occasionally joined the hunt, complained of the interdict. 'It is too bad, (said one of them,) when we take so much care to preserve the foxes, and our business will not permit us to go out with the hounds, to deny us the pleasure of seeing what they are doing in the newspaper.'

The annual Hunt Ball was held at the Court House, in Warwick, on the 20th of January, 1814. The floor of the room had previously been ornamented in coloured chalk. On the left, was represented a full length figure of Guy Earl of Warwick, in complete armour, complimentary to the honourable house which now bears the title of that redoubtable champion; and on the right, in the uniform of a member of the Warwickshire Hunt, a gentleman taking a flying leap over a barred fence. The company was very numerous, most of the first families of the county being present; the scene was splendid and delightful. The table was laid at the Warwick Arms, where the noble Master of the hounds presided. The cawsey, from the inn door down to the Court House, was laid with matting; and the arrangements, which were made on the best scale, met with the approbation of every one.

The Stratford Hunt Ball, held on Saturday the 7th of December, 1813, was attended by a gay assemblage of rank and fashion. Amongst them were—Lady C. Greville, Lady Somerset, Hon. Mrs. Verney, Lady Clonmell, Lady Elizabeth and Miss Townsend, Mrs. Mills, the Marquis of Worcester, the Earl of Aylesford, Lord Middleton, Lord Clonmell, and Messrs. Cannings, Giffards, &c. &c. Of the decorations was the appropriate one—'The Flight of Buonaparte across the Rhine.'

BY ACTÆON, JUNIOR.

MEET—ALSCOT, MARCH 16TH, 1814.

'When the season's fine for sporting,
What to hunting can compare?
Nought in life, except 'tis courting,
When we press the yielding fair.
See, the hounds begin to feather,
There's a touch by all that's good!
Hark! they're getting fast together,
Now they thunder down the wood!

This day Lord Middleton's hounds met at Alscot, the seat of J. R. West, Esq. The noble Peer, on the preceding evening, had given a splendid ball and supper, and this morning brought out a numerous well-appointed Field. We found in a small gorse cover called Gally Oak, a downright good little fox, which instantly broke away in view; the pack followed close at his brush, and dashed him along the meadows by Preston Bushes, the village of Admington, to the foot of Meon Hill, at their very best pace. Reynard next tried the earths at the top, went through Mickleton Wood, touched Hitcote Coombs, crossed the Campden road, for the Burnt House, then on for Lord Harrowby's, skirted Weston Park, passed near Farncombe, then over the hills to the village of Saintbury, about a mile

beyond which place we killed him in the most gallant style, in the open flat, after a slashing run of one hour and 30 minutes.

The pace was quick, and the vale country deep; but when we reached the hills the ground was as hard as iron, and covered with snow. Indeed, the northern slopes and sides of the fences had scarcely been thawed since the winter, which was a severe one, as I find we did not hunt from the 24th of December, at Alveston Pastures, until the 12th of February, when the meet was at Austey Wood; and from the 19th of February, at Alveston Pastures, to March the 2d, at Oakley Wood. The riding was terrible, and very few, out of one of the best mounted Fields, were in a humour to face this rough and gallant chase.

Sir Charles Mordaunt, Mr. R. Canning, Mr. H. Willoughby, and Mr. Yates, were determined to go, and distinguished themselves highly on this pressing occasion. Nor must we forget that the Squire of Charlecote (Mr. G. Lucy,) Mr. J. Lucy, Mr. W. Russell, of Blockley, Mr. Pickering, Mr. Cockbill, sen. and two or three others, rode close in their wake, and were gallantly up at the end of the run. Dick Bradley was one of those that came up at the death; Harry Jacksons, the huntsman, and Tom Smith, the whip, were close to the hounds at the end of this remarkable day.

THE SAME, BY VENATOR.

We met, as *Sol* his face unveil'd,
A num'rous well appointed Field;
Were to a small gorse covert led,
Call'd Gally Oak; found snug in bed

A stout good little fox, and who
Instantly broke away in view.
Close at his brush, the nimble pack
Did not the scent o'errun, nor slack
Their pace, in dashing him along
Over the meadows deep and strong,
By Preston Bushes; here the pace
Was now the quickest in the chase.
To Admington, at this village
Reynard stopp'd not to rob and pillage.
Made th' foot of Meon Hill, and tried
In the earths at the top to hide.
Finding no refuge there, he stood
For Mickleton; took through the wood;
Touch'd Hitcote Coombs, and right across
The Campden road for the Burnt House;
Pass'd Lord HARROWBY'S noble seat,
Then drove along at killing rate.
Skirted the park at Weston, then
By Farncombe; and away again
O'er those heart-breaking hills; and tried
The country on the other side
To Saintbury village; and now
The hardy rogue began to shew
Symptoms of weakness—yet about
Another mile he still held out;
The hounds in style up to him go,
And kill him in the flat below.

The length and the pace of this run did not fail
To puzzle the head—while they bother'd the tail.

The first meet, this season, was on November the 4th, at Frizhill.

BY TAG.

MEET—FARNBOROUGH, DECEMBER 23RD, 1814.

We met a good Field, this morning, at the seat of one of our most ardent Sportsmen, Mr. W. HOLBECH. We instantly drew Mollington, and found a game fox which dashed away at a slapping pace for Itchington; but sinking the vale at Radway, he came up by the Round House, and took the hill. Then he went away for Edge Hill, on to Lord NORTHAMPTON'S, by the Compton Turnpike, almost reaching Hook Norton Lodge, and very nearly down to Aynho. Our fox then made Wichford, where he turned for Rollright Coombs, over the hill just by the turnpike gate to the other side of Long Compton for Barton, and passed quickly through Barton Grove and village. He then crossed the roads between Wolford Wood and Stowe, near to the Fourshire Stone, then away for Bourton-on-the-Hill, but we killed him when he reached Evenlode, in the county of Worcester.

This, certainly, was one of the best things I ever saw with hounds; the distance was 23 miles, and done in two hours and 20 minutes.

Mr. COCKBILL, of Radway, on *Sidentail*, a bay horse of the right sort; and ZAC GODDARD, the first whip, on *Little Surprise*, a capital chestnut horse bought from the stud of Mr. CORBET, were the only two present when the hounds turned up their game. Just as it was getting dusk the pack viewed their fox, when Mr. COCKBILL and ZAC were close together, Mr. C. taking the lead over the last fence, an awkward hog-backed stile and ditch. When he had safely landed, he halloo'd to the whip 'hold hard!' as the hounds were all singing with their heads in the air, and

had come to a sudden check. The pack quickly re-passed over the stile, with the exception of a one-year-old bitch, *Bauble*, by *Trojan*, out of *Beatrice*, which in taking her leap endeavoured to alight on the top of the stile, but tumbled over. She gained the stile, however, instantly, and seized pug by the hind quarters, but he held so fast to a tree she could not pull him down. Zac caught him by the back of his neck, and dragged him from his hold, but he was quite stiff and cold. Having halloo'd for two or three minutes, he secured his brush, and gave him to the pack.

Mr. Holbech first came up, and was followed by Lord Middleton and a few others, whose horses had not quite come to a stand still. Mr. Bayzant rode very hard to Barton, where he gave up. The weather in the morning was very snowy, and the riding bad, until we had passed Lord Northampton's, when the weather cleared up, and the riding was excellent. A two-year-old hound, called *Woodman*, by *Druid*, out of *Wildfire*, led the run to-day. *Little Surprise* died in about two seasons after this run, and one of his hoofs was preserved by his master, Old Zac, whom he had carried to the end of many a good run.

An austere winter, this year, suspended entirely the sports of the Field for some time; and in consequence of the deep snow and severe frost, no fixtures were announced from the 3d of January to the 14th of February.

LORD MIDDLETON'S FOXHOUNDS, 1815.

STUD.

Names.	*Sires.*	*Dams.*
Wildfire .... }	Bred by Mr. Corbet	
Traffic ..... }		
Remnant V. ..	Gayman	Rampant.

SEVEN YEARS.

Amazon V. .. }	Rallywood	Bonnybell.
Active V..... }		

SIX YEARS.

Beatrice V.....	Bustler	Roguish.
Basket V.	Ranger	Regan.
Tansy	Bred by Mr. Corbet	
Trojan	Mr. Chaworth's Lifter	His Tuneful.

FIVE YEARS.

Archer V.	Raymond	Active.
Bachelor	Mr. Chaworth's Lifter	His Bluebell.
Beauty.....	Bred by Mr. Corbet	
Carnage	Carver	Tawdry.
Conqueror	Fearnought	A Solihull Beagle
Duchess	Duncan.....	Modish.
Fearnought V.	Rallywood	Fairmaid.
Radiancy V. ..	Ranger	Regan.
Ribster V. .. }	Basker	Sir H. Harpur's
Remus V. .. }		Bitch.
Sarsnet V.	Mr. Smith's Saladin	Gargle.
Taster	Traveller	Whimsey.
Tifter	Ditto.....	Languish.
Truelove	Ditto.....	Laura.

FOUR YEARS.

Barmaid .... }	Twister.....	Blossom.
Bowler..... }		
Bashful	Dreadnought	Beauty.
Calvin	Climebank	Tempest.
Cheerful	Ditto	Tasty.
Columbine V...	Mr. Smith's Courtier	Bounty.
Cora	Furrier	Comely.
Finder	Fearnought	Tragedy.
Guiler V.....	Ravager	Gipsy.
Jumper V. .. }		
Jessica V. .. }	Lord Lonsdale's Jailor	Rhapsody.
Jezebel V. .. }		
Jasper ..... }	Sir M. Sykes's Woodman.....	His Desperate.
Juncket .... }		
Jointress	Ditto	His Blowsy.
Rockwood	Driver	Rally.
Roman V.	Rallywood	Rosebud.
Termagant	Sir M. Sykes's General.....	His Tarnish.
Vaulter V.	Vigilant.....	Active.
Wilful	Tarquin.....	Wildfire.

THREE YEARS.

Names.	*Sires.*	*Dams.*
Basker V.	Basker	Abigail.
Bouncer	Sir M. Sykes's Wonder.....	Bounty.
Bounty		
Bluebell		
Bonnylass ..		
Blucher V. ..	Mr. Herne's Bedford.....	Ditto.
Boaster V. ..		
Bridesmaid V.		
Convoy	Barrister	Carnage.
Chirper	Mr. Chaworth's Champion	Traffic
Conquest	Trojan	Damsel.
Darling	Duke of Grafton's Dreadnought	Gossamer.
Dauntless V.		
Desperate V.		
Fencer	Mr. Chaworth's Barrister	Fancy.
Frolic		
Fairmaid		
Nectar V. ..	Mr. Herne's Nectar	Stella.
Nelson V. ..		
Norman V. ..		
Rallywood	Mr. Chaworth's Rallywood	Flourish.
Ruler V.	Radnor	Parasol.
Regan V.....		
Rarity V.....		
Rector V. ..	Radnor	Gadfly.
Royster V. ..		
Rantipole V.		
Ravager V.....	Radnor	Costly.
Sultan V.	Sweeper	Amazon.
Tantrum	Tartar	Tempest.
Valentine V.	Vigilant.....	Rapture.
Vanity V. ..		
Vengeance V.		
Valiant V.	Ditto	Active.
Wellington	Sir M. Sykes's Wonder.....	Captive.
Woodman	Druid	Wildfire.

TWO YEARS.

Admiral	Duncan.....	Amazon.
Alfred		
Amity		
Brazier	Sir M. Sykes's Triumph.....	Blossom.
Buxom.....		
Bauble.....	Trojan	Beatrice.
Cathcart	Bachelor	Captive.
Chacer.....		
Costly	Conqueror.....	Active.
Cowslip		
Coaster	Mr. Chaworth's Champion	Beauty.
Commodore..	Ditto	Radiancy.
Chauntress ..		

TWO YEARS.

Names.	*Sires.*	*Dams.*
Chanticleer	Champion	Jessica.
Champion		
Countess		
Darter	Trojan	Darling.
Driver		
Lascar	Sir M. Sykes's Triumph	Lavish.
Lazarus		
Loyal		
Ranter	Rallywood	Comfort.
Rummager		
Ranger	Breed unknown	
Topper	Sir M. Sykes's Wonder	Traffic.
Tragedy		
Trinket		
Tricksy		
Tempest	Sir M. Sykes's Triumph	Truelove
Terrible		
Vestal	Vaulter	Wildfire.
Verity		
Witchcraft	Sir M. Sykes's Wonder	Tuneful.

ONE YEAR.

Bridegroom	Conqueror	Bashful.
Barrister		
Bustler		
Balancer	Bachelor	Vengeance.
Carver	Vaulter	Carnage.
Comrade	Mr. Chaworth's Champion	Jessica.
Comus		
Constancy		
Conjugal	Calvin	Beauty.
Danger	Vaulter	Duchess.
Denmark		
Damper		
Jester	Jumper	Radiancy.
Joker		
Joyful		
Roderick	Reveller	Bluebell.
Ragman	Ditto	Racket.
Ringlet	Mr. Chaworth's Royster	Truelove.
Stormer	Ditto Champion	Sarsnet.
Tosser	Tosser	Columbine.
Tomboy		
Tantalus		
Tenderness		
Tidings		
Tarquin	Mr. Chaworth's Royster	Termagant.
Timon		
Vanguard	Vaulter	Traffic.
Victory		

ONE YEAR.

Names.	*Sires.*	*Dams.*
Viceroy Vampire Villager Vigilant	Vaulter	Remnant.
Wildboy Wanderer	Vaulter	Wildfire.
Wizard Warrior	Vaulter	Wildfire.

Second Litter.

BRED BY SIR R. PULESTON.

ONE YEAR.

Patriot	Forester	Lady.
Palemon Prettylass Playful	Torment	Truelass.
Pastime	Dreadnought	Susan.
Prompter Pilgrim	Forester	Darling.
Plunder	Sultan	Wanton.
Palafox Perdita	Valiant	Frolic.
Pander	Sailor	Proserpine.

BRED BY LORD FOLEY.

ONE YEAR.

Christopher		Chastity.
Random	Random	Rattle.

TOTAL—Eighty Couples and a Half.

☞ The hounds marked with V. are from Sudbury.

BY TAG.

MEET—FARNBOROUGH, ABOUT 1815.

We met one morning at Farnborough, when the weather was so foggy we could not recognize any one, even at the distance of two horses' length from each other, and stood by the side of the cover at Mollington for some time. Several of the gentlemen were smoking their cigars, and cracking their jokes, to pass away an hour or two, as it was considered impossible to hunt on such a misty day. Mr. MORANT, however, coming out for sport, appeared determined to have some, and recommended the Sportsmen to whistle, (as sailors do at sea when they cannot discern each other,) by way of caution to any one they might hear approaching them. Some of the senior Gentlemen laughed at the idea, and remarked the impossibility of hunting on so unfavourable a day; but were jocosely answered by Mr. MORANT, who said, 'I don't ever wish to see more than twice the length of my horse before I leap; (and then looking upwards, ironically observed,) any one with a keen eye can see the sky through this bit of a fog. Hoicks! hoicks! have at 'em, my lads!' Lord MIDDLETON, little anticipating the result, after the noise which had so long been made outside the covert, consented at length to draw Mollington, and the hounds were thrown in. They had no sooner entered, than the soul-stirring sound of 'Gone away!' roused from his lethargy and excited the oldest veteran, and off they brushed, neck or nothing, after a fine dog fox. The hounds kept well together at starting, followed by Mr. MORANT, and ZAC, the first whip,—the other Gentlemen having taken a different direction. When they reached Hanwell brook, Mr. MORANT charged it, but his horse did not attempt to jump, and both of them fell souse into the water, and disappeared for a short time; on regaining the land, he quickly resumed his seat, and caught ZAC, who had

then lost the hounds in Hanwell Spinies. Here the pack was divided, and the whole Field riding they knew not where, but following the sound of any one who might be before them. Towards four o'clock, however, as Zac was returning along the Claydon road, he heard some hounds growling at each other, and on riding up to them, found they had turned up their fox, and eaten all but his head. He alighted and took the head from the jaws of *Reveller*, a two-year-old hound, by Mr. Chaworth's *Rallywood*, out of *Flourish*. With great difficulty, by fastening the head to his whip, and trailing it along the ground, he kept the hounds together, and led them home. What country they took, or exactly where they killed, no one could tell, as most of the Gentlemen had ridden 14 miles out of their way, and had never caught a glimpse of the hounds from the time they were thrown into cover.

MEET—FARNBOROUGH, ABOUT 1815.

FROM TALLY-HO.

One morning in this year, we found a fox in a small cover at Farnborough, which quickly went off and faced the open country, at a smart pace. He led us several rings about the cover, and at length shot away straight for the New Inn, at Wroxton. He then turned back to Hornton, where he ran three or four rings before we could get him fairly off. On being viewed and Tallyho'd away, he made the best of his ground over the country to Alscote, and was turned up near to Edge Hill. Our fox ringed about for at least three hours, without the hounds meeting with more than three or four checks. The ground ran over was at least 20 miles, and the falls and accidents have seldom been outnumbered in any one day.

THE SAME. BY VENATOR.

' What a head the pack now carry!
Oh! it is a glorious run!
Jack is down—and there goes Harry—
Bob is blown—and Dick is done!

To-day, we could with pleasure boast,
In presence of our Noble Host,
A Field scarce equalled, to renew
Our sport; which many Sportsmen true
Prefer either to cards or dice,
Or any minor selfish vice.

Reynard, in a small covert found,
Rush'd quickly to the open ground,
And sharply led, (ungrateful things,)
The Field about in teasing rings,
Then shot, the hounds well in, a-head,
And straight for Wroxton New Inn made.
Turned back for Hornton; where he ran
As he at first his course began,
Several rings, p'rhaps three or four.
Nothing distresses horses more
Than those perplexing circlets, when
Riders urgently press to gain
Almost by racing, the front place
They held till lately in the chase.
Our fox, sly artful rogue, tho' stout,
Found this false curveting about
Could not protect him long; for now
He hears the rattling Tally-ho!
A Tally-ho that made him quit
His ringing system, ere he met
The destiny, which no effort
That he could make would long avert.

The pack, having their game in view,
By eye and nose hotly pursue
Him over freshet, fence, and rill,
To Alscote, under fam'd Edge Hill;
And here, seiz'd by each gallant hound,
Old reynard his quietus found!

The fox kept dodging in and out,
By ringing artfully about
For three successive hours, not less,
Vexatious, hurrying, spiritless.
Checks two or three might intervene
To pose the Field, and change the scene;
Provoking checks, by all agreed,
As ever harrass'd man or steed.

The ground the Field had now ran o'er
Was twenty miles, or something more.
More hurly-burly in one day,
Few Sportsmen saw—as Sportsmen say!

The whole of the horses were by this time very much beat, and out of a large Field there were not above six up at the death.

Mr. Morant tired his favourite and famous old hunter, *No-Pretender*, and he died shortly afterwards.

Mr. Lawley, (now Sir Francis,) also beat his horse. He jumped off his back, when he could get him no farther, and left him standing in a field near Hornton, and ran on foot to the place where the fox was killed. When Mr. Lawley returned, he found his horse standing on the spot where he had left him.

This was a capital run, and the hounds, under the management of HARRY JACKSONS, the huntsman, went well, at a rare splitting pace, the whole of the time.

Last meet, this season, April 17th, 1815, at Hampton Coppice.

MR. STUBBS.

On Monday the 18th December, 1815, at his residence at Rumour Hill, near Stratford-upon-Avon, died WALTER STUBBS, Esq. aged 54.

Mr. STUBBS, of Beckbury, in the county of Salop, was a resident at Stratford, and an enthusiastic admirer of fox-hunting. He was often heard to lament there was not an Act of Parliament to enable all the Sundays in the year to fall together in a frost; which, he said, would strengthen the spirit of devotion, without interfering with foxhunting when the weather was open. He never rode over a fence, but went about nine miles an hour, a canter, and his pace over a country was proverbial—but he was sure to arrive soon after the sport concluded. The day never appeared too long for him. He would often recommend his brother-sportsmen to draw for a fresh fox when the day was far advanced, at the same time reminding them there was a moon to kill him by.

Mr. STUBBS had a peculiar practice of keeping one eye shut, but which, on any occasion of surprise or alarm, as invariably opened. Having made a bet one day, in the ring at Newmarket, and lost it, he was suddenly accosted by the winner for the money; this had the usual effect on the optic. On looking into his face, the stranger apologised for his mistake, and rode away, observing—'That the gentleman he had bet with was a one-eyed one.'—NIMROD.

Mr. STUBBS was an ardent Sportsman, and followed the hounds as a foxhunter, in Staffordshire and Warwickshire, for many years. He was a constant attendant at Warwick Races, and much esteemed by his sporting friends. At the latter part of his life, his hair became perfectly white, which gave him the venerable appearance of having attained a much greater age.—VENATOR.

First meet, this season, November 7th, 1815, was at Whichford Wood.

On Monday, February 6th, 1816, the meet was at Redfern Hill; which was the first announcement of fixtures to hunt five days a week.

The hounds were sometimes at cover by seven o'clock in the morning; and they generally met at eight, both in Mr. CORBET'S and Lord MIDDLETON'S time.

Last meet, this season, Tuesday, April 30th, 1816, at Middleton Hall.

FROM TALLY-HO.

MEET—UFTON WOOD, ABOUT 1816.

Our place of meeting, this morning, was Ufton Wood. In trying the Holt, a fox was seen to break away; he took straight for Napton, and ringed about there for some time. It was a fine hunting morning, and the scent lay well, and we ran him, at a good pace, near to Fenny Compton, when he turned short back for Napton, but before he could reach that place he was turned up by the pack. This run lasted 80 minutes, quick work; the hounds had not one check, nor was the fox once headed the whole of the way.

We then drew Debdale, where we soon hit upon a rare old fox, that, as soon as he broke from the cover, dashed off at a slapping pace, for Itchington, then through Offchurch and almost to Radford; he then ran near to Leamington, and on for Stoneleigh Abbey. Here we got a view of our fox, and we made the woods ring again with the cheering sounds of Tally-ho! Being almost spent, and hard pressed by the pack, he was forced to take into the Avon. The hounds dashed in, and he was killed and eaten in the river.

THE SAME, BY VENATOR.

'To the scent the pack when settled,
Then who'll lead the daring throng?
Foxhunters, alike high-mettled,
Shove their smoking steeds along.'

Whenc'er we meet at Ufton Wood,
We rouse a fox of courage good;
One that can nimbly make his way
O'er closure green, or fallow clay.

A fox was shortly seen to bolt
Before the pack, out of the holt;
To Napton made by shortest route,
Where he for some time ring'd about.
The morning fine, well lay the scent,
As he for Fenny Compton went;
The hounds essay, by effort strong,
To drive the cogent knave along;
When fearful of the ardent pack,
He artful turn'd for Napton back,
But ere he could his ground retrace
He lost his life—thus ends a chace
Of eighty minutes—without halt,
Head, check, or any other fault.

Then Debdale cover drew—and found
A rare old fox—no country round
For many years has higher stood
Than this for foxes—better blood,
More game or strength, swifter in speed,
Scarce gave a breathing to a steed.

Reynard rush'd from his hiding place,
At what is called a slapping pace,
For Long Itchington—and then to
Weston—next passing Offchurch through,
Ran near to Radford—Some might think
He'd stop at Leamington, to drink
Of the health-giving fountain there,
When he had got so very near.
But no, this did not suit his taste,
And so he scamper'd off in haste,
Turning, at Radford, to the right,
Leaving of Leamington the sight,
To Stoneleigh Abbey; far renown'd
For buildings grand, and fertile ground.

Having of reynard got a view,
Aloud thro' all the woodlands flew
The wild ecstatic Tally-ho!
While closer still the ruthless foe
Press on him—his trailing brush now told
His sad distress—yet he a bold,
Last effort made—when hound and horse
Into the Avon reynard force.
The pack dash'd in—and here the brave
Old fellow met a wat'ry grave;
Or we should say, it might have been,
Had the hounds left or bone or skin!

Id est—as some witty gallant,
Jocund son of Erin, valiant,
Would say—' The old boy, a brave one,
Plung'd boldly now into the Avon,
And there, to vex the Field and hound,
Just *sav'd* his life—by being *drown'd!*'

This run lasted two hours, and the distance from Debdale was 14 or 15 miles.

The horses were all beat. Lord MIDDLETON, Mr. BARNARD, and the huntsman, were up at the death. Sir C. MORDAUNT left in the middle of the run. The huntsman's favourite horse, *Bluebeard,* was got to Warwick, and there died. HARRY JACKSONS, the huntsman, has now in his possession an easy chair, made by order of Lord MIDDLETON, covered with the skin of *Bluebeard.*

No one could sit a horse better than Lord MIDDLETON when he chose to ride. He would sometimes jump every thing that came in his way, and beat the whole Field; and at other times stay behind, and lead his horse over the least fence he met with. Such was his strange humour.

FROM NIMROD—BY VENATOR.

MEET—IDLICOTE, 1816.

'A cry more tunable
Never was halloo'd to, or cheer'd with horn.'

We found early to-day, and the numerous throng,
Alive to the sport, push'd pug smartly along;
But a gloom o'er our spirits a moment did lour,
As the run only lasted the fourth of an hour.

Found again—and again all are anxious and gay,
And our fox in his cunning made dexterous play;
He pick'd, as in spite, the worst route he could find,
Not caring, it seem'd, for the trailers behind.
His speed to our nags told a troublesome tale,
As he led us some miles o'er a strong and deep vale.
The Oxfordshire hills he next ventur'd to face,
And gave us enough of his rate and his pace;
Yet we ran the stout felon, at Ditchley, to ground,
Eighteen miles from the covert in which he was found;
And ten miles from Oxford, where ARTHUR the King
Caus'd the fountain of learning to flourish and spring.

No man describes a run better than NIMROD—take his own words for the rest—

The most remarkable part of this story, (he says,) is yet to come. There were about 150 persons present when the fox was found, and among them a sprinkling of Meltonians. Every man got a fair start, but strange to say, Mr. JOHN LUCY was the only man who went with the hounds to the end, and was up when they lost their fox. Lord MOLINEUX, on *Oxford,* and Mr. HUGO CAMPBELL, came up in about ten minutes after the hounds had lost their fox in Ditchley Park. The late Sir CHARLES MORDAUNT, on a horse he had just given 450 guineas for, to Mr. MANNING, went well to Eathorpe, where he came to a stand-still, and died the next day. Not one of Lord MIDDLETON'S men, capitally mounted as they generally were, could ever get within reach of their hounds, which were left in the Duke of BEAUFORT'S kennel for the night.

I was riding a horse a friend had lent me, with a particular request that I would see what he was made of; and he could not have been put to a better test. The

material was by no means bad; for though short of work, he went to within the last six miles, when not being able to get him over a sheep hurdle, and finding some of the hard riding dons, (Sir JAMES MUSGRAVE among the rest,) unable to go any further, I turned his head homewards, to save his life.

The pace Lord MIDDLETON'S hounds went, through the whole of this run, (the severity of the country also being taken into consideration,) exceeded any thing I had before seen or heard of, or that I have ever seen since; and which only hounds in the very best condition could have gone. It is worthy of remark, that during the run it hailed and rained, with a cutting north-east wind; and if my recollection serves me, it was a day before or after Christmas. I was asked the same night, by several hard-riding men, assembled at the club-room, Stratford-upon-Avon, 'What is become of the fox?' which I could not answer, but it proves my assertion as to the severity of the run.—Thus far NIMROD.

THE SAME, BY ACTÆON, JUNIOR.

In a communication from ACTÆON, jun. that gentleman informs us—The Field, on the day this capital run took place, met at Idlicote. Found, and after a sharp burst, killed towards Lord NORTHAMPTON'S.—Then drew all his covers until they came to Gilk's Brake, where most of the Field left. We found here, and our fox went straight for Tibbard; turned to the right for Eathorpe; over Thurlaston hills, and then for Ditchley, where he earthed. We did not hunt the next day, as the hounds stopped at the Duke of BEAUFORT'S kennels all night. Sir CHARLES MORDAUNT'S horse was left at Lord CLONMELL'S, at Weston. Sir

Charles sent for Mr. Welchman, of Kineton, and Mr. Kent, of Stratford. Mr. Palfrey, veterinary surgeon, of Worcester, was ultimately sent for, and on his arrival he declared that nothing could be done for the horse; although he did not die until three or four days after. Mr. Alfred Lloyd, of Goldicote House, went well to the end of the run, and then rode his horse, in the evening, back to his abode at Goldicote.

In the week beginning Monday, February 12th, 1816, the hounds met every day.

This Hunt was always attended by some good fellows, characters in their way, who did not don the scarlet. Amongst them was Mr. Richard Bradley, a dealer, who lived at Newbold, near Shipston, and afterwards removed to the Crofts Farm, a short distance from the town of Stratford-on-Avon; he was esteemed by judges to be the finest rider to hounds in England. His man Harry, a high-shouldered, swarthy little fellow, of light weight, in the opinion of some even excelled his master; he would ride at any thing, and stop at nothing. Bradley had generally a great number of hunters, amounting sometimes to sixty or seventy, and perhaps more, in his stables; and their very superior riding has sold many horses at good prices to the gentlemen who had joined the hunt. Some years ago, when the Prince Regent, afterwards George the Fourth, was returning to town from the seat of the Marquis of Hertford, at Ragley, he called to see Bradley's stud. Dick Bradley was one of the best hearted men in England—a facetious and jovial companion—and his anecdotes, when told in his humorous jocular way, were irresistible. One day, in going at a fence, Bradley's horse made a slip in taking up, and gave him the spill. The fall was a tremendous one, and he lay insensible and motionless on the ground. 'Death and nature did contend about him, whether he'd live or die.' Several of the Sportsmen stopped to assist him; on being bled he gradually recovered, and was taken home. When Bradley got quite well, and the danger of the accident was partly forgotten, his friends used to tell him that after he fell, no one in the company had any instrument in his pocket to bleed him, and that a journeyman carpenter, who came up by chance, with a basket of tools on his back, opened the vein with a gimblet! Bradley laughed, as heartily as any of his acquaintances, at this joke.

FROM TALLY-HO.

MEET—FARNBOROUGH, FEBRUARY, 1817.

We met at Farnborough, but we did not find until past twelve o'clock. When we found a fox he ran us a sharp ring or two round the covert, and then made over the country, at a killing pace, for Edge Hill. He then pointed away for Lord NORTHAMPTON'S, took over the hills at Brailes, and on for Weston House. Leaving that place to the left, he passed by Whichford Wood, and then ran, nearly as straight as a line, to Barton-on-the-Heath. His pace now became rather slow, and he was run into in the middle of a large field, near Moreton-in-Marsh.

THE SAME, BY VENATOR.

'How thunder the chase at his heels!
How vengefully tremble their throats!
He totters, he staggers, he reels,
He dies, 'midst the echoing notes!

Past noon, by the dial, old reynard we found,
Who a sharp ring or two ran the covert around;
Then made thro' the country so fast for Edge Hill,
We thought he could fly if he had but the will,
His pace was so killing; he did not here wait
To skulk into the earths, but his way pointed straight
For Lord NORTHAMPTON'S, as if meaning to shew
His Lordship, in courtesy, how he could go.
Then over Brailes Hills, and near to Weston House,
Without stopping either to lunch or to bouse;
Some way to the left he pass'd old Whichford Wood,
Which in the same place many ages has stood;
Then nearly as straight as shaft flies from a bow,
Made Barton-on-the-Heath; his pace rather slow,

An item, when failing in speed, strength, and breath,
That a fox from the pack must soon meet with his death.
Near Moreton-in-Marsh, in the midst of a field,
Nolens volens old reynard was gallantly killed!

There was a very sharp frost in the morning, and we did not throw off until between one and two o'clock. It was quite dark when we killed our fox, the run having lasted two hours and fifty minutes. There was a great deal of snow on the ground, and very few of the Sportsmen followed to the end of the run, which exceeded 20 miles. As the fox ringed about a great deal, at times, cold hunting succeeded for about three quarters of an hour. When reynard was almost beat, he lay down in a field, and when started was killed immediately. The odds were ten to one against our killing him on such an unfavourable day. The snow was very thick for several miles near Whichford Wood.

Mr. W. Holbech, of Farnborough, I believe, was the only gentleman close up at the death. The Huntsman and the two whips kept their places.—TALLY-HO.

FROM TALLY-HO.

MEET—UFTON WOOD, 1817.

When we threw the hounds into the cover, we got up two or three foxes at the same time. After running one or the other of them round the cover for a long while, one took off for Itchington Heath. The dew was very heavy upon the ground, and we had but an indifferent scent. At Itchington the fox took into a brake of gorse and waited for us. The scent got better, and our fox took away, at a sharp pace, for Kineton. When he left that place, the Field

was for some time delayed, by cold hunting, up to Pillerton Gorse. The scent again got better, and we ran him, at a quick pace, on to Tysoe. There he turned to the right, and led us on to Idlicote Hill, and we killed him just before he could reach the cover at that place. The fox kept dodging about for three hours in one place or other; but he always kept the Field in play at a slapping pace.

THE SAME. BY VENATOR.

'Thro' vallies undaunted he bounds,
O'er uplands he measures his head;
Still hears he the cry of the hounds,
It strikes on his bosom with dread.
He stays for a moment to breathe,
He listens with throbbing affright,
In quickness alone can he live,
He flies—'tis the ebb of his might!

When a good fox is singly found,
He soon breaks through the woody bound;
When *two* or *three* the covert scout,
It takes some time to get *one* out.

Three foxes, ere the sport began,
A long while round the covert ran.
Hit off—Itchington Heath at length,
One of them sought, to try his strength.

When heavy dews pervade the plain,
The scent but feebly doth remain;
The lucid globules, as he goes,
Are drawn into the mouth and nose
By ev'ry hound—this annoyance
Bids the keenest pack defiance!

At Itchington the crafty rake
Took shelter in a gorsy brake;
Seeming to say—as you can't follow,
I'll wait to hear your boasted halloo;
And fairly test your vaunted speed—
If you can follow, I can lead!

For Kineton reynard sharply went,
The hounds here found a better scent;
Leaving to the right that place,
Cold hunting now delayed the chase;
For Pillerton Gorse; and then quick
Made Tysoe; here, sly cunning trick,
He turn'd towards the right again,
Leading in style the goodly train
Up to the Hill of Idlicote,
Where the death-halloo, fatal note!
Announe'd his end. Too late to try
His life to save in covert nigh.
The fox kept dodging in the chase,
For three hours, at a slapping pace!

The whole field was beat, and very select at the end of the run. Mr. Hugo Campbell, Sir C. Mordaunt, and Mr. Augustus Berkeley, were up at the death.

Mr. Napier, to-day, rode a famous black horse of Lord Clonmell's, but could not get him in at the death. He left the horse in a field, and ran alongside the huntsman, whose horse was also beat, to the place where the fox was killed.

Mr. Campbell was the first up, and obtained the brush.

Lord Middleton got on to Idlicote, where he stopped, 'and was done for the day.'

FROM TALLY-HO.

MEET—LORD NORTHAMPTON'S, 1817.

We had a very good Field out this morning at Lord NORTHAMPTON'S, where we found a fox that we killed after a run of half an hour.

We next drew Pillerton Gorse, and found a fine old fox that soon broke cover, and led us, at a famous pace, to Lord WILLOUGHBY'S. Then striking off to the right, he ran forward to Moreton Wood. Here he turned, and made quick away to Oakley Wood. After shifting for some time in this cover, he passed through the Wood, and went off to High Down Hill, and on to Whitnash. Here the hounds pressed closely upon him, with a capital scent, and he was killed in Whitnash Fields. This run lasted for 70 minutes, without a check, and many of the horses had fallen off before it was finished.

THE SAME. BY VENATOR.

'That echo! see, yonder he flies,
How quickly he speeds o'er the plain!
His art ev'ry cunning contrives,
Alas! all his cunning is vain!

A good Field out, and soon we found
A fox, alas! who'd not the power
To stand before the well-trained hound
More than the space of half an hour.

Mov'd on again in spirits high
And speedily Pillerton Gorse drew,
From whence a noble fox did fly,
The moment, almost, that we off threw.

When found, we have not yet been told
Whether the knave were coil'd or sitting;
But this we know, the varlet bold
Went off at that rare pace called splitting!

First, to Lord Willoughby's we find
Him striking off in right direction;
Hoping, no doubt, in *covert* kind
To meet with *covertly* protection.

Scarce staying now to pay regards
To friend or love, had he one met there;
He spank'd away briskly towards
Old Moreton Wood, and chanc'd to get there.

This wood is better known, 'tis true,
If we should call it Moreton Morrell;
And now the pace began to shew
Which the best horse was—bay or sorrel.

Diverging now, he quickly made
For the long-noted Wood of Oakley;
And here began his shifting trade
The pack to him at such a stroke lay.

Rush'd thro' the wood, as here he found
The covert *cold* too *hot* to hold him;
He knew this would not baulk the hound,
Or else some friendly brother told him.

To High Down Hill at speed made play,
Then to Whitnash turning, rallied;
The hounds press closer on the way,
The scent approaching near to calid.

View'd now, the rattling Tallyho
Rang in his ears an awful omen ;
Met in these fields an overthrow—
Few finer runs were seen by no men.

For seventy minutes, without check,
Some nags were done ere they got half way ;
And *Johnny Newcomes*—saving neck—
Flat, here and there, as ever calf lay !

Mr. R. Barnard, of Lighthorne, Mr. H. Campbell, and Mr. Hancox, went well, and were up at the death. Several falls occurred in the course of the run, mostly to young riders, who made too free with their nags.

Lord Middleton staked his favourite grey horse, *Smoker*, which cost him 500 guineas, near Moreton Morrell. The huntsman told him of the accident, but his Lordship continued to ride him. He was at length taken home, and, though treated with the utmost care, he was shot to put an end to his sufferings. His Lordship had the stake taken up and preserved.

Lord Middleton's first meet, this season, 1817-18, was on Monday, November 10th, at Edge Hill. During this and the preceding year, the fixtures, generally, were five days each week.

Last meet this season, March 30th, 1818, at Newnham Paddox.

The first meet this season, 1818-19, was on Monday, November 2d, at Walton House.

The last meet was at Admington, on Monday, the 29th of March, 1819.

Since the regular hunting season commenced, a period of 128 days, the hounds have hunted 91 days, and killed and accounted for, in the course of that time, 94 foxes.—TALLYHO.

FROM TALLYHO.

MEET—BINLEY.

We found this morning at Brandon Woods, and went away with our fox by Brinklow, through Lord DENBIGH'S covers, very near to Endleby, in Leicestershire; leaving Croft's Hill to the right, he came with a ring back, pointing for Lord DENBIGH'S again—then for High Cross, (said to be the centre of England,) in Leicestershire, took several short rings about, but did not go into the covers. He was afterwards headed by some people at plough, and when he had run a short distance farther, his strength failed, and he was thrown up by the pack, near to High Cross, in the county of Leicester.

Mr. SEDGLEY, of Dunchurch, got a second horse. Mr. BOULTBEE, of Kineton, Mr. GARFORTH, and two or three others, were up at the death. The run lasted two hours and 20 minutes; and the distance was very great. The country being woodland, the Field in the morning was but small, as they expected the fox would only run from cover to cover.

THE SAME, BY VENATOR.

'O list to the sound of the horn!
It swells on the light-flowing breeze;
It hastens the breaking of morn,
And trembles the dew on the trees.'

List, MELTONIANS! then you'll hear—
Not dull monotony in dirges—
But from the tuneful WARWICKSHIRE
Music sweet upon your verges.

At Brandon Wood, we reynard found,
Who speedy made Earl CRAVEN's covers,
By Brinklow; a more pleasing sound
Seldom around the welkin hovers.

Had his Lordship, aside the wood,
Met the gay Field in friendly greeting,
Doubtless that gallant Sportsman would
Have been delighted at the meeting.

Now off at desp'rate speed he flew,
Into the open country ventur'd;
Dashing Lord DENBIGH's coverts through,
In minutes few after he enter'd.

We wish his Lordship had appear'd
Just then, and seen the joyous party;
A Sportsman true, as we have heard,
Noble, gen'rous, firm, and hearty.

Then to Endleby very near,
Within old Leicester's famous county;
Which Nature kind in her career
Has largely blessed with ev'ry bounty.

Leaving to the right Croft's Hill—then,
By craftily his course reverting,
Ring'd for Lord DENBIGH's back again,
Rings seldom to a Field diverting.

Next for High Cross, in Leicestershire,
Which is, some say, Old England's centre;
He ring'd about in circles there,
But did not the thick coverts enter.

Headed, poor rogue, by folks at plough,
Few Sportsmen in the chase can follow;
The matchless pack turn reynard now,
And near High Cross—Hark! the Death Halloo!

HARRY JACKSONS, the huntsman, in riding his horse (which was a good deal beat,) rather sharply to get the hounds back to the fox after he had been headed, was thrown by his horse putting his foot into a trench, and broke his collar bone. This was in the middle of a field, and no one being near, he remounted his nag, followed the hounds until they turned up their fox, and held him until the whip came up.

The first meet this season, was on Monday, November 27th, 1820, at Edge Hills.

FROM ACTÆON, JUN.

MEET—EATINGTON.

About a season or two before Lord MIDDLETON gave up the hounds, but the exact time I do not recollect, we met, I think, at Eatington House. We drew Eatington Grove and very soon found; the fox went out at the bottom of the grove, straight through the Park to Lindell's farm house on the hill, close by Fulready. He next dashed across the low grounds, where the sport was the more delightful, as the country was nearly all grass land, and left Hell Brake and Pillerton to the right and left. Passing on to the right of Oxhill, he touched hard upon the Tysoes, in a line for Lord NORTHAMPTON'S, but declining that point, he heaved away to the left, keeping under Edge Hill, and popped into the earth, at Radway, after a capital thing of 50 minutes.

THE SAME, BY VENATOR.

O, ye Sons of the Chase! while your spirits are gay,
To the WARWICKSHIRE COUNTRY let's hasten away;
Where foxes in plenty are sure to be found,
And Sportsmen, the primest of fellows, abound!

As Eatington Gorse we drew now,
A fine fox was promptly found;
Winding brisk the brush-wood through now,
At the noses of the hound.

When the pack gives tongue, how cheering
Is the sweet melodious note!
First, sly at the bottom peering,
Then dash'd off old reynard stout.

When a fox is rous'd from kennel,
Sportsmen, hound, and horse, elate;
None stay, save some puny wennel,
Foxes stout but seldom wait.

Through the Park away made reynard;
Lindell's farm house on the hill
Quickly left behind him—then hard
Tried the Field o'er fence and rill.

Soon we find him near Fulready;
Then down the low grassy grounds
He led at a rate brisk and steady,
The unerring, anxious hounds.

Leaving Hell Brake and Pillerton,
Right and left, both once in sight;
Then away he bravely spurt on
By Oxhill, standing to the right.

Touching hard upon each Tysoe,
Earl NORTHAMPTON's seem'd his aim;
Why he pass'd his Lordship by so,
Has not been divulg'd by fame.

Declining that point, he then toil'd
To the left with crafty skill,
In a line that often has foil'd
Many Fields under Edge Hill.

Gaining the main earth at Radway,
By a well-tim'd desp'rate rush,
Else he'd soon been in a bad way
To preserve his pads and brush!

In this delightful run, every body had, or might have had, a good start; but only a few stuck to the hounds through the Park, a great majority of the Field having unluckily gone round by the Lodge; and although the distance was but short, they never could afterwards recover their ground. Without a check, and at a galloping stroke, the pack kept on, with the vanguard close at their sterns; and excepting a *flounder*, a *trip*, or a *roll*, every man got well to the end of the fun.

Mr. SHIRLEY, Mr. J. LUCY, Mr. LLOYD, of Drayton, Mr. MILLER, Mr. HENRY WYATT, Mr. PICKERING, Mr. MORETON, Mr. WORRALL, and Mr. H. NEWMAN, were amongst the first.

R. BRADLEY, the huntsman, and TOM SMITH, on *The Roan Banker*, were up. I heard Lord MIDDLETON refuse 800 guineas for that horse a short time afterwards.—ACTÆON, jun.

The last day of the season, 1820-21, the meet was at Admington. A good Field out, and amongst them Lord WARWICK, Lord CLONMELL, &c. &c. As the Master was galloping round the field, his horse fell and threw his Lordship, and afterwards rolled upon him, injuring his shoulder and thigh. He was taken to the house of Mr. CORBET, of Admington, and put to bed. Fortunately, however, his Lordship sustained no serious injury, although he was seldom seen to ride any thing but a pony in the field afterwards.

THE EARL OF WARWICK.

This Nobleman, when Lord BROOKE, was often seen at the covert side in the latter part of Mr. CORBET's time, but more frequently when the hounds were under the management of Lord MIDDLETON. His Lordship's stud was selected with great care and judgment, and his hunters in general cost high prices. His Lordship usually hunted one half of the season in this county, and the other part in Leicestershire; and was well known to the Members of the neighbouring Hunts, as a good Sportsman and a capital rider to hounds. After his Lordship met with an accident when hunting with the Oakley hounds, in Bedfordshire, he was not so often seen in the field. His Lordship had a famous grey horse, a great favourite, and upon him he has frequently held a prominent place in the Field, at the end of many a long and hard day's sport; this fine animal met with an untimely end.

The late Major-General Sir CHARLES GREVILLE has sometimes met the Warwickshire; but that gallant Officer was too actively employed in the public service, to attend much to the pleasures of the chase.

In the year 1808, a litter of foxes was bred amongst the thick ivy upon the wall just over the Green Wicket Gate that leads from the Lawn, in front of Warwick Castle, towards the gardens. There were four or five of them, and when they were disturbed from their kennel, in their younger state, would run backwards and forwards upon the wall with amazing activity, and could be seen, at intervals, where the ivy was not thick enough to hide them; they were shewn to me as a great curiosity.—VENATOR.

RESIGNATION.

Lord MIDDLETON finally resigned the Warwickshire Hunt this season, having been Master of the Hounds for ten successive years. His Lordship's last fixture was at Harwood's House, on the 23d of March, 1821.

In the first year after Lord MIDDLETON took to the hounds, they killed 49½ brace of foxes; the greatest number they ever killed within the same period of time, whilst under his Lordship's management.

Lord MIDDLETON's Stud of Hunters was sold about the middle of November, 1823, at the Swan-with-two-Necks, Leicester. There was a good company, and the horses were knocked down at high prices.

DEMISE.

On the 19th of June, 1835, at Wollaton House, Nottinghamshire, died, the Right Hon. Lord MIDDLETON, in the 75th year of his age. His Lordship, who derived his title from Middleton, in the county of Warwick, married, in 1793, JANE, sister of the late Lord WENLOCK, and of the present Sir FRANCIS LAWLEY, Bart. Having no issue, his Lordship is succeeded in his title by his cousin, Captain DIGBY WILLOUGHBY, R. N.

Motto—'Verite sans peur.'—Truth without fear.

HUNTSMEN AND WHIPS.

Will Barrow, Mr. Corbet's huntsman, hunted the hounds for a day or two, after they were taken to by Lord Middleton.—He was succeeded by Will Don, who continued with his Lordship for one season.—Tom Steeples was engaged as huntsman for one season after Don left his situation.—He was succeeded by Harry Jacksons, formerly Lord Vernon's huntsman, who remained with his Lordship until 1818, when he was disabled by a severe fall. —Tom Smith hunted the hounds until the last day of the season 1820-21.—Zac, Tom Smith, and Jack Stevens, were his Lordship's whips.

HARRY JACKSONS.

Harry Jacksons received an annuity from Lord Middleton, after he had relinquished the hounds, and resided in Stratford. He first took a public house in the town, and was supported by many of the gentlemen, who sent their horses to that place in the hunting season. He did not, however, succeed in his undertaking, and he retired upon the munificence of his noble and respected master from the cares of business.

In May, 1836, while sitting in his two-arm chair, at breakfast, poor Jacksons was suddenly seized with a paralytic stroke, of which, after lying in a speechless state for a month, he died, in the 62nd year of his age. Jacksons was a steady good huntsman, and sat his horse in a style far superior to any one of his class. If we may be allowed to make use of a sporting phrase on this solemn occasion, Old Tallyho, as his friends familiarly called him, was actually *chopped in cover!*

THE FOX.

The superior instinct of the fox, in every country where his powers and faculties have been fully called into action, has excited notice and given rise to observation and remark. It is in the means he employs to supply himself with food, and the stratagems he adopts to elude his enemies, that all his energies and cunning are called forth, and displayed.

The rapacity of the fox is unbounded. Some years ago, Mr. R. Cattell, farmer, of Milverton, near Warwick, obtained a cub when very young, and reared it, tame, in his house. It was the pet of the children and servants, played upon the hearth like a kitten, and came when called by name. When a few months old, little reynard began to get shy, and when any bustle occurred, or a stranger entered the house, he crept under a dresser in the kitchen, and remained there until he was gone; but he did not attempt to run away. One morning when the family got up, a flock of geese, 13 or 14 in number, were found in the yard, dead. Suspicion fell upon the cade fox; and on making enquiry, Mr. Cattell found that he had been shut out all night, and as soon as one of the servants opened the door, he came into the house and immediately skulked under the dresser. There he lay for some time, and neither calling nor the offer of food could induce him to leave his retreat. He was at length got out, and as no doubt remained that he had killed the geese, Mr. Cattell took him into the homestead, gave him two or three smart strokes with a light whip, and then sent the ingrate off into the open country, to shift for himself.

A thousand authentic anecdotes have been told, by different writers, of the fox; but we do not remember one that records such a remarkable instance of the strength and perseverance of that animal, equal to this:—Within our remembrance, a vixen deposited her cubs in a retired place very near to the walls of Warwick Castle. One of the domestics, aware of the circumstance, frequently visited the spot, merely from a wish to see how the dam provided for her offspring in that place. To his great astonishment, however, he soon found that the dam kept a larder almost as well stored as that of his master's cook, and could boast of being provided, in her way, with as great a variety of dainties. The remains of hares, rabbits, partridges, ducks, fowls, and of some small birds, lay strewed about the kennel; and the havoc increased daily until the cubs had in part left the place. 'The business of the *victualling-office* department is dev'lish well managed, at any rate,' exclaimed our informant, one day, as he picked up a fine young cock turkey, within three or four paces of the kennel, under one of the shrubs. The bird was not bitten any where but on the neck, and the finder, acting practically upon the adage, that there is no harm in taking from a thief, bore off the prize; and, making some of his fellow-servants acquainted with his good luck, they had it dressed for supper at a public-house in the town. The turkey weighed 17lb. and as one of a similar description was lost from a farm house about a mile off at that time, we may presume it was the same, and that the vixen fox had not only dragged or carried the turkey the whole of that distance, but had swam with it across a wide part of the river Avon.

THE WARWICKSHIRE HOUNDS.

A SONG,

WRITTEN BY A GENTLEMAN OF THE HUNT, AND SUNG BY HIM AT A SUPPER GIVEN BY LORD MIDDLETON, AT STRATFORD.

The triumphs of heroes let others declare,
Or in ecstasy sing of the charms of the fair;
Of love, or of war, may the verse freely flow,
May the glass aid my song, and good humour have place,
While I sing of the joys that arise from the chase,
Tallyho—Tallyho! may the Warwickshire hounds ever gallantly go!

With a southerly wind and light clouds in the sky,
The air light and mild, nerves and spirits all high,
Tallyho—Tallyho! to the covert we go;
Hark, *Bachelor* [1] speaking—by heavens! 'tis good,
Ride on, BILL, and cheer them well out of the wood.
Tallyho—Tallyho! see the Warwickshire hounds how they gallantly go!

With face beaming cunning, and light tripping pace,
See the fox view'd away, hark the hounds in full chase;
Tallyho! Tallyho! how they eagerly go.
Hold hard for one moment, and give them fair play,
You'll want your top speed if they once get away;
Tallyho—Tallyho! see the Warwickshire pack how they gallantly go!

Bachelor. 1—This hound was presented to Lord Middleton by Mr. Musters, and was hunted with the pack for three or four years, and then returned to his former owner. He was a good cold-hunter, and his Lordship was very partial to him.

Now some, fairly mounted, go splashing along,
While others hard labour with steel, bit, and thong;
Tallyho—Tallyho! how they struggle to go;
One loses a shoe, and another votes lame,
Who's that in the ditch? oh don't ask his name.
Tallyho—Tallyho! see the Warwickshire pack how they gallantly go!

For a moment a sheep walk has baffled the scent,
See them stooping and questing, each tries where he went;
Tallyho—Tallyho! how they cautiously go;
Hark, *Vanguard* 2 has hit it, no doubt can remain,
Not a moment is lost—they're together again;
Tallyho—Tallyho! see the Warwickshire hounds how they gallantly go!

Vanguard. 2—This hound was by Vaulter, a famous hound, presented to Lord Middleton by Lord Vernon, out of Mr. Corbet's Traffic. He was a very excellent hound either for cold or quick hunting, and a particular favorite of Lord Middleton's. In the middle of the season of 1817-1818 the meet was at Pillerton Gorse, and the huntsman, Harry Jacksons, asked his Lordship to permit Vaulter to go with the pack, as he would be of as much service as three of the others, and he consented. The hound had not been out for some time, in consequence of the fear Lord Middleton had that some bad accident would befal him. They found at Pillerton Gorse, went away by Oxhill for Idlicote, turned and took straight to Brailes Hill, where the fox went to ground. The pack was whipped away to Lord Northampton's, but did not again find. When a short distance from the hill where the fox took to earth, Vaulter endeavoured to get back to the place, but was prevented by his Lordship and the Whipper-in. He skulked away, however, unperceived, and nothing more was heard of him; but it was supposed he had entered the earth too far, and could not get out again. The stock of this hound was of the stoutest kind, and remarkable for their nose and speed. Lord Middleton very much regretted this accident, and for a long time mentioned the loss of his favourite hound with great regret.—TALLYHO.

Now look down that meadow—how motley the scene!
Here men want their horses, there horses want men;
Tallyho—Tallyho! how they labour to go;
Hold hard is the word, yet I shrewdly suspect,
Not the men, but some horses are brought to a check;
Tallyho—Tallyho! see the Warwickshire hounds how they gallantly go!

At length, boldly struggling, poor reynard is view'd,
By a few, save the pack, any longer pursu'd;
Tallyho—Tallyho! how he struggles to go;
Not pluck, speed, nor cunning, the chase can prolong,
So 'Whoop' is the word, and 'Whoop,' to my Song;
Tallyho—Tallyho! may the Warwickshire hounds ever gallantly go!

WILLOUGHBY DIXIE'S WILL.

I, Willoughby Dixie, of Bosworth Park,
Without the aid of scribe or clerk,
Or pettyfogger of the law,
Ready to make, or find a flaw;
With ev'ry symptom of decay,
And wearing dev'lish fast away;
With haggard phiz, and tott'ring limb,
With moonstruck mind a prey to whim,
A stupor seizing both my eyes,
All my effects do thus devise.

To Sister Eleanor, 1 of Bourn,
(Lest she the fate too long should mourn,
Of her lamented Brother dear,)
In rent twelve hundred pounds a year;
And on dear Eleanor I fix
To be my sole Executrix.

To Rosamond, 2 (whose joyless bower,
Of bliss ne'er knew one single hour,)
Twelve pence I give—far more than due
To such a cursed vexatious shrew.

To Elder Drakeley, 3 (faithful found
Thro' all my life's eccentric bound,
A jackall constant to provide
Whate'er could feed my lust or pride,)
A sacrifice, to him I doom,
Of bullocks half a hecatomb;
In cash, a bill, no little sound!
The sum of seventeen hundred pound.

To younger Drakeley, firm and true,
Who did all th' Elder could not do,
Thro' fire and water e'er would go
To please me, or to spite my foe;
Of sheep I leave two hundred head,
As good as ever Bakewell bred.
My pointers, spaniels, guns and stocks,
By Egg, by Manton, or by Nocks.

1 Mrs. Pochin. 2 Mrs. Kinnersley.

3 The Steward.

To Dick, the groom, who swore my stud
Surpass'd by none in shape or blood;
And that no 'Squire of high degree
Could choose a horse, or ride like me,—
I leave my hunters, hacks, and all
That grace the mead, or fill the stall;
With saddles, bridles, boots likewise,
Spurs, whips of every sort and size.

To Sam the bailiff, who knows how
To handle either ox or cow,
Well skilled to take the jolters in,
(His bargain never fails to win,)
To him I freely do assign
The residue of sheep and swine,
Calves, lambs, and plenty of store beast,
Worth full five hundred pounds at least.

Unto the Butler I resign
My stock of every kind of wine;
Puncheon as tight as any drum,
Well filled with brandy, gin, and rum;
Pipes, juglers, glasses, every thing
That makes the jocund table ring.

To James the Brewer, all the ale
And porter too, both mild and stale;
With barrels, cocks, hops, malt in store,
That when all's drank he may brew more.

Unto the Gardener—rake and spade,
And every tool that suits his trade;
Fruit yet unpulled, potatoes, greens,
Carrots and turnips, kidneybeans,
Seeds of all sorts, with hives of bees,
Celery plants, and nursery trees.

To Her who keeps the house in awe,
And rules supreme by kitchen law,
I give the sugar and the tea,
The plumbs and spices, and coffee,
Preserves and pickles, peppermint,
And other waters, without stint.

Unto the housemaid's noisy Crew,
The chairs and tables, (not a few,)
Brushes and brooms, dusters and wings,
And sundry other useful things,
The mats, the carpets, every skreen,
And all that they have used to clean.

To Dorothy the dairy-maid,
Who reared of lambs, full many a cade,
I give permission for to seize
The churn, the butter, and the cheese,
Bowls, buckets, puncheons, lead, and all
That to the lot of dairy fall.

To her who keeps the linen clean,
The Laundrymaid 's the girl I mean,
The shirts, the sheets, the napkins white,
With table cloths, shall be her right.

And to the Cook, whate'er befits
Her occupation; pans and spits,
The poker, tongs, the fork that toasts,
And all with which she boils and roasts;
Hams, tongues, and bacon, be her lot,
And every thing that goes to pot.

Unto the Scullion, all the cook
By choice or chance may overlook;
Grease, matches, coals, and candles good,
Fagots, and billets of dry wood.

And that no varlet may repine,
To labourer Tom I give the swine,
Snouters collected at great pains;
With all the stock of swill and grains.

Mr. Dixie has been represented as a noble specimen of the fine Old English Foxhunter. He was a Sportsman of great experience in the Field, a bold and good horseman, and, from a stud selected with great care and judgment, always appeared at the covert side on a nag of the right sort to carry him well up to the hounds through the hardest day. The warm benevolence of his heart, and the bland sincerity of his manners, gave dignity to his station as a private country gentleman; and whether presiding at his own hospitable board, or sitting at the table of a friend, we may safely infer from reading 'The Will,' that he was a boon companion—one who, by facetious observation or witty remark, was often 'wont to set the table in a roar.'

The above 'Will' has for some years been read from manuscript for the amusement of private and select companies. The whole of the parties alluded to are now no more, and this is the first time, we believe, that it has been permitted to appear in print.

MR. HAWKES.

John Hawkes, Esq. resided for several years at Snitterfield, near Warwick, and was well known by all the Sportsmen of the Warwickshire Hunt; he was considered as the best gentleman rider in the country, and has often rode in matches and sweepstakes, over Warwick race-course. 'He was, (says Nimrod,) the model of a light dragoon, and a famous jockey; 'and not only clever in his saddle, but right in his attics,' says Mr. Buckle. He rode a steeple chase for George the 4th, when Prince Regent, who asked him if those were the best spurs he had? He replied, 'Yes, your Highness.' 'Here then,' said the Regent, 'take mine.' A person asked him one day how he liked a particular horse? 'I like, (said he,) very few horses, very few women, and d—d few men.' Mr. Hawkes died at Norton Hall, near Cannock, Staffordshire, on the 1st of November, 1834. He was the author of a book called '*Meynellian Science.*' The spurs given him by the Prince Regent hung up at Norton Hall, (as a respectful memorial to the giver,) at the time of his death.'

When he resided in Warwickshire, Mr. Hawkes had a very good horse which he called *The Printer*, a fast gallopper, that has kept his place in the run at the end of many a tough and doubtful day.

MR. SHIRLEY.

OAKLEY WOOD FOX.

E. J. Shirley, Esq. of Eatington Park, (elected, in 1836, one of the Representatives in the House of Commons of South Warwickshire,) succeeded Lord Middleton in the management of the hounds, and hunted the country by subscription. He was well acquainted with the county gentlemen, a good sportsman, and knew the country he had to ride over.

The first meet was on Wednesday, November the 7th, 1821, at Edgehill.

Jack Wood, who had been for some time huntsman to Lord Althorpe, and Sir Charles Knightley, in Northamptonshire, and to the Duke of Beaufort, in Oxfordshire, now entered into the service of the Warwickshire, first hunting the hounds under Mr. Shirley. Bill Boxall was then a whip.

BY HARK-FORWARD.

MEET—ALSCOT, FEBRUARY 3rd, 1822.

The morning was cloudy, with a cold drizzling rain, and we were for some time doubtful if the day would afford us any sport. We at length unkenneled a game fox at Fir Grove, a wild sort of animal, that led us away at a rattling pace to Alderminster Hills. Having quickly gained the top, he turned to the right, took down into the lowlands, and crossed the Avon in the valley. He then took over Crimscott Grounds, when he turned again and ran on to the Ilmington Hills. When over the hills, he kept up his speed till he came to Foxcote, and ran close by the house of Mr. F. Canning. On pushing him down to Toddenham, the pack gained considerably on their fox, and at length had him in view. The exhilarating Tallyho announced the glad tidings to the anxious Field, and the hounds turned him up in prime style, in a field near to Wolford Wood.

This famous run lasted an hour and 40 minutes. The horses were all beat; the pace being very quick, the fences strong, and the country heavy.

Mr. Shirley, on his old chesnut horse, Mr. Napier, Mr. H. Campbell, Mr. J. Lucy, and Capt. Lewis, were up at the death; and several other Sportsmen had good places. Jack Wood was close at the stern of his hounds.

THE SAME, BY VENATOR.

'Early, the winding Avon and the huntsman's voice
Let loose the gen'ral chorus; far around
Joy spreads his wings, and the gay morning smiles.'

The morning tho' cloudy, and drizzling the rain,
The Field and the Master met joyful again;
When our pulses beat high, gay fancy will trace
Bright pleasures unknown but to Sons of the Chase!

Had Neptune's *Arion*, that famous old horse
Who won the grand prize on the Nemæan course
For Argos' great king, been amongst us to-day,
He'd not have won here, we may venture to say;
With his old master Hercules, stout, on his back,
He'd had no more chance with our nags than a hack;
The Field, if on turf or in clay to the hocks,
Would have shewn him the way to spank after a fox!

Found quick at Fir Grove—our fox was a game one,
Sportsmen prefer a wild fox to a tame one;
To Alderminster Hills, and stoutly maintain'd
His speed till their summit he safely had gain'd.
By the glance of an eye down the hill he caught sight
Of the well-mounted Field, then turn'd to the right;
Cross'd the lowlands beneath, then boldly swam thro'
The Avon which flows down the valley below.
Pass'd o'er Crimscott Downs, then diverging the chase,
Reach'd Ilmington Hills at a sharp rattling pace.
To Foxcote as soon as the hills he got o'er,
By the house of a Sportsman—a sportsman no more!
Then reynard direct ran to Toddenham down;
Soon after the Field, their day's labour to crown,
View'd their game—Tallyho!—the pack firm and good,
Threw him up in a field near to old Wolford Wood.

The last meet, this season, was on Monday the 1st of April, 1822, at Ufton Wood.

In the season of 1822, the Master purchased the Cranbourne Chase hounds, consisting of 24 couples. They formed as pretty and steady a little pack as ever left a kennel, and lay well to their fox, but were rather too small for this country.

The first meet, this season, was on November the 2d, 1822, at Edgehill.

BY TAG.

MEET—EDGE HILL, 1822.

We met this morning at the above fixture. A fox stole away from Knoll End, and we did not get upon good terms with him until we came to Alscot village, where we set to in good earnest. He led us up the hill at a pretty brisk rate by Warmington, crossed the Banbury road by Wroxton New Inn, went away for Shutford, brushed through the spinies, and bore off for Swacliffe. He then took a straight line to Bodicote brook, and again crossed the Banbury road near to that town, and on to Aynho, where we ran into him and killed.

The Master, Mr. FELLOWES, Lord GEORGE FORESTER, Mr. J. LUCY, Mr. COCKBILL, Mr. COCKBILL, jun. and a few others, were up at the death.

Zac, the first whip, on a famous horse called *Farnborough*, once the property of Sir CHARLES GREVILLE, was also up, as well as the huntsman, Jack Wood, and the second whip.

Mr. Cockbill, jun. on a capital little brown mare by Knowesley, out of a thorough-bred mare, 15 hands high, cleared Bodicote brook, a distance of nine yards, when it was brimful, and impossible to see where to take up. Lord G. Forester, on a good bit of blood, also cleared it, but the bank gave way, and his horse slipped backwards into the water. His Lordship, however, was on the alert, and throwing himself over his horse's head, seized the bridle, and with a little assistance extricated his nag; exclaiming, —'That's better than going to the bottom, a good deal,'— and off he went at his usual slapping rate. Mr. J. Lucy was not so fortunate; by some mishap, his horse fell headlong into the brook, and threw his rider upon the land on the opposite side, but very unkindly swam out at the wrong bank, and the rider was obliged to wade across to secure his nag. An Irish gentleman, a stranger, charged the brook, but failing in his attempt to clear it, was soused into the water; he disappeared for a short time, and then got out on the opposite shore, in no enviable trim, as the day was cold.

The last meet, this season, was April 5th, 1823, at Hook Norton.

The first meet, this season, was on November 3rd, at Alveston Pastures. On the 1st of March, 1824, the hounds were sent to Kenilworth.

BY HARK-FORWARD.

MEET—FARNBOROUGH HOUSE, DECEMBER 16th, 1823.

This morning produced a capital Field of Sportsmen. We drew the Farnborough covers, blank; then went off to Edge Hills, where we quickly started a game old fox that led the pack away at a famous rate. He left Farnborough to the right, and on being pressed made straight for Whinney

Compton, but again turning, he dashed up the vale on to Itchington Heath. Here he pointed for Chesterton Wood, which he left about a furlong to the right, and took at a desperate pace away to Moreton Morrell, and on to Walton, where getting safe to ground, he was allowed to remain for another day.

Mr. Richard Bloxsidge, on a horse called *Jostler*, which Mr. Shirley bought in a day or two after for £200; and several other gentlemen of the old school were well up at the death.

Mr. K. Greenway, of Warwick, purchased *Jostler*, and another little horse named *Turk*, one of the right sort, for a good round sum, when Mr. Shirley disposed of his stud.

The above gentleman, and Mr. G. C. Greenway, his brother, (a heavy weight,) were often in the field, and rode well up to the hounds.

THE SAME, BY VENATOR.

'Tantivy! the huntsman he starts for the chase,
In good humour, as fresh as the morn,
While health and hilarity beam from his face,
At the sound of the mellow-ton'd horn.'

To-day we met a goodly rank,
And quickly drew the covert, blank;
Then to Edge Hill—fell, vengeful place—
Where men chas'd men, we foxes chase!
A fine old fox we found—and one
Who would not stop—away he's gone;
'Twas clear, from such a splendid burst,
No *second* rater would be *first!*

Farnborough to the right we view,
As we the flying game pursue;
Then off for Whinney Compton turn'd,
As fiercer still with ardour burn'd
The silent pack. Diverg'd again,
And turn'd short to the left—Sportsmen
Seeing how well the pack inhale
The fervid scent, dash up the vale
To Itchington's infertile wild,
Where horses, not a few, were foiled.
Next off to Chesterton he flew,
Whilst we as fast his foot pursue;
The wood, our game, tho' not in sight,
Left near a furlong to the right.
By Moreton Morrell, where the pace
Was much the quickest in the chase;
At Walton reynard took to earth,
His refuge, if not place of birth.

A fox so *gallant*, fleet, and stout,
Could we *ungallantly* dig out?

The chase lasted one hour and 50 minutes, and was as good and fine a run as any Sportsman could desire to witness.

The conduct of a Gentleman Sportsman renders him an object of veneration to his friends, an ornament to society, and an honour to his country. He is the very man upon whom 'Nature seems to have lavished her choicest gifts,' without the need of embellishment from the interposition of art. So says a Veteran Sportsman, and from our own observations we can confirm the fact.

The first year a fox is called a cub; the second year a fox; and the third year an old fox.

BY HARK-FORWARD.

MEET—EDGE HILL, DECEMBER 22nd, 1823.

Although this was one of the dullest mornings in dull December, we found at the covert side a splendid Field. The hounds had scarcely began to try, when we found a good fox near to the Round House. He first made for Warmington earths, but being stopped out at that place, he passed Wroxton Abbey a short distance to the left, and went over Shutford Hills. When he had almost reached Bloxam, he turned, and left that village about a mile to the right; then bore to the left direct for Banbury, and afterwards took off for Middleton Cheney. We killed our fox, after a noble day's sport, near to that place.

THE SAME, BY VENATOR.

'O'er hill and plain, thro' brake and dell he scours,
Scents the fresh dawn, and like a Sportsman flies.'

A much better Field we scarce can remember,
Than we met to-day for equipment and splendour.
December's wet month doth not often agree
With the dame in thin shoes, or the nags weak and free;
That rear, prance, and pull, ere notice of starting,
And fall into a ditch with their riders ere parting;
Trim nags, one might think, did we not better know,
Had been taught to dance by the matchless DUCROW.
The horse we require, when meeting at cover,
Can streamlets and yawners in safety fly over;
Pop over a gate, jump a terrible stile,
And leave all competitors minus a mile.
Such nags, we allow, are not very common,
But prime ones, if ridden by Member or Yeoman.

Threw off, and within a few moments we found,
A famous game fox at the dwelling called Round.
To find a good fox we expect at Edge Hill,
They're the sort for the pow'r, the speed, and the will.

Now reynard's away—we'll endeavour to trace
How many could live at his rate and his pace.
Made Warmington earths, where of shelter bereft,
He pass'd Wroxton Abbey a glance on the left;
Then o'er Shutford Hills, which most of us know
Are sure to try hard the weak horses and slow.
Ran almost to Bloxam, then turn'd to the right,
Leaving Bloxam village a mile from the sight;
Inclin'd to the left, as for Banbury down,
But shy'd when he came within view of the town.
Off to Middleton Cheney, where we can say
We kill'd him—and so made an end of the day.

This was a most capital thing of about two hours and 40 minutes, and the distance not less than 17 miles.

Mr. Shirley, Mr. Napier, Mr. John Lockley, and Mr. H. Cockbill, on his little brown mare; and Mr. Bush and others from Lord Seagrave's hunt, went well, and were up at the death.

Jack Wood knew his place, and how to keep it.

The Stratford Hunt Ball, on the 28th of January, was well attended by the Members of the Hunt and many other gentlemen, and a splendid company of ladies.

The hounds threw off, for the last time this season, at Hook Norton, on the 5th of April, 1824.

The first fixture of this season, 1824, was on the 1st of November, at Wroxton New Inn.

BY ANONYMOUS.

MEET—ALVESTON PASTURES, JANUARY 21st, 1824.

The Warwickshire foxhounds had a most brilliant run on Saturday, the 21st of January. They met at Alveston Pastures, two miles from Stratford-on-Avon. In a few minutes a fine dog fox broke cover, and took direct across the country, through Charlecote Park, leaving the Plesters fox covers to the right. Swam the canal, crossed the Warwick road, and through Leamington, where he was shortly headed. Reynard then sprang forward again at his best pace, dashed through the Avon, and took for Leek Wootton, and was finally killed in the turnpike road near to Chesford bridge.

Never was a chase so hardly contested, lasting two hours and 12 minutes, and the ground gone over could not be less than from 28 to 30 miles, as he was headed several times. But very few, out of a numerous Field, were in at the death, and the whole of the horses were more or less distressed from the severity of the pace, at various times, during the run.

THE SAME, BY VENATOR.

'Each sounding horn proclaims the felon dead,
And all the assembl'd village shouts for joy.'

The morning dull, dark vapours low'r,
While now and then a chilling show'r,
Blown by a keen south-easter strong,
Patter'd the leafless shrubs among;
E'en fancy could not, by the way,
To us predict a sporting day.

We met—those clouds of murky hue
Had now assum'd a sombre blue;
Æolus, to diffuse the light,
The mists dispers'd from human sight.
No longer aw'd by sleet or rain,
Hope cheers the happy Field again.

The busy hounds no sooner spoke,
Than boldly from the covert broke
A fine old fox as ever run,
The sire of many a felon son.

On the *qui vive* each man and horse,
Quickly the hounds press him across
The country—then thro' Charlecote Park—
Where Poet Will had us'd to lark
By moonlight—and with cronies dight
Catch a fat buck or two at night.

To right the Plesters coverts lay,
As pug, game fellow, led the way
Thro' the canal—where some who chose
Dash'd in, lest they the sport should lose,
Whilst they, the careful of their kind,
Rode here and there a bridge to find!

Darting the Warwick road across,
He took thro' Leamington his course,
When he, unkindly headed back,
Was thrown upon the vig'rous pack.

Reynard, hard press'd, his brush to save,
Swam o'er the Avon's listless wave
To Leek Wootton—there's no respite,
Whether he turn to left or right.

The pack so close he durst not stay,
Too feeble now to get away;
Beaten, but still too brave to yield,
He yet led on the anxious Field.

The nags that slacken'd in their pace,
Were urg'd by spurs to keep their place;
While the tough thong, freely apply'd,
Weal'd, ev'ry stroke, their tender side.

By course direct pug sought to gain
Some covert on the grand demesne
Of Stoneley 1—in whose stately wood
He'll meet no more his kindred brood.
Near Chesford, where the bridge doth stride
The Avon deep from side to side,
The hounds upon the public road
Threw up their fox—and now the proud
Field give the death-whoop—th' welcome sound
Echo repeats for miles around.

When the hounds crossed the Avon, the only gentlemen who followed to the bank of the river, were Capt. Russell, Mr. H. Wyatt, Mr. Napier, Mr. W. Pickering, Mr. F. Holland, Mr. Smith, surgeon, of Evesham, and Wood the huntsman. Not fancying a cold bath, they galloped along the meadows, and crossed the water at Guyscliff Mill and were in at the death.—ACTÆON, jun.

1 Stoneley Park and Abbey, the noble and magnificent residence of an ardent foxhunter—Chandos Leigh, Esq.

BY HARK-FORWARD.

MEET—ALVESTON PASTURES, 1824.

One day this season, but I cannot recollect the date, the Master met a most capital Field at the Pastures. The hounds were no sooner put into the cover, than a fine old wild fox went away at a rattling pace, taking his course towards Fir Grove. He then sunk the uplands, and pushed for the Stour; having swam that river in style, he boldly passed on to Preston Bushes, and then through Admington and Quinton, and away up to the top of Meon Hill. When horses go at half pace up this hill, they appear to go quick, if not well. The fences here are thick and strong, and the country was so heavy that the best nags had no chance to make play. When the summit of the hill was attained, the pack for a short time lost scent, and came to a check. They soon hit him off again, but the hunting was cold, while reynard made head at a gallant pace. We followed him to Pebworth, when our nags were beat, and our fox was lost. 1

1 Nothing, observed a Veteran Sportsman, can distress half-bred horses more than the being continued a great length of time at the top of their speed; and even the best hunters should not, after very severe chases, be too soon brought into similar exertions; numbers are crippled, and irrecoverably ruined, for want of a little prudence and precautionary patience; for, being brought into the field too early, with a stiff rigidity in the limbs, and without the usual elastic pliability in the joints, the spirits as well as the frame naturally become equally affected by a consciousness of the deficiency, and the rider, upon making the discovery, moves in little less misery than the horse, who, feeling his temporary debility, is evidently in fear of falling at every stroke. Any horse, having been greatly fatigued by a rapidly severe, or tedious and long chase, is best recovered from the effect by a great deal of gentle walking exercise upon the turf, and equally patient friction in the stable; for no horse, perceptibly affected in this way, and by these means, should be brought again even into exercise gallops, until every degree of stiffness is gradually worn away, and obliterated in gentle motion, of which they are themselves the first to make a discovery, by their palpable renovation of spirits, strength, and action.

THE SAME, BY VENATOR.

' Huntsman prepare, ere yet the morning peeps,
Then to the copse,
With silence lead thy many-colour'd hounds,
In all their beauty's pride!' 1

Thy fields, lovely Alv'ston, no longer are seen
Cloth'd rich with a carpet of velvet and green;
Thy fine stately elms by their fol'age afford
Kind shelter no more to the flock and the herd.
Bereft of its leaves the grey aspen forlorn
No longer salutes the bright goddess of morn.
Yet Spring, lovely Alv'ston, will shortly restore
Those sweet matchless charms which thou boasted of yore;
The wild bee in clusters thy oaks will surround,
Whene'er on their leaves is the honey-dew found;
The asp leaf will tremble once more on the spray,
When Spring, blooming Spring, doth her beauties display.

We cannot opine what's become of the dame,
Diana, that lady of stag-hunting fame;
Did she once hear the sweet-noted voice of the hound,
She'd no more with her dog, a mere lurcher, be found;
The bow unregarded for ever would lie,
If a red coat could give her one kiss on the sly;
If she once saw our sport, and tasted our wine,
She'd no more return with their godships to dine.
If to courtship inclin'd, she might here find a man,
As Endymion handsome—or ugly as Pan!

1 An old Sportsman, amongst other judicious observations which he made upon the practices of others when the hounds were drawing a cover, frequently used to say—When in the field, I never desire to hear any other tongue than the tongue of the hound.

One day in the season, we cannot say when,
A capital Field met the Master again. 1
Our fox from the covert in minutes a few
Broke forth, and wild over the country he flew
At a fine rattling pace, by way of Fir Grove,
Then push'd for the Stour from the uplands above.
Swam the river in style, and boldly pass'd on
By that cover known as the Bushes of Preston.

When nags from these Bushes are led up Meon Hill,
At half pace, they appear to go quick, if not well;
Thro' Quinton and Admington kept on the chase,
To th' top of Meon Hill, at the best of his pace.
The fences are here all so thick and so strong,
The nags, unless prime ones, can't *bundle* along;
The country up hill the best part of the way,
And so heavy they have not a chance to make play.

1 The perfect Sportsman, it has been remarked by the intelligent author of the Sportsman's Cabinet, whether the hounds are drawing or running, is never seen in a place to incur disgrace by heading the game, or obstructing the hounds; the chase is a business in which he is a proficient, and he is never at a loss in the execution. From an innate and invincible attachment to the sport, and implicit observance of its strictest rules, he becomes constitutionally insensible to the less attentive part of the company; but is, nevertheless, incessantly alive to every tongue of a hound. Not a promising whimper, an exhilarating challenge, or a palpable hit, but vibrates sympathetically upon his anxious ear, and his whole soul seems absorbed in the earnest and eager hope of transmitting the enlivening signal of a view to his distant friends who surround the covert in equal expectation. The chase once commenced, his utmost judgment is exerted to lay as well to the hounds as the speed of his horse and the state of the country will permit; at which time he stands upon no specious ceremony with, or servile subservience to, local superiors; this alone is the happy spot, as well as the critical and exulting moment, where all are equal, where personal pride can assume no consequence, dignity can claim no precedence, and where even an immensity of wealth is of no avail, but superlatively happy he who can excel his peers, and take the lead.

The summit was scarcely attain'd, when the pack
Lost scent, and the horses were sav'd by the check; [1]
Soon hit off again, but the hunting was cold,
While reynard made head at a rate he could hold.
To Pebworth we follow'd—and there to our cost
Our horses were beat—and our fox he was lost.

Mr. J. Lucy, on *Merry-go-round*, a famous horse he had just bought, led the Field to Meon Hill. Mr. Whitwick, Mr. R. Greaves, and Mr. Patrick, rode well; the latter got a slight fall at the top of the hill, from his horse slipping at the take-up. Many of the horses were rode to a stand-still, and the stoutest of them got quite enough of it.—The fox was killed at Pebworth by a shepherd's dog.

Mr. J. Lucy first mounted his horse *Merry-go-round*, on this day, and he proved to be one of the right sort. He gave a large sum for him, but laming him by some means in the course of this run, and thinking he could not recover, he sold him to Mr. Russell for £50, who rode him for eight or nine seasons afterwards, and he always went well on a fast and long day.—A subscriber to the hunt.

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1 A Veteran Sportsman remarks,—The zealous Sportsman will never condescend to be left a great way behind. He knows his place, and he keeps it; he is never seen in the body and bustle of a crowd, riding in a direct line with, and pressing upon the heels of the hounds, but in a true sporting style parallel with the three or four last couple of the pack. Keeping his ground in this situation, he rapturously enjoys every alternate change and variety of the scene; by lying close to the hounds, and making the necessary observations, he is sure of seeing where and when they throw up, and of course knows to a certainty how far they have carried the scent; consequently those only who are forward, and know the state of the chase, are the best qualified to give the signal of 'Hold hard!' to those behind, and not, as is too frequently the case, for those behind to transmit, inconsistently, the petulant exclamation to those before.

The last meet this season, 1825, was on the 30th of March, at Wroxton Abbey.

The Warwickshire hounds have had an unusually fine season, and Jack Wood, the huntsman, gives universal satisfaction. Lord MIDDLETON having no farther occasion for his services, they have got Zac for their first whip. Mr. SHIRLEY, who has the management of the pack, does ample justice to this beautiful country.

On the 1st of January, 1825, public notice was given, that Mr. SHIRLEY had signified his intention to resign the management of the Warwickshire hounds. This notice excited the attention of the friends of the chase, who waited with anxiety the appointment of a successor.

At a meeting of the Proprietors of coverts, and the Subscribers to the Hunt, held at the Warwick Arms, on Wednesday, March 9th, Mr. F. CANNING in the chair, it was arranged that Mr. HAY should hunt the Warwickshire country for the two next seasons; to hunt four days in the week, from the 1st of November to the 1st of April. Both those days included.

It was also resolved, at the same meeting, on the motion of Mr. HOLBECH, seconded by Mr. J. LUCY, that a handsome Piece of Plate be presented to Mr. SHIRLEY, for his management of the Hunting Establishment in this county.

A subscription was entered into, on the proposition of Mr. T. CATTELL, seconded by Mr. J. LUCY, and in the following week amounted to nearly £100, and considerably increased afterwards.

We should not forget the late Master of the hounds, E. J. SHIRLEY, Esq. of Eatington, whose family possessed that lordship before the Norman Conquest. DUGDALE says —'The only place in this country that glories in an uninterrupted succession of its owners, for so long a tract of time.'—Mr. SHIRLEY does credit to his ancestry. He has given the most universal satisfaction, and his motive for leaving them, which I had from his lips, is creditable to his feelings as a man. 'We cannot do every thing, (said he,) I am building a house on my property in Ireland, where I mean to reside part of the year, and the hounds would be much in my way.' Were some other Irish proprietors to follow Mr. SHIRLEY's example, Ireland would have reason to rejoice, and two hundred Mr. SHIRLEYS, scattered up and down that ill-fated country, would do more for the souls and bodies of its inhabitants than their religious freedom—great as the boon may be—and three parts of their priests into the bargain.—NIMROD.

MR. HAY.

W. Hay, Esq. then of Wellesbourne, in this county, succeeded Mr. Shirley in the management of the Warwickshire hounds, with a subscription of £1,500 per annum. He hunted them himself, but kept Jack Wood as kennel huntsman. Bill Boxall was first whip.

This gentleman resides at Dunse Castle, near Berwick. At the commencement of the hunting season, 1822, Mr. Hay took possession of Almington Hall, near Market Drayton, in Shropshire, and, with a superior pack, hunted that district, which included a large trract of country in the county of Stafford.

The first meet was on Monday, the 31st of October, 1825, at Chesterton Wood.

In making some observations on the Warwickshire Hunt, while the hounds were under the management of Mr. HAY, NIMROD says—Leamington is within reach of four hunts. The Warwickshire; Lord ANSON, when at his Dunchurch kennel; and also by being occasionally within the Duke of BEAUFORT, Sir T. MOSTYN, and Mr. MUSTERS. Amongst the sporting characters, are Lord AVONMORE, Hon. Mr. YELVERTON, Sir LOFTUS OTWAY, Col. ROBBINS, Col. DAVENPORT, Major MORAY STIRLING, and Messrs. SHAKERLEY, WIGHTWICK, MEYRICK, BUCK, WILLIAMS, GEE, LEADER, &c. &c. 1

A RUN WHILE CUB-HUNTING AT PRINCETHORPE.

The hounds, when taken out one morning cub-hunting, found an old fox in the above wood. He went away at a good pace for Stretton; when he got near to the Black Dog, he turned short to the right for Frankton Wood, and went to ground at Bourton earths, after a run of 40 minutes.

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1 Those constitutional admirers of the chase, who for time immemorial have been better known by the appellation of Sportsmen, (says a spirited writer of great experience in the field,) are almost proverbial for their mutual offices of civility and friendship; no class enter more into the openness and glowing warmth of unsuspecting society, the genial inspiration of philanthropy, and the infinite inexpressible extent of unsullied hospitality.

A Sportsman, who was a regular attendant in the field for more than thirty years, makes the following remarks upon the conduct of some young newly-initiated Sportsmen, who frequently visit and annoy the field:—When the hounds are thrown into covert, and every old and experienced Sportsman is in silent but eager expectation for the first challenge, it is generally their peculiar care to become the only subject of vociferation, by noisy and extraneous remarks, or weak or puerile observations. It is no uncommon thing for them to gallop from one extremity of the covert to the other, when the hounds are harking to each other, and every moment expected to find; by which indiscretion they not only prevent the game from breaking away, but frequently occasion its death without a view.

Found again at the Bull and Butcher Wood, when our fox took straight away to Debdale, pointing for Stockton earths; he afterwards turned to the left, and went over the hill at Leamington Hastings, and right through Thurlaston village. Leaving Dunchurch on the left, he crossed the London road, and ran through Barby Wood. He then left Braunston Cleeves on the right, and was at length run into and killed between Ashby Salloway and Crick.

BY SPANK-AWAY.

MEET—ALVESTON PASTURES.

The first time I saw Mr. Hay in the field, at the head of these hounds, the meet was at Alveston Pastures, where a great number of Sportsmen had assembled.

The hounds were put in at the top of the cover, as usual, and after trying nearly the whole of it, at the very last part, we had the unexpected but welcome notice by the Tallyho given, that a fox was away. The wind was tremenduously high the whole of the morning, and those gentlemen who remained in the field at the top of the covert could not hear the glad summons, and were unluckily thrown out altogether.

Away went reynard at a slashing pace; the hounds ran him in view across the first field or two, and those gentlemen who started with the pack were obliged to go their best pace to live with them at all. He made his first point for the oziers, at Alveston, but on being headed he took a southernly direction, crossed Mr. Gibbs's Hill Farm, and then took off in a straight line for the top of Clifford, where he crossed the Stour. Mr. Hay, being unacquainted with the country, followed; his stirrup-leather came off,

and both the horse and his rider got a good ducking in the river, but they were soon got out. A few gentlemen, with the huntsman and whips, who knew the line of country, went over the wooden bridge at the mill.

Then away went our fox for Gally Oak, but not daring to stop there, he still led them along at a tremendous pace, and without a check, across for Quinton windmill; here he appeared to make a slight turn, as if going for Ilmington; he continued in that direction until he got near to Admington, when he was headed by some men at work in a field in the occupation of Mr. Smith. He then crossed Meon Hill to Clopton, and over the Cambden turnpike road, where they came to a check. This pause was heartily welcomed by the Field, as many of the nags had long stood in need of a chance of recovering their wind. In a few minutes, however, the hounds again hit off the scent, and the cry of Harkforward! Tallyho! called them once more into action. Away they went, still going well, considering the killing pace they had been led along in the former part of the run. Reynard, determined if possible to shake off his pursuers, took across the grass fields from Clopton to Broad Marston, and at length, being closely pressed, he took into a fold-yard at Pebworth, when the hounds could not drag on him again, and he was lost.

The hounds, horses, and men, it was clear, were all willing to say—Enough—as they had spanked along at a slapping pace, through a run of about 14 miles.

I noticed some gentlemen, who were lucky enough to get a start with the hounds, who went well to the end of the run. Amongst those select few, were Mr. CHARLTON, on his favourite chesnut horse *Holiday*; Mr. R. GREAVES,

on his black mare; Mr. C. Davenport, on his grey mare; Mr. W. Smith, of Stratford, on his little *Fyldener* mare, and on this occasion I never saw a little one go better to the last.

FROM NIMROD, BY VENATOR.

MEET—COMPTON VERNEY, 10TH OF DECEMBER, 1825.

'Twas an old fox, I said, and he knew ev'ry trick
That ever was practis'd, I think, by old nick.'

The morning may smile, the proud hunter look gay,
Yet who can foretel the events of a day?
Compton Verney the Master had fix'd as the meet,
Of noble De Broke the fam'd mansion and seat. 1
This fixture, whatever be said of the rest,
Has long been acknowledg'd as one of the best.

Found a fox—Hark away! and the blithe Tallyho!
Inspire the gay Field, from the swift to the slow;
O'er hedge, gate, and stile, they bound helter-skelter,
At a rate one would swear they were match'd for *The Welter*.
Our game brush'd along at a bold rapid pace,
With only one check during half an hour's space; 2
By turning and curling, his course all the while
Resembl'd the run of a hare on her foil.

1 The paternal residence of Lord Willoughby de Broke.

2 Take the words of Nimrod; that interesting writer says—Two peculiarities attended this burst. The pace the hounds went at was tremendous; but from the short and curling manner in which the fox ran—almost equal to that of a hare on her foil—it was most difficult to keep up with them.

Hardest riders were baffl'd—at times in the burst,
The first became last, and the last became first;
So speedy afoot was our fox, and so sly,
The best of our nags of the pace appear'd shy.
Enough of what *Patlanders* call 'wicked riding,'
A bore to *John Bull* when he can't well confide in
His horse—timber fences at least ev'ry other,
A wide yawning 'squire-trap,' on one side or t'other. 1

The hats of some gentlemen, spite of their tying,
Ballooning were seen, in the air rudely flying;
Gallant Meyrick, who always goes well, 'tis agreed,
And some others lost hats in the height of their speed. 2
To stop in the chase for a hat there's no merit,
A thing never dreamt of by riders of spirit.
That reynard escap'd from the Field it is plain,
Then rouse him once more, boys, and at him again.

The hatless, instanter, sans picking and choosing,
The choice, like old Hobson's, left no time for musing,
Quickly drew from their pockets a kerchief and bound,
To keep off the weather, their temples around;
And look'd at a distance, 'twas waggishly said,
Like a group of old market-wives cloak'd up in red! 3

1 There were two bad accidents. Mr. Holden, of Barford, injured his horse in the shoulder, but did not know how nor when he did it; and Mr. Williams, (son of the General,) staked his horse.

2 Mr. Meyrick, and an Irish gentleman staying at Leamington, rode bare-headed.

3 This run, as given by Nimrod, would have been inserted, had not the copy either been mislaid or not preserved. A similar excuse must plead in another run or two, for any omissions of the same description.

MEET—UFTON WOOD, DECEMBER 14TH, 1825.

Drew the wood with the Field still and anxious around,
Pug was not at home so he could not be found.
Found reynard, a bad one, at Itchington Holt,
He was loth to shew play, but they forced him to bolt;
A short respite in Chesterton Wood did obtain,
Being afraid to come out, tho' he could not remain.
What hound pull'd him down not the huntsman could tell,
But he soon lost his life—and ignobly he fell. 1

BY NIMROD.

MEET—WALTON WOOD, DECEMBER 17TH.

We met the Warwickshire, this morning, at Walton Wood, near the seat of Sir J. MORDAUNT, where a fine day's sport was shewn. There was a burning scent, and the hounds ran away from every one for 20 minutes, the Field being obliged to go round for a bridge over the river, which was flooded.

We found again at Bowshot, at two o'clock, and after three attempts to go, he put his head straight for the Edge Hills, going over a fine country of about ten miles extent. When the hounds got upon the hill, as is too often the case, they got upon a fresh fox, and it being impossible to stop them, away they went. Mr. HAY followed the line of the hounds until it got quite dark, when not knowing the country

1 Mr. Hay had what he called his small pack, and those hounds he brought from Wiltshire, out to-day.

Mrs. Shakerley, (lady of Mr. Shakerley, jun. of Somerford Hall, Cheshire,) was upon her beautiful horse, 'The Golden Ball.' She is a French lady of high birth, and the most graceful horsewoman I ever saw.—NIMROD.

he was obliged to give in; and although Bill Boxall, the whipper-in, succeeded in getting hold of some of them, a part were out all night.

It so happened, that, from the several baffling attempts this fox made to break from Bowshot Wood, the covert where he was found, very few got well away with the hounds. All the Warwickshire old hands, to a man, were thrown out; and some of them, together with myself, never knew which way the hounds were gone. Vexations like these prove that it is better to go through a covert after the hounds, at certain times, than keep outside it, with a hope of a good start, which may never be realized.

Mr. F. Holland, and Mr. Patrick, on his famous little mare, Mr. Cockbill, jun. and Mr. Dewes, had the best; Mr. Holland and Mr. Meyrick, having the cream. Mr. Meyrick went gallantly on his favourite old horse *Jack,* but having over-marked him a little in crossing a deep wheat field, declined at the last.

The horses were so distressed, that not one of them would face a small fence, until a little puff was afforded them, when Mr. Cockbill got over. Mr. H. Wyatt, Mr. H. Campbell, Mr. Fellowes, and Mr. Sheldon, (the flower of the Warwickshire riders,) were all unfortunate in not getting away. All the hounds but one had arrived by the next day.

Mr. Seagrave and Mr. Hay, were also well up to the hounds. Major Bridgeman was thrown head-first into a wide brook, but when he got out he remounted and occupied a good place at the end. Mr. S. Bradshaw, on a little grey horse, once the property of Mr. Hornihold, formerly

master of the Worcestershire, likewise had a forward place in the run. There were several other well-known and good Sportsmen out on this capital day, many of whom were unfortunately thrown out, and the horses of others so much beaten that they were reluctantly obliged to turn their heads homewards.—HARK HALLOO.

THE SAME, BY VENATOR.

> 'Hark! Dian, Hark! the game is nigh,
> The huntsman in view, and the hounds in full cry!'

At Walton, 1 where foxhunters often resort,
We assembled and met with some capital sport.
Pug found—at the speed of a racer he went,
The hounds at his brush on a fine burning scent.
For twenty-five minutes—the burst of the chase,
No horse could maintain at the best of his pace.
The flood from a river swoln over its bound,
Urg'd the Field to a bridge nearly half a mile round.
From this we infer, (for the writer don't tell us,)
The fox sav'd his life—and the horses their bellows.

Found at two, at Bowshot,—the lusty old varlet
For ten miles gave a breathing to brown coat and scarlet.
On starting, direct for Edge Hill he made way,
O'er a country as fine as in turf ever lay;
The hounds these fam'd hills had no sooner reach'd—when,
What had happen'd to others, now happen'd again;
On the scent of a fox, a fresh one, they dropp'd,
And dash'd off so quickly they could not be stopp'd.

1 The seat of Sir John Mordaunt, Baronet, one of the Members for the Southern Division of the county.

The Master still follow'd, till day's waning light
Was nearly obscur'd by the mantle of night;
Some hounds Boxall gain'd by his halloo and horn,
The rest remain'd out till the break of the morn.

Ere driven from Bowshot, his favourite bounds,
Old reynard so baffled the Sportsmen and hounds,
By doubling and twisting the covert about,
The old Warwickshire hands to a man were thrown out;
E'en NIMROD, (that excellent Sportsman,) for one,
Knew no more than a novice which way they had gone.
Vexatious, 'tis true—but it shews that to ride
Thro' a covert, is safer than keeping outside,
From whence you may never obtain a good start,
Nor e'er see the whole of the run—nor a part.

F. HOLLAND, [1] and PATRICK, a bold and good rider,
(A pippin of spunk from the land of old cider,)
On his fam'd little mare, [2] COCKBILL, junior, and DEWES, [3]
Had each a good place, which is rather old news;
The best in the field, so to some it might seem,
Still HOLLAND and MEYRICK, prime souls, had the cream;
How gallant the last dash'd along on the back
Of his fav'rite horse so well known as *Old Jack*:
In crossing a deep field of wheat push'd too fast,
The honest old fellow was beaten at last.

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1 Mr. F. Holland, then well known in the Hunt, now keeps a pack of harriers, near Evesham.

2 Lazy Bet, well known to the Warwickshire Sportsmen.

3 Mr. Dewes, of Wellesbourne.

So killing the pace, and so heavy the ground,
That of all the best horses, not one could be found
E'en to face a small fence—a run more severe
Had never been witness'd by any one there;
As trembling they stood lost breath to recover,
Young COCKBILL, at last, by an effort got over.

WYATT, CAMPBELL, and FELLOWES, with SHELDON the bold,
(The flow'r of the Warwickshire riders, we're told,)
Had not the good fortune to meet with a place
In this capital run—not excell'd in the chace!

BY HARK-HALLOO.

MEET—LIGHTHORNE ROUGH, 1826.

We met a very good Field one morning at Lighthorne Rough, and the weather favoured our expectations of a fine day's sport. The worthy Master of the hounds had no sooner thrown the pack into the cover, than away burst one of the fastest foxes I ever saw lead a field. The hounds were immediately halloo'd to their game, and pursued him with an eagerness and swiftness rarely equalled. They ran him into a drain near Gaydon town, and the distance, near eight miles, was done in about half an hour. It happened that Mr. WHITWICK, a good sportsman of the right sort, dined with Mr. HAY the day before the meet I have been speaking of, and complained of the slowness of his hounds, observing,—'Your hounds do not go half fast enough for me, I can ride over them.' When the fox had broke cover, and the pack was well settled to him, Mr. HAY said to Mr. WHITWICK, 'Now ride over them if you can.' That gentleman certainly rode uncommonly hard and well, but he could not sail fast enough to occupy the first station,

being beaten by Mr. R. Greaves and Mr. Patrick. Mr. Hay and Mr. F. Holland came up shortly after the fox took the drain. We put the terrier in, and reynard was killed as soon as he bolted.

Shortly before pug ran to ground, *Dalliance* and *Curious*, two of the fleetest hounds in the pack, headed the others by about 15 yards, shewing their great superiority over the rest in speed; and Mr. Hay said he would back them against any two hounds in the kingdom.

Mr. Hay complimented Patrick on the superior manner in which he led the whole Field, following, near as he ought, the exact line of the hounds.

We found two other foxes in the same drain, and having turned one out, ran him a ring of 25 minutes, and killed him near Edge Hill, after a capital run. This was the fastest thing I ever saw with the Warwickshire, and it proves that bone and blood are both necessary to carry a man to the end of a good run over this country.

A Sportsman of long practice has observed,—The moment leading hounds are at fault, every judicious horseman invariably moves to a proper distance, that the body of the hounds may not be interrupted in making their casts, or get interspersed amidst the legs of the horses. Whenever a lucky hit is made, he instantly attends to the hound who made it, and upon a general recovery of the scent, goes immediately on with the chase, for the loss of ground, at so critical a moment, it may be sometimes very difficult to regain. In the midst of his enthusiastic attachment to the sport before him, the safety, ease, and preservation of his horse preponderates over every other consideration. Equally a stranger to the furor of folly, and juvenile indiscretion, a sportsman of this description never embarks in any scheme of imprudence or unnecessary danger; he never enters into the spirit of racing competition during the chase, thereby distressing his horse, nor wantonly wasting the strength that may be so much wanted at the conclusion of a long and very severe day.

THE SAME, BY VENATOR.

Befriended by the goodly nine,
Thy muse, sweet bard, (almost divine,)
Has erst deserib'd in matchless lay,
The pleasures of a sporting day. 1
Had we thy pow'rful classic pen
We'd sing their praises o'er again;
And call in wit to aid the laws
Of learning, in the noble cause.
Invoke arch Tristram's subtle shade,
Who once the widow Wadman made
Rise on one leg, in am'rous whim,
To hear the voice of corp'ral Trim,
When he, brave fellow, did expound
My Uncle Toby's secret wound; 2
The fire of SWIFT, the ease of GAY,
The wit that in the pages play
Of SHAKSPEARE; with the Theban lore
Of WALTER SCOTT, and TOMMY MOORE; 3
The flow of BURNS' rich playful thought,
When he his Tam O'Shanter wrote;
Gleaning, *en passant*, by the way,
The flame of PINDAR, whom they say,
His pen employ'd on themes unfit,
PINDAR the prince of caustic wit. 4
And magic humour freely draw
From BUTLER's pungent Hudibras.

1 Somerville, author of 'The Chase.'

2 Sterne's Tristram Shandy.

3 Mr. Thomas Moore, author of the Melodies, &c. &c.

4 Peter Pindar—Dr. Wolcot.

These, and a hundred poets more,
Whose works delighted we explore,
Should grace, could we their charms inspire,
VENATOR's Hunt of Warwickshire!

Met at Lighthorne to-day, and a mild cloudy sky
Gave us gay expectations of pleasure and joy.
The pack into cover no sooner was thrown
By the Master, than off, our best wishes to crown,
Went a fox that disdain'd in the covert to yield,
The fastest and stoutest that e'er led a field.
The moment bold reynard began to make play,
The hounds, swift and eager, were halloo'd away,
They press'd him so hard, whether up hill or down,
He took into a drain near to old Gaydon town.
The distance was nearly eight miles, if not more,
And we gallop'd the ground in about half an hour.

WHITWICK, a good fellow, so all sportsmen say,
Who din'd with the Master the preceding day,
Of the speed of his pack said, 'Sir, I can see,
I could ride o'er your hounds, they're too tardy for me.'
'Tis the zeal, not the fault, of good sportsmen who dine
With a friend, to ride fastest when over their wine.
When the fox had broke cover, and every hound
Was well settled down to the game they had found,
The Master, first smiling at WHITWICK, his man,
Said, 'Friend, now ride over my hounds if you can;'
And tho' he rode hard to the drain from the burst,
He never could occupy station the first;
For R. GREAVES, and PATRICK, to no one gave place
In this run, which for speed much resembl'd a race.
The Master and HOLLAND the hounds join'd again,
Soon after the fox had ran into the drain.

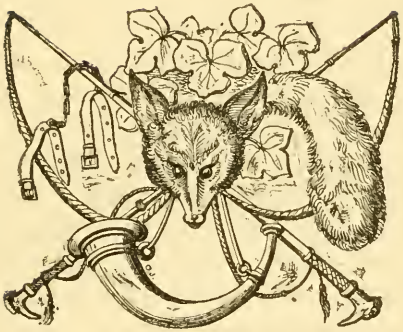
By a terrier bolted, poor reynard was killed
By the pack in an instant, in face of the Field.
PATRICK led the whole Field with great judgment to-day,
And the Master prais'd highly the manner and way.

As two other foxes remain'd in the drain,
One was quickly turn'd out—now we're at him again;
For twenty-five minutes he led us a ring,
We kill'd near Edge Hill—'twas a capital thing.

A horse o'er this country, by this we can tell,
Must have blood and bone, or he cannot go well.

We cannot conceive any thing more mortifying to the Master of the hounds, the good Sportsman, or to the huntsman, than for them to see the heedless and injudicious horsemen in the field ride amongst the hounds at any time, or to press upon them on a cold scent, or when they have come to a check. By the former, many a valuable hound has been struck by a horse, and disabled or killed; and by the two latter, the fox has often been lost, and the sport spoiled for the day. Mr. Corbet, mild and forbearing in his manners as he was, sometimes lost his temper, when he could not repress the eagerness, or rather imprudence, of some men of this description; but he had a singular way of retaliating upon them for their indiscretion. When a fox had broke cover and gone off at a rapid rate, or when the pack, after a check, had hit him off, on an improved scent, and were following him at their best pace, especially if up hill, he would cry out,—'Now, gentlemen, ride over my hounds! Ride over them now, gentlemen! Now, bran and chaff! Go along, bran and chaff, and ride over my hounds now, if you can!'—Then away he went, and although he seldom took even a moderate fence, at the latter part of his time, as he rode capital horses, he was seldom far behind at the end of a run, however long and severe, except thrown out by one of those incidents which sometimes occur to the boldest and best men in the field.—Bill Barrow used less ceremony than his master in speaking of these irregularities, and the offenders who knew him, took pretty good care to keep out of his way for a time. Bill frequently gave them what is termed—a blessing!

MR. FELLOWES.



R. Fellowes, Esq. of Talton, near Eatington, in this county, (now of Shotesham Park, Norfolk,) succeeded Mr. Hay in the mastership of the hounds, on receiving a guarantee from the Members of the Hunt, that a sum should be raised, by subscription, to defray the expences of the establishment. Jack Wood was appointed huntsman.

At the commencement of this season, (1827,) the Duke of St. Albans joined the Warwickshire, making Leamington his head quarters. The Duchess highly approved of the arrangement, and said, 'Well, your Grace, if you can find amusement in the field for the day, I will endeavour to provide for the evening; and we will see if we cannot make Leamington as pleasant in the winter, as it is gay in the summer.'

BY ACTÆON. [1]

MEET—OLD PARK, OCTOBER 27TH, 1827.

This was what should be called a fine morning for hunting; the wind not too high, the weather soft and kind. We had no sooner thrown the hounds into cover, than a fox was away. The hounds were so close at his brush, that it might truly be said, the fox and the hounds broke away close together. The pack was nearly silent, they hardly opened at first; there was scarcely ever seen a more brilliant burst. Away we all went, at the very best pace, to Fernhill, and then off to Kenilworth Chace. In a few minutes they had made that well-known preserve, called Long Meadow Wood; then to Tilehill, after taking in the whole round of the woodlands which abound in that fine country. The sound of the horn, combined with the musical voice of the pack, were thrown into the distance, retiring from the ear in concert of sweetest harmony. Our fox was now sinking so fast, that not a royal reprieve could have saved him; but luckily for him, we came upon a fresh fox, and that incident saved his life. During the chase, some of the *old ones* exclaimed, 'This day a fox must die;' but their predictions failed; and it was a bloodless day.

This was an excellent run of an hour and 40 minutes. But, to be brief, no pack in the world could hunt better; and although Jack Wood may not be the most brilliant huntsman in England, yet we venture to predict, that from his old-fashioned tactics, and admirable science, he will shew some excellent sport, and make some of the Warwickshire nags cry out, 'Hold hard! Enough!'

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1 Sp. Mag. Nov. 10th, 1827.

My neighbour FELLOWES has killed a good number of cubs; the hounds are in rare order; his men are pleased with the manner in which he has mounted them; and every thing promises favourably for sport with the pack.

THE SAME, BY VENATOR.

'Arise, now, ye sluggards, and join in the chase,
Nor squander your moments away;
The morning's the time to invigorate health,
And health makes us cheerful and gay.'

Into cover the hounds had no sooner been thrown,
Than old reynard, who should better manners have known,
Abruptly went off without waiting to say,
'Pray, gentlemen, how d'ye do?' in his way.
But rous'd as he was, he'd no time, p'rhaps, to do't,
Or no doubt he'd have giv'n us a morning salute.

The wind not too high, soft and mild too the weather,
'Away broke the fox and the hounds close together;'
Nearly silent—the hounds hardly open'd at first,
You scarce ever saw a more brilliant burst.
Away we all went, 'at the very best pace,'
To Fernhill, and then off to Kenilworth Chace.
But a few minutes pass'd ere the Field had made good
That cover well known as the Long Meadow Wood.
To Tilehill away, taking in the whole round
Of the woodlands which in that fine country abound;
While the sound of the horn, and the voice of the pack,
In harmony sweet grateful echo sent back;
Sensations so pleasant don't often conspire
To heighten our joys and our bosoms to fire.

The Old Park, the property of the Earl of Warwick, lies about two miles west of the town.

The strength of our fox we found sinking so fast,
That a royal reprieve could not save him at last;
But soon a fresh fox for the old one we chang'd,
And so the fine fellow again freely rang'd.

The wisest, at times, may anticipate fictions,
And thus it was prov'd by the joyful predictions
Of two or three *old ones*, who said in the chase,
'A fox this day must die'—but it was not the case.

BY HARK-FORWARD.

'Hark! hark again! the horn so gay,
The Tallyho! and 'Gone away!'
The hounds in full melodious cry,
And horsemen o'er the fences fly.'

MEET—WOLFORD WOOD, NOV. 20TH, 1827.

We found a good fox the moment the hounds entered the wood. After taking one ring in the covert, he went away at his best pace. Leaving Bourton on the left, he then took through Little Compton, by Chasselton, and over Kingham Field. We killed him at Sasden House, after a run of an hour and ten minutes.

This was as fine a run as any sportsman could wish to see. When we got upon Chasselton Hill, the fog rather suddenly became so dense, that we could not see ten yards before us, and the hounds went at such a pace, as to give the slip to all the Field, with the exception of about eight or ten. Mr. FELLOWES, knowing well the Oxfordshire country, made the best of his way, leading the others, to Kingham Field, where they saw the hounds again, carrying a most beautiful head; they were sweeping along as close together as a flock of pigeons.

MEET—OXHILL VILLAGE, MARCH 4TH, 1828.

On drawing the coverts, this morning, we found a fine sporting fox in Hell Brake. Away he went at a rare pace up to Brailes Hill, by Sutton North, and then turned to the left by Brailes. Leaving Compton Wynniatt on the left, he made for Shutford Hill; still bearing to the left, he passed through Swacliff, and the hounds turned him up in prime style, at Tadmarton.

This was a capital thing of an hour and 12 minutes; and only a select few saw the death.

Last meet this season, on Saturday, March 27th, 1828, at Oversley Wood.

First meet this season, October 30th, 1828, at Ufton Wood.

BY HARK-FORWARD.

'See my brave pack, how to the head they press,
Justling in close array; then more diffuse
Obliquely wheel, while from their op'ning mouths
The volley'd thunder breaks.'

MEET—CHESTERTON WOOD, NOV. 3RD.

We first drew Itchington Heath, where we found a brace of foxes. Took one away to Harbury Heath, when he was headed short back. He then led us through Chesterton, Gaydon, and Chadshunt; and the hounds ran into him at Kineton, after a good run of an hour.

We then went to Bowshot, where we found a brace of foxes; but the weather was so hot that the hounds could not hit off the scent.

MEET—MITFORD BRIDGE, DEC. 9TH.

We found this morning at Barton Grove. Our fox first took a ring in the covert, and then dashed off at his best speed, for Long Compton. Here he turned to the right, through Chaford Oaks; on to Heythorpe Park; ran near to Great Tew, when he turned again to the right, and we killed him near to Ditchley.

This was a fine run of one hour and 58 minutes; the hounds hunted amazingly well the whole time, and gave great satisfaction to every gentleman present.

MEET—FARNBOROUGH, DEC. 16TH.

Having unkennelled a fox in a gorse-brake near the earths, he brushed off, taking a ring round Farnborough, and then went away, at a famous split, by Wormleighton; across the country, over Boddington Hill, and through Prior's Hardwick. He left Prior's Marston to the right, and when he got near to Shuckborough Hill he turned short to the right, by Catesby, where we came to cold hunting; we beat our fox near to Staverton Wood, after a good run of one hour and a half.

MEET—MITFORD BRIDGE, DEC. 29TH.

We found a stanch fox, this morning, close under Barton village, which quickly made away, at a speedy pace, to the other side of Barton Grove. He then faced the open fields, and ran up to the farther end of Long Compton, without being headed, or having had a single check. We spanked after him in good style, and the hounds, by their speed, gradually gained ground upon their game. After crossing the Rollright road, our fox still kept on through the village of Over Norton, until we came within sight of Chapel House. Leaving that place to the right, he swept

gallantly over the open grounds to Heythorpe Park. The pack still pressed him along until he headed and took for Sandford Park; but how he kept his rate so long and well before the hounds, which never once fell into cold hunting, as the scent grew stronger the faster they went, astonished all who kept their place in this severe and almost matchless run. When near to Sandford village, he turned again to the right, and shortly after, for the first time, he was viewed by the gentlemen at the head of the field; and we killed, near Kiddington, as stout a fox as ever broke away across a country.

THE SAME, BY VENATOR.

Close under Barton village, pug
In kennel lay, both warm and snug,
When his gay horn the huntsman sounds
To call up a few straggling hounds,
Alarm'd, away at speed he goes,
Ere nearer came his dreaded foes.
To Barton Grove he bore away
O'er tawny tilth and pastures grey,
And soon, without a halt, made good,
Through paths well known of underwood,
The other side. Facing once more
The open fields to try his pow'r.
To Long Compton, the further end,
Our fox his rapid course did wend;
No head from busy clown to throw
Him back upon his desp'rate foe.
Uncheck'd, the hounds their speed maintain'd,
And on their gallant leader gain'd.
Crossing the Rollright road, he still
Kept on thro' Over Norton vill;

Of Chapel House we caught a sight,
Then left it bearing to the right.
Sweeping across the open grounds,
He led, in style, the willing hounds
To Heythorpe Park; but even here
No friendly refuge did appear.
Still press'd along—he headed now,
And took for Sandford Park—but how
He kept his rate so long and well
Before the pack, which never fell
Into cold hunting—the fav'ring scent
Grew stronger as they faster went,
Astonish'd all who kept their place
In this severe and matchless chase.
Then near to Sandford village ran,
Where, turning to the right again,
He first was view'd—with ardour new
The pack continu'd to pursue
Their game—and kill'd near Kiddington
As stout a fox as ever run.

Kiddington village lies to the left of Ditchley Woods. The chase lasted an hour and 50 minutes. This was one of the finest runs we had seen for many years, and the termination was most satisfactory. Towards the latter end of the chase, the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Dillon, and some other gentlemen, joined the Field.

Lord Clonmell, Mr. Shirley, Mr. H. Campbell, and Mr. J. Lucy, had good places, but their horses were all beat. The huntsman kept his place.

The pack returned to kennel, not less than 30 miles, the same evening—not a hound missing.

MEET—WOLFORD WOOD, JANUARY 8TH.

This covert has long been remarkable for stout wild foxes. We found one of that description this morning, that first ran round the wood, and then went away at a good pace across a heavy line of country, over Addlestrop Hill, and near to Stow-on-the-Wold. The scent lay but cold through the day, yet the Sportsmen did not complain of the pace, as the rising hills and fences found the best nags enough to do to keep their place. Passing by Heyford, he dashed over the enclosures and waste lands nearly to Aston Park Wood. Here the Field got view of their game; and though he exerted all his powers, and ran some distance afterwards, the hounds still gained upon him, and at length turned him up in good style.

THE SAME, BY VENATOR.

'Now reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch rush,
Hounds, horses, and huntsman, all hard at his brush.'

No covert, range Old England thro',
Can such a race of foxes shew
As Wolford Wood. No better breed
To lead a pack, and foil a steed.

Reynard soon found—but ere began
The chase, he round the covert ran—
Then scamper'd off at his best pace,
To 'scape the foe he durst not face,
Across the country; upon ground
More noxious to the horse than hound—
Over Addlestrop Hill, near Stow,
That lies within the wold below.

The scent lay coldly thro' the day,
On tilth and fallow, sward and clay;
Still of the pace the sporting train
Did not at any time complain.
The rising hills and fences too,
Found the best nags enough to do
To keep their place; as on he pass'd
To Heyford, o'er closures and waste.
Near to the wood of Aston Park
The Field old reynard view'd—and, hark!
The cheering halloo! welcome sound
To ev'ry Sportsman on the ground;
But to our fox, that nobly fell,
It was—of death the direful knell.

The fox was killed not far from Cheltenham, upwards of 15 miles from the place where he was found; after a run, chiefly cold hunting, of two hours' duration.

Lord CLONMEL, Mr. POLE, of Todenham, then a spirited subscriber to the hounds, Mr. FELLOWES the master, some other Gentlemen, and the huntsman, were up at the death.

BY HARK-FORWARD.

MEET—BISHOP'S ITCHINGTON, MARCH 7TH, 1829.

This morning we drew the coverts at Ladbroke, Radbourne, and Watergall, blank. The foxes had been rattled about so much during the season, that we felt but little disappointment at the result. We then went to Itchington Heath, where we found a good fox that led us away through Chesterton Wood; then leaving Lighthorne to the left, he passed through Chesterton spiny, and from that place the pack pressed him gallantly along to Edge Hill, where he was killed,—The run lasted 54 minutes without a check.

BY ANONYMOUS.

MEET—WOLFORD WOOD, MARCH 10TH.

We started a fox out of this cover at the Moreton end, the pack well up, and the Field in good place. As he crossed Moreton Common, the fleetest nags for a time had the advantage. He then took through Evenlode, and held stoutly on, at his best pace, unchecked, to Chastleton; and led us gaily along to Addlestrop, in Gloucestershire. Then turning to the right about, he changed his route, took down the meadows, and over Evenlode brook; crossed quickly the meadows on the other side, gained the high ground, and away to Broadwell. Our fox next made play through Upper and Lower Swell, Upper and Lower Slaughter, and passed by Cold Aston Farm. It was now pretty evident the hounds were gaining ground upon their game. We soon Tallyho'd him in view, and not long afterwards he was turned up by the leading hound.

HARK-FORWARD has favoured us with a description of the same run. We killed our gallant fox, (he says,) near to Northleach. The run lasted two hours and 30 minutes, the first hour quick, and the latter part excellent hunting. As fine a sporting run as any gentleman could wish to enjoy.

THE SAME, BY VENATOR.

'Happy the man, who
With unrivall'd speed can pass his fellows,
And with pleasure view the struggling pack!'

Sportsmen are flush'd with pleasures high
When they this fav'rite cover try;
While fancy and her gaudy train
To charm the heart, inspire the brain!

Foxes—of better game or blood,
Were never bred in brake or wood—
Foxes—more hardy, brave, or stout,
Were never rous'd by hunters' shout—
Foxes—none can more boldly lead
O'er glebe and wold, at greater speed!

The hounds into the covert rush,
And nimbly ply round ev'ry bush,
With eager and sagacious nose,
Where reynard sly might seek repose.

Silent the Field—a single word
Is not from one good Sportsman heard;
With head askance, by ear to seize
Floating upon the welcome breeze
The first, the heart-inspiring note
Of some stanch hound of tuneful throat.
But now and then will intervene
Some babbling tongue to mar the scene.

From kennel rous'd, the game they send
From covert at the Moreton end;
The pack well up—the Field in place,
Delighted join the doubtful chase;
And if in countenance we find
An index faithful of the mind,
There seldom was, at cover yet,
A field scarce half so happy met.

Cross'd Moreton Common, where the soil
Favour'd the fleetest nags awhile;
Through Evenlode without a stop
To those who could the hedges top.

Our fox, uncheck'd, held stoutly on
At his best pace to Chastleton;
Then gaily led us pretty near
To Addlestrop, in Glostershire.

Here turning to the right about,
He chang'd, capricious rogue, his route;
The meadows gain'd, and took his road
Over the brook of Evenlode.
Then quickly to the uplands flew
Across the meads of greenish blue.
Beat by the heavy ground, we find
The weaker horses tail behind.

To Broadwell next, and forward go
The gallant Field—then leaving Stow
Close on the left. The rampant, bold,
Hot, restive nag, one scarce could hold
When to the covert first he came,
Is now, alas! passive and tame.
The prime in blood, and stout in bone,
Enjoy the sport almost alone!
Thro' Lower, and to Upper Swell
The chase continued—few could tell,
Tho' riding nags as whalebone tough,
Which next would fail, and cry—'Enough!'
Upper and Lower Slaughter were
Left at a distance in the rear.
Passing Cold Aston Farm, 'twas plain
The pack did slowly on him gain;
As he Farmington Grove drew nigh,
We said, our gallant fox must die!
For the first time the morning thro',
Reynard was 'Tallyho'd,' in view;

Symptom of death—his daggl'd brush
Trail'd on the earth—by ardent rush
The leader of the pack, good hound,
Streteh'd the brave fellow on the ground.

We have been informed by another Sportsman who was present—That this run lasted two hours and 35 minutes, and was considered the best run that had occurred for some time. The first 50 minutes was very severe, and many Sportsmen disappeared before the end of the chase.

Last meet this season, March 28th, 1829, at Mitford Bridge.

At the commencement of this season, the following Sportsmen, among many others, were at Leamington :— Sir Edward Mostyn, Sir E. Antrobus, Mr. Shakerley, Colonel Nicholls, Mr. Cresvelt, Mr. Cardwell, Mr. G. C. Antrobus, M. de Normandie, &c. &c.

BY ANONYMOUS.

' The fox has broke cover, and gallantly bounds
O'er the hills and the dales, while the echo resounds.'

MEET—COMPTON VERNEY, NOV. 2ND, 1829.

This well-conducted pack met at Compton Verney, on Monday, where a most brilliant muster of well mounted Sportsmen, among whom we noticed several County Gentlemen, and most of the Leamington Nimrods, assembled to witness the opening of the hunting campaign.

On Tuesday, the hounds threw off at Farnborough, where, after a little parley, a game fox broke cover, and led his pursuers at a very trying pace, over hill and dale; when after a brilliant and gallant run of three hours and 20 minutes, reynard closed an excellent day's sport by suddenly taking to earth.

BY HARK-FORWARD.

MEET—FARNBOROUGH, NOV. 3RD.

Found on the Mollington side, and after our fox had taken a sharp ring for 20 minutes, he went to ground. We soon found a good game fox in that part of the gorse near the earths, which went nobly away. Ringed by Mollington, and then took straight over Boddington Hill, and through Prior's Hardwick. Taking the left of Prior's Marston, he led on through Griffin's Gorse, Hellidon village, and the Charwelton spinies, to Preston Gaps, and then to Church Wood, where we stopped the hounds, after a fine run of one hour and fifty minutes.

This being early in the season, our horses were all beat; and as we knew the cover to be full of foxes, we thought it would be the best plan to stop the hounds, which was done just before they reached the wood.

MEET—OXHILL VILLAGE, NOV. 7TH.

After the meet, we found a capital fox in Hell Brake, and he went away at a good rattling pace to Brailes Hill, and by Sutton North. Leaving Cherrington on the left, he bore along straight through Wichford and Long Compton woods, and Rollright Coombs. By passing that village to the left he ran to Over Norton, where we ran into him, after a very good run of one hour and 45 minutes.

This was a most severe day for the nags; Captain GREGORY's horse died near Halford Bridge.

MEET—OAKLEY WOOD, NOV. 16TH.

This excellent pack of foxhounds had another brilliant run on Monday, when they met according to appointment at Oakley Wood, where they threw off in fine style; a great number of ladies and gentlemen being spectators of the animating scene. In a few minutes a fine fox was found, who, with the sagacity of his species, after tantalizing his pursuers with running a few short rings, suddenly took to earth, and obliged them to proceed further in search of sport.

Many of the field left here, and the hounds were drawn away to Lighthorne Rough, where, about noon, the merry cry was again heard, the hounds having started another fox possessing more game, and less cunning. He took off in gallant style, in the direction of Hill Farm; then turning to the left he skirted Compton Verney House, and the beautiful woods of that domain; bounded to the right in the direction of Brickhill Gorse, and after passing the Red House, went at a spanking rate across Brockhampton fields to Butler's Marston, where a very short check ensued. The pack soon hit off the scent again, and their fox led them close by the kennel to Blacklands and Pillerton Hersey, leaving Oxhill village to the left. Here reynard, turning to the right towards Hell Brake, put his speed to the utmost, and led the pack over hill and dale, through flood and field, in prime style, as far as Lord NORTHAMPTON'S, at Compton Wynniate, where he took refuge in the ice-house. The hounds closely followed, and Colonel GILBERT, Mr. R. GREAVES, and the huntsman, obtaining a ladder and some lights, entered poor reynard's singular retreat, descended an ice pit about ten feet deep, and found at the bottom several of the hounds, who had devoured every part of the fox except his nose.

This run was one of the severest of the season, and lasted an hour and 45 minutes. Of the few heavy weights who were up at the death, was the owner of *Ben Lomond*, Mr. W. Bellamy, of Haseley. Mr. T. Cumines, jun. and Mr. Cockbill, jun. were also up at the end.

MEET—FARNBOROUGH, NOV. 28TH.

An excellent Field of Sporting Gentlemen assembled at the meet this morning. A fox, one that could go along, was soon found in the plantations adjoining the seat of W. Holbech, Esq. but after running a ring or two on the lawn, and twice crossing the fishpond, we killed him in front of the house.

In a neighbouring gorse a second fox was found; he led us a gallant chase of an hour and ten minutes, without a check, and ran to ground within about three miles of Banbury.

MEET—WOLFORD WOOD.

Dec. 1—We met at Wolford Wood, and found a fox on the Leamington Hastings coppice side of that cover; he ringed about the wood and heath for an hour, before he left them. At last he went away in good style, for Leamington Hastings, the pack at times pressing hard upon his brush, and then he crossed the open country into Gloucestershire, and was killed at Shedcombe, between Cambden and Cheltenham, about eight miles from the latter place. The run, which afforded some excellent sport, lasted an hour and 20 minutes without a single check. 1

1 At the death, the Leamingtonians found themselves 34 miles from home; a distance very distressing to horses after a long and severe day.

The hounds met both on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 15th and 16th, but did not throw off in consequence of the foggy weather.

MEET—COMPTON VERNEY.

Dec. 17—The hounds met this day, (Thursday,) at Compton Verney, where they soon found a good fox in a plantation in front of the house. The fox led us off at a speedy rate, and after skirting Lighthorne Rough, Moreton Wood, and Oakley Wood, ran into Warwick Park, where it was thought they changed foxes. The second fox ringed for Oakley Wood and took to a drain; he was got out and thrown up, after a chase of 20 minutes. 1

BY HARK-FORWARD.

MEET—CHESTERTON WOOD.

Feb. 13th, 1830—The hounds had been kept out of the field for many weeks by the frost, and to-day the riding was very bad; on the north and north-east sides of the fences the ground still remained hard, and to leap was highly dangerous both to man and horse; but a few of those Sportsmen which you will find in most countries, and who know very little about hunting, were hunting-mad, and hunt they must, at all risks. Jack Wood thought they would like a good crash, and to humour them he took out 40½ couple of hounds to Chesterton Wood. Three brace of foxes were soon afoot, and the break-away was succeeded by a famous crash for half an hour. The hounds kept well together, and away they went to Itchington Heath. Our fox left Harbury to the right, and then turned to the left

1 The hounds did not go out again, in consequence of a severe frost, for eight weeks.

over Whitnash Field, leaving Warwick Park on the right, and Oakley Wood to the left. He then took through Carter's Bushes to Chesterton Wood, where three fine chesnut horses cried 'Enough,' and were taken home to the Abbey, and Leamington Spa. The hounds, fresh as larks, ran straight through the wood without a check, and pursued their game in a line to Harbury. Leaving Radford just to the right, and Whitnash village to the left, reynard passed straight by Leamington, and we killed him in good style, on the bridge in Warwick Park. Every hound was up at the death, except one called *Wonder*.

In this run, which lasted three hours, there was some excellent hunting; but few horses were up at the end of the run, and they were all beat. Mr. FELLOWES, Mr. POLE, and Mr. MITCHELL, were in at the death. [1]

THE SAME, BY ANONYMOUS.

The pack met, according to appointment, on Saturday, February 13th, at Chesterton. Reynard soon broke cover, and went off in gallant style towards Itchington Holt; and after skirting the village of Tachbroke, returned to his old quarters, but he was so closely pursued by the hounds that he stopped there no time, but went off at a slapping pace, nearly over the same ground, till he got to Tachbroke. He then kept on until he ran into Warwick Park, where, after a sharp chase, he was killed near the bridge.

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1 The young ones, who were in the morning so anxious for the throw-off, the one or two at least who saw the latter part of the run, were greatly delighted with the day's sport, and returned home elated with the self-gratification, that they knew as much of foxhunting as the oldest Sportsmen in the field. No accident, fortunately, of any serious consequence, occurred during the day.

Thus closed one of the most brilliant runs of the season, extending from end to end 12 miles, and occupying an hour and 20 minutes, with but one momentary check near to Highdown.

The severity of the run was such, that many of the crack horses were completely knocked up; and some few were bled, long previous to the death of the fox, on the field.

MEET—OAKLEY WOOD.

March 11—The hounds met on Thursday, at Oakley Wood, where they soon found a fox that went away for Newbold Pacey, over Moreton brook. They continued moving at a slapping pace, without intermission, for a full quarter of an hour, when the scent changed on getting on the limestone. After a short interval, Mr. FELLOWES determined upon drawing Chesterton Wood for a fresh fox, in which he was successful. Reynard made the best use of his legs, and went away with the hounds close at his brush; and although he was a bad fox, he afforded a capital day's sport, and had the run been straight it would have proved a good thing.

There was a large Field, and the scene was unusually attractive by the number of ladies present in their carriages —among whom were Lady MOSTYN, Lady ONGLEY, Mrs. NUGENT, Mrs. HOOK, Misses GREGORY, &c. &c.

Mr. FELLOWES having signified his intention of giving up the management of the hounds at the close of this season, 1830, the Gentlemen of the County, Subscribers to the Hunt, met at the Warwick Arms, on Wednesday, the 2nd of December. During the meeting, J. RUSSELL, Esq. M. P. of Upton House, expressed his willingness, in case no other offer was made, to hunt the Warwickshire country,

for seven years, if the sum of £2,000 was annually subscribed. The company much regretted the retirement of Mr. Fellowes, and it was suggested that the Woodlands should be more frequently hunted, as they generally produced a breed of foxes remarkably good.

In the latter part of this year, December 13th, 1830, the hounds met at the kennel; and Mr. Thornhill, of Wellesbourne, while following them, met with a very severe accident, from the effects of which, his friends were happy to hear, that he recovered much sooner than could be expected.

Last meet, this season, Tuesday, March 30th, 1830, at Oakley Wood.

Jack Wood now left the Warwickshire.—There was no finer horseman, (says Nimrod,) than Jack Wood, having a graceful seat, and a light hand. In fact, Wood rode like a gentleman, but he had been unlucky, having broken a leg, a thigh, and a collar bone. Perhaps Dick Christian would call this 'something particular,' although he considered his own fractured leg 'nothing particular.' 1

1 Dick Christian rode Mr. Mostyn's Warwick, in the Dunchurch Steeple Race, and Mr. Russell's Scripton in the Leamington Steeple Race, with steady nerve and great judgment, in 1837.

MR. FELLOWES'S FOXHOUNDS, 1830.

EIGHT YEARS.

NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
Virulent ..	Lord Sondes's Ottoman ..	Vengeance

SEVEN YEARS.

Fallacy ..	Duke of Beaufort's Waterloo ..	Friendly
Ornament ..	Duke of Beaufort's Nectar ..	Ominous
Rosamond ..	Duke of Beaufort's Hermit ..	Rumsey
Waterloo ..	Warrior	Whynot
Destiny ..	Mr. Osbaldeston's Pilot ..	Diligent
Hebe ..	Hannibal	Darling
Proserpine ..	Mr. Meynell's Bajazet ..	Proserpine

SIX YEARS.

Bachelor .	Mr. Osbaldeston's Chorister ..	Blemish
Cardinal, Curious	Mr. Osbaldeston's Chorister ..	Whynot
Danger, Dairymaid	Duke of Beaufort's Dorimand ..	Bridemaid
Lapwing ..	Guardsman	Lapwing
Victory, Virgin	Benedict	Virulent

FIVE YEARS.

Boaster, Bridemaid	Rocket	Bridemaid
Brevity ..	Rocket	Bridemaid
Benedict, Basker, Bobadil	Duke of Beaufort's Rubens ..	Brilliant
Dealer ..	Duke of Beaufort's Dorimand	Juliet
Jester ..	Mr. Musters' Jester ..	Duchess
Jovial, Jessamy	Mr. Osbaldeston's Jasper ..	Lucy
Messmate ..	Lord Tavistock's Marmion ..	his Syren
Volatile ..	Mr. Osbaldeston's Valentine ..	Virulent
Whipster ..	Duke of Rutland's Lifter ..	his Wanton
Wildfire, Warble	Mr. Osbaldeston's Rasselas ..	Whynot

FOUR YEARS.

NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
Absolute	Rocket	Active
Basilisk	Workman	Brilliant
Blossom	Workman	Brilliant
Benefit, Butterfly	Mr. Osbaldeston's Vanquisher	Blemish
Bertram, Barmaid, Bashful, Bonny Lass	Duke of Beaufort's Boxer	Virulent
Dolphin	Workman	Darling
Emperor	Mr. Osbaldeston's Emperor	Judy
Nimrod	Duke of Beaufort's Nimrod	Friendly
Pillager, Playful	Duke of Beaufort's Platoff	Comedy
Ranter	Rocket	Dairymaid

THREE YEARS.

Blucher	Bajazet	Cymbeline
Clarion, Conrad	Rocket	Curious
Comfort	Rocket	Curious
Cruiser	Conqueror	Juliet
Hermit, Harper, Pilot	Hannibal	Vocal
Pontiff, Prudence	Bachelor	Proserpine
Rebel	Rocket	Destiny
Wonder, Whynot	Rocket	Whynot
Warrior	Workman	Dairymaid

TWO YEARS.

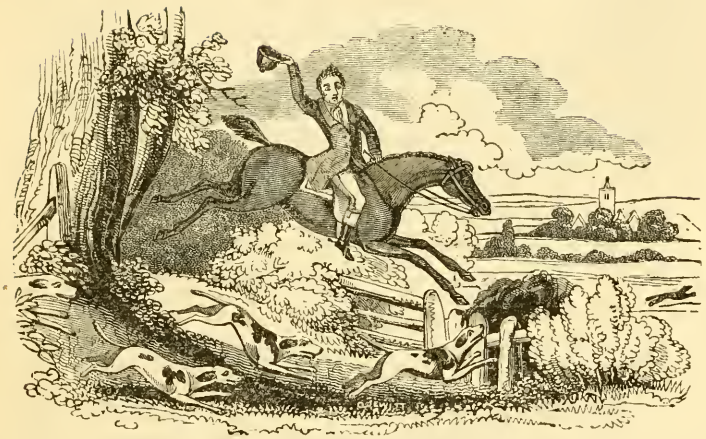
Champion, Comedy, Countess	Duke of Beaufort's Boxer	Cymbeline
Dorimont, Daffodil	Rocket	Destiny
Justice	Rocket	Jessamy
Minister	Minister	Diligent
Royal, Ruby, Rosebud, Rally	Rocket	Proserpine
Rector	Rocket	Warspite
Rubens, Redrose, Ruin	Duke of Beaufort's Rubens	Darling
Viola	Duke of Beaufort's Vanguard	Virulent
Windsor, Wildboy	Workman	Dairymaid

ONE YEAR.

NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
Brusher, Bowman	Benedict	Warble
Baronet, Blameless	Benedict	Warble
Bugler ..	Colonel Berkeley's Pagan ..	his Bravery
Cryer ..	Rocket	Cymbeline
Denmark, Dewdrop	Ranter	Destiny
Duncan ..	Bobadil	Darling
Harmony, Harmless	Ranter	Honesty
Marmion, Manager, Mover, Madcap, Modish	Minister	Dairymaid
Remus ..	Rocket	Vocal
Remnant ..	Duke of Beaufort's Rubens ..	his Waspish
Rifleman ..	Rocket	Playful
Rambler, Ringwood, Ruler	Rocket	Wildfire
Vaulter ..	Duke of Beaufort's Vanguard ..	Diligent
Voucher ..	Ditto	his Echo
Welcome ..	Col. Berkeley's Woldsman ..	his Racket
Workman ..	Workman	Volatile

TOTAL—Fifty two Couples.

MR. RUSSELL.



John Russell, Esq. of Upton House, took to the management of the hounds from Mr. Fellowes, hunting them by subscription. Bill Boxall was promoted to the office of huntsman.

Mr. Russell entered upon the Hunt with high pretensions. He was a capital sportsman, the branch of a noble family, and, by marriage, of distinguished connections ; and his character, both in public and social life, reflected honour upon his name. The anticipations of good sport, raised by the excellent arrangements of the worthy Master, were fully realised.

At a meeting held at the Royal Hotel, Leamington, in 1830, Mr. Russell in the chair, it was agreed,—that a kennel, stables, &c. should be erected near to the town, for the better accommodation of those gentlemen who resided in the vicinity of the Spa, as well as those sportsmen who made Leamington their head quarters during the hunting season. The inhabitants subscribed liberally to carry the resolutions of the meeting into effect, and Mr. F. Robbins engaged to complete the whole by the September following, for the sum of £200. Mr. Robbins fulfilled his engagement with great credit to himself, and to the satisfaction of his employers. The buildings were erected at Lillington, about a mile north of the town.

BY G. R.

MEET—UPTON HOUSE.

The season commenced on the 1st of November. The meet was at Upton House, the seat of Mr. Russell, the present master of the hounds. The meet most respectable and numerous. The morning was all a true sportsman could wish, 'with a southerly wind and a cloudy sky,' and proclaimed that sport, which, but for an unlucky circumstance, we should have had. We trotted to a small covert three miles towards Banbury, where, in a little brake, not more than an acre, we found a brace of foxes, which went off in gallant style. The hounds setting to one, led us such a pace for about four miles, that had it continued, very few would have seen the end of it. He went to ground.

We returned to the same place, and found another of the fox family, but were again unfortunate.

At the same moment there was a halloo away to a fresh fox, which we could do but little with, and after dragging him nearly an hour, with bad scent, the hounds behaving admirably, we returned and killed our second fox, which had taken ground, and he was turned up in a very short time.

THE SAME, BY VENATOR.

'Let's away, let's away to the joys of the chase.'

November first, Upton the meet,
The worthy Master's rural seat;
Pleasure and health our chiefest end,
To greet with joy each well-known friend;
And *Johnny Newcomes*, hot to shew
What feats they can, or cannot do!

The muster strong, and many there
Of noble port, the eye to cheer.
'A southern wind, a cloudy sky,'
When horses, hounds, and fox, can fly;
Trotting the Banb'ry road along,
Expecting scent both high and strong, 1

1 Scent, it has been observed, is an effluvium constantly arising from the corpuscles that issue out of all bodies; and being impregnated with the peculiar state and quality of the blood and juices of that particular animal from which they flow, occasion the vast variety of smells or scents, cognizable by the olfactory nerves or organs of smelling. Hence it is why one person differs from another in scent, and why a dog will trace the footsteps of his master for a hundred miles together, following him into any house, church, or other building, though surrounded by ten thousand; and when the faithful animal has thus diligently sought and recognized his master, he is seldom willing even to trust the evidence of his own eyes, until, with erected crest, he has taken a few cordial sniffs to be convinced he is right.

In braky copse, not yet a wood,
We found a brace of foxes, good.
In gallant style away they're gone,
The hounds soon settled firm to one,
At killing pace—a desp'rate rush—
The pack still pressing at his brush
About four miles—had it been more
The Field had dwindled to a score.
Then bay'd, alas! the leading hound,
The crafty fellow ran to ground.
To the same heath again return'd,
The Field once more with ardour burn'd;
To us our lucky stars were kind,
Another fox was left behind.
But here, alack! by chance or fate,
Our sport was not more fortunate.
The cheering sound—a gladsome halloo,
Fresh game announc'd—away, we follow;
The busy pack, so bad the scent, 1
Could not make out the way he went,
An hour, at least, in this essay,
Was lost—no more to pass away!
Our second fox again we found
In his retreat, snug under ground;
Turn'd out, the hounds quickly in cry,
Soon made the felon's jacket fly!

1 Another writer thinks, that scent does not depend upon the air only; but that in a certain portion and degree it depends upon the soil also. The best scent is that which is occasioned by the effluvia, as he calls it, or particles of scent, which are constantly perspiring from game as it runs, and are strongest and most favourable to the hound, when kept by the gravity of the air to the height of his breast; for there it is neither above his reach, nor is it necessary he should stoop for it, at which time the scent is said to lay 'breast high.'

BY G. R.

MEET—IDLICOTE.

We met one morning at Idlicote, and after drawing a short time, we were cheered by the glad sound 'Tallyho—Hark-forward!—Yonder he goes!' and in a twinkling the whole pack were at his brush; and so hard did they press him, that he doubled all of a sudden and reached the cover, but was soon routed, and again returned to the open; he was obliged to turn at the same place, and go to his den, but that was refused him, and getting a little a head of the hounds, he made so much way that we saw no more of him for an hour and a quarter, when some one viewed him going at his best pace across that fine grass country at the back of Edge Hill.

Here we came to an unlucky check, or we must have finished one of the finest runs ever heard of, the scent lying breast high. 1 Not more than 20 now appeared out of 180 at least. We were not long at fault, as the fox had been lately viewed, and by lifting our hounds over a field or two we hit off again; and after a long and good slow hunting run, killed him in a large turnip field, to the great joy of the few who came up, and who were glad to join in the deafening death-halloo.

1 Scent, it has also been said, depends, chiefly, on the condition the ground is in, and the temperature of the air, both which should be moist without being wet. On the contrary, when the ground is hard and the air dry, it is seldom known to be good. It rarely lies well with an east or northerly wind; a southerly wind without rain, and a westerly wind that is not rough, are the most favourable. Storms in the air are great enemies to scent. It has also frequently been remarked, that scent lies best on the richest soils. Whether scent is formed of identical parts of the animal's body, emitted in exhalations of respiration from the lungs, or of perspirative matter through the skin, has not yet been ascertained by any writers upon the subject.

Amongst them I noticed Mr. Lucas, one or two Leamington Nimrods, and Mr. Greaves, on his favourite and famous old mare, which he rode over the last fence in great style, and brushed the fox before the huntsman, who had tired three horses. The disasters were not a few, nor far between.

THE SAME, BY VENATOR.

'See we each well known covert's side,
Each fav'rite hound, the huntsman's pride;
Each friendly voice, each note, each cheer,
Again with thrilling ardour hear;
And picture still in Fancy's glow,
The wild, the madd'ning Tallyho!'

At the wood side three weeks ago,
We heard the welcome 'Tallyho!
Hark-forward! See, yonder he goes!'
No hounds excel in speed and nose,
We need not say—the eager throng
Fly o'er the leys swiftly along;
Reynard, hard press'd, to save his hide,
Turn'd and regain'd the covert side.

Routed, and the open daring,
At his brush the pack hard bearing,
At the same point he turn'd again,
To reach once more his fav'rite den.
This deny'd, the subtle ranger
Dash'd along to 'scape from danger.
Heading at first—then slowly gaining
Ground—and still his speed maintaining,
When lo! a most unlucky halt—
The Field pull'd up—the hounds at fault.

Distain'd, now see the foamy side
Of panting steed with nostril wide.
Old Time near eighty minutes gain'd,
Ere we another view obtain'd.
The stoutest see of wily race
Leading away at swiftest pace,
Over the rich and fertile ground
That backs Edge Hill with grassy bound.

Cold hunting now the Field perplex'd,
The horses chill'd—the riders vex'd—
Or ended here a run had been,
The finest e'er by Sportsman seen.

Catching again—so hot the scent,
Away the nags that could go, went;
Others head-first, at pace of snail,
Pitching like kite with loss of tail.
Of nine score nags that pranc'd and rear'd,
Not more than twenty now appear'd.

Our fox once more away was view'd,
The sport with vigour we renew'd;
Lifting the hounds a field or so,
Again they hit, and at him go.

The hunting slow, yet sure and good;
In gorsy brake, or tangled wood,
In rocky hold, or noisome drain,
No shelter found, so fac'd the main.
In a large turnip field the pack
Threw the stout fellow on his back.
Describe, who can, the ardent joy
Of those who join'd the—Death-whoop cry!

BY G. R.

MEET—LADBROKE.

On Monday, November 29th, we met at Ladbroke, and found in a small gorse covert. In a very few minutes sly reynard made his appearance in full view, and a finer fellow never led a pack of hounds. The scent being good, the hounds were out in a moment, and went away in such dashing style, that few only had the pleasure of riding in the same field with them, and very many so far in the rear ranks, that they contented themselves with the common inquiry, 'Pray, Sir, can you inform me which way the hounds are gone?' Here we had a check by the fox going along a road, and were soon put right, by one of *Captain Swing's* brigade, at work in a ditch by the road side, who told the huntsman 1 that pug had sheered to a plantation at a short distance. This put us all right again, and the gallant animal which promised us so much sport on his first appearance, realized all our expectations, by standing before his stanch pursuers full an hour; and at length, after as fine a run as ever was seen, went to earth near Rugby, a distance of 14 or 15 miles from the place of starting, and we must have gone considerably more than 20 miles.—Very few went better or straighter than the Master of the hounds.

1 A huntsman (says Mr. Beckford,) should be attached to the sport, and indefatigable in the pursuit of it; he should be sensible, good tempered, sober, exact, and cleanly, a good groom, and an excellent horseman; his voice should be strong and clear, with an eye so quick as to perceive which of his hounds carry the scent when all are running, and where they throw up; as well as an ear so excellent, as always to distinguish the leading hounds when he does not see them. Such are the qualities that constitute perfection in a huntsman; he should not, however, be too fond of displaying them, till called forth by necessity; it being a peculiar and distinguishing trait in his province, to let his hounds alone whilst they can hunt, and strenuously to assist them when they cannot.

THE SAME, BY VENATOR.

'The huntsman, ever gay, robust and bold,
Defies the noxious vapour, and confides
In this delightful exercise to raise
His drooping head, and cheer his heart with joy!'

Met gay again—Ladbroke the ground,
And in a small gorse covert found.
Reynard from kennel nimbly flew,
Then boldly shew'd himself in view;
A finer fellow never led
A pack o'er fallow, ley, or mead.
The hounds rush quick from gorsy toil,
Dashing along in gallant style;
To few did chance the pleasure yield
Of seeing them in the same field.

The rear rank all so far thrown out,
They rode by guess the fields about,
The old inquiry making—'Pray,
Can you inform me, Sir, which way
The hounds are gone—to left or right?'
Sad rueful looks from woful plight.
Now check'd awhile the lucky throng,
The fox had skulked a road along.
Put right again, (good ground they made,)
By one of *Captain Swing's* brigade,
Who sluggish at his labour ply'd
In muddy ditch by the way side.
A covert small the huntsman shew'd,
Where he our game had lately view'd.
This rais'd again our spirits high,
We all to the plantation fly.
This gallant animal—the sort
To shew a field the finest sport,

Confirm'd what we at first premis'd,
Our ardent wishes realized.
Reynard, defying hound and horse,
When rous'd the open took across;
Exerted all his speed and power,
Standing before them full an hour.

When pug, once more his heart to cheer,
Got safe to earth at Rugby near;
A distance, many of us know,
Of fifteen miles, as flies the crow;
Twenty and more by curving round,
From covert side to place of ground.
A finer run was never seen
By any Sportsman yet, I ween.

UFTON WOOD.

On Thursday, December 17th, met at Ufton Wood; and an hour at least elapsed before reynard broke cover. A fine hunt then ensued, and the wily fox led his pursuers at a spanking rate over hill and dale, traversing in succession Whitnash Gorse, Chesterton Wood, and Lighthorne Rough. From thence, after skirting the plantations at Lord Willoughby de Broke's, he went in the direction of Brickhill Gorse. Reynard, nothing loth, retraced his steps to Walton Wood, where he was killed; thus terminating a brilliant run of two hours and 20 minutes, a slight check only intervening.

A good shew of horsemen assembled to day in the field, and although the greater part of them were very well mounted, few were in at the death. This run afforded to all, whose nags knew how to cross a sporting country, an opportunity of displaying their nerve and judgment, and the pleasure of leaving the point-riders in the rear.

STONELEIGH—JANUARY 3RD.

The Warwickshire hounds met to-day, Monday, the 3d of January, at Stoneleigh, when the lawn of that noble mansion was enlivened by the appearance of some splendid equipages, and an assemblage of 200 horsemen, many of whom were gaily clad in the costume of the Field, which, together with the hills and dales in the vicinity, re-echoing the cheering music of the chase, rendered the scene one of the most animating description. Reynard was soon found in Thickthorn Wood, and a fine burst ensued. He crossed the Avon to Berricote, that is on the opposite side of the river, which he crossed three or four times. The last time he went off in the direction of Mr. BURBURY's Grange Farm, where, after a chase of nearly two hours, he took to earth. A terrier was let loose into the sough where reynard had taken refuge, and after a short interval he was brought out and killed.

A second fox was afterwards bolted from the same sough, and afforded an excellent chase of seven miles; but night coming on, the pack was suddenly whipped off in the neighbourhood of Kenilworth, leaving reynard, for the present, undisturbed possession of his native haunts.

Owing to the slippery state of the ground, eight or nine gentlemen were thrown from their horses during the chase, but no accident of a serious description occurred. 1

1 At a time when all the world is run mad about foxhunting, (an old Sportsman remarks) I am surprised so few gentlemen have learned to enjoy it rationally; the fashion of the present day is hard riding, and at night, when at the convivial board, their only pleasure seems to be in relating the exploits or disasters of their own, or their friends' horses; not a word about the best or the worst hound in the pack, or any idea started to ascertain whether by system, or by accident, they had contrived to carry a scent twenty miles over a country to kill a fox; and how so great an event has been achieved, few modern Sportsmen can with any degree of accuracy relate.

ALVESTON PASTURES.

Found a fox at Alveston Pastures, and ran him by Loxley, through Wellesbourne Wood, and on to Walton. Then along the Bath Hill to Bowshot, where we changed our fox, and ran him through Moreton Wood, and then to Lighthorne Rough. As Mr. RUSSELL would not permit the hounds to be thrown into the covert, we returned to Bowshot, and found the hunted fox. He took us away, first to Moreton Wood, and then on to Newbold Pacey; left that place to the right, went straight through Charlecote Park, and then off to Alveston Pastures. Here we changed our fox, and he led us back to Sir JOHN MORDAUNT'S, where, as it was now getting very dark, we stopped the hounds.

WIMPSTONE BRIDGE, JAN. 24TH, 1831.

Hark! hark again! the horn so gay,
The 'Tallyho,' and 'Gone away;'
The hounds in full melodious cry,
And horsemen o'er the fences fly!'

The meet this morning, January 24th, was at Wimpstone Bridge. Preston Bushes were drawn in vain, but Wimpstone Bushes soon produced us a fox that was viewed away in gallant style, the hounds following him at a rattling pace. He crossed Preston brook, leaving the Bushes of Preston on the right, and then traversed the fine grass country at Admington, as far as Meon Hill; when he had got half way up, he suddenly turned down hill, bounded through the valley at a good hunting pace, and took to ground at Mickleton Wood. Here might have terminated a good day's sport, for the mettle of the nags had been tried by the sharpness of the run, and the heavy country through which they had just passed.

This being Colonel BERKELEY's month for hunting the neutral country, the hounds were taken in the direction of Eatington, the nearest cover; and upon drawing Alderminster Bank, an old hound challenged before the rest got well up. Here as gallant a fox broke cover as ever crossed a country. Being viewed into Rough Hill, where the hounds settled to him, he went direct for Eatington Grove, passed straight through it, and over two fields towards the Idlicote country, where he was headed back to the Grove. On being forced, reynard immediately broke away at the bottom, and then made for his old point, in the direction of Idlicote; but suddenly turning he crossed Mr. SHIRLEY's park, then to the river Stour, at the village of Tredington. Here the gallant nature of our fox became manifest; not in the least daunted, he crossed the river where there was no cover within many miles of the place. He then led his pursuers over Newbold open fields, to Mr. FELLOWES's house at Talton, then over the Moreton railway, and about a mile up, crossed Talton brook, and after passing through Armscot open fields, reached Wimpstone Downs. At this time the pace was so great, that two or three old hounds were left behind. Wimpstone Downs were then crossed, and after passing through Mr. TOWNSEND's plantation, the gallant party reached Ilmington Hills, where the scent got bad, the snow on the ground lying two or three inches thick. After passing the turnpike road from Ilmington to Campden, reynard ran straight through Foxcote plantations and the gorse, and instantly faced the fine grass country beyond to Ebrington village. At Paxford plantations the hounds were whipped off, from fear of a fresh fox.

But few horsemen came up, most of the nags being so much distressed. The run was about 15 miles, in an hour and 20 minutes.

BY AN OLD SPORTSMAN.—LADBROKE.

The Warwickshire hounds had a grand day on Thursday the 17th of February. The Field, doubtless, was the most numerous and brilliant of the season, having been joined by many of the well known Sportsmen from Sir J. GERARD'S, and Mr. OSBALDESTON'S hunt. They met at Ladbroke, and drew that favourite cover Radbourne Gorse, which never fails to furnish them with an out-and-out good fox. The hounds had no sooner entered the cover, than a fine fox was viewed away, and went at best pace for 35 minutes, over as fine a grass country as ever was seen; and taking a circuitous route he was run to ground near Watergall. On proceeding to dig him out the hounds were drawn back to give him a second chance, and away he went for 20 minutes longer, without any of the Field seeing either hound or fox until they came to the village of Farnborough, where reynard had secreted himself in a farm yard, and where he was obliged to say 'enough,' to his stanch and fleet pursuers.

A remarkable incident took place in this run, one that exhibited great presence of mind, singular activity, and strong muscular power, in the individual to whom it occurred. Mr. BROWN, veterinary surgeon, of Warwick, was going very fast at a high hawthorn fence, and did not perceive, until he got within a few yards of it, that on the other side, down a steep descent, there was water, into which he must inevitably fall. At this moment he loosed the bridle, and with his left hand, caught hold of the bough of an oak tree, and his horse dropped into the canal, a distance of nine yards and a quarter from the place he took up, and swam to the opposite side. The horse immediately came back to his rider, who remounted, and continued the chase. Neither of them received the least injury from the accident.

THE SAME, BY VENATOR.

Old Sol to the south travels slowly along,
Scarce deigning a gleam from the vapours among;
The mists, when dispers'd from the valley and glen,
Retire to the tops of the mountain again.
Our world lies below—In the plain, on the wold,
On upland, in lowland, on hills sharp and cold;
In vale and in copse, in brake and in wood,
With a sturdy old fox, and a scent warm and good.
On a nag stout as steel, that can dash thro' the mire,
And jump ev'ry fence—this is all we require.

We met to-day a Field as fine
As ever chas'd a fox in line,
A Field more splendid never drew
A wood, or o'er a country flew;
No Sportsman, were he so inclin'd,
Durst leave his choicest nag behind.

That fav'rite cover Radbourne Gorse
Was drawn—where we expect, of course,
An out-and-out good fox to find,
As stout as brave, and fleet as wind.

The hounds had scarcely time to make
Their way into the prickly brake,
Than an old fox of noble mien
Dash'd o'er the sward of brownish-green.

The 'Tallyho!' sweet grateful sound,
Was caught by Sportsman, horse, and hound,
Whilst echo spread the gladsome tale
Of 'Tallyho' thro' copse and dale.
Bold reynard, at his swiftest pace
Led on in gallant style the chase
Near forty minutes—finer ground
Was never cross'd by fox or hound.

Diverging now, he led his stout
Pursuers thro' a circling route,
Aiming by stealth to evitate
From them, and thus avoid his fate,
And found at length, as chance might fall,
A friendly earth near Watergall.

Quickly the hounds were up, and bay
Their game, as he in tenure lay
Of doubtful ownership—poor wight—
'Twas urg'd by all the Field, his right
Was not tenable—he must hold
By primogeniture, not bold
Usurpation—and in his case
He'd neither deed of gift—nor lease—
Usage prescriptive—no legal
Document—nor title regal—
To keep, as he did, possession,
'Spite o' th' Foxhunting Profession,
Defying all the sporting laws
Applying aptly to his cause.
Besides, 'twas high contempt indeed
In his old Foxship not to plead
Before the Court, *per se*—to shew
Whether he had the right or no;
Or might have done by *learned brother*,
Forma pauperis—or some other.
'Twas then agreed by gen'ral shout,
They'd, *nolens volens*, fetch him out!

Boxall doth now the hounds withdraw,
To give the trembling felon law;
A doubtful second chance to try,
Whether the knave shall live or die.

Again away—the run so keen,
That neither hound nor fox was seen
By any of the field, for more
Than twenty minutes—the power
Was so reduc'd of ev'ry nag,
The very stoutest seemed to flag.

When to Farnborough vill he came,
The hounds press'd closer on their game,
And he, to shun a fate so hard,
Sought shelter in a farmer's yard;
Where he, the day with pride to close,
Exhausted fell before his foes. 1

COMPTON VERNEY.

'The joyous sound
Of distant Sportsmen, and the deep-tongu'd hound
First heard from kennel bursting mad with joy.'

The meet, on the 24th of February, was at this place, and the Field displayed a great number of well-appointed Sportsmen. The hounds soon found at Lighthorne Rough, when reynard broke cover in capital style. After being headed a few times in a manner never practised by any good sportsman, he went in the direction of Chesterton Wood; afterwards he made a sudden turn, and leaving Compton Verney and Kineton to the right, ran into that fine bushy covert called the Holt, which he did not for some time seem inclined to leave, which gave the stragglers

1 The indefatigable exertions of Boxall, together with the style in which the hounds are turned out, cannot fail to give satisfaction to every Sportsman.

an opportunity of coming up. At length, having left the covert, a fine burst ensued; the hounds kept close to his brush until they got within a short distance of Edge Hill. After passing through Mr. Russell's fine plantations at Upton House, he took his course towards Banbury, and then retraced his steps as far as the poultry-yard, in the Park; then leading the pack about three miles beyond Kineton, reynard took to earth near the Banbury road; the terriers were sent for, and he was soon unearthed and killed. This was a run of two hours' duration; the distance 20 miles.

Last meet this season, Thursday, March 31st, 1831, at Oakley Wood.

'Like Britons of the ancient race,
With nervous toil we join the chase;
By no ungen'rous thought control'd,
Our hearts are honest, free, and bold.'

JUNE 16TH, 1831.

In consequence of the Anson Hunt relinquishing the hunting of the South of Coventry, the following covers were transferred to the Warwickshire :—

WESTON WOOD,
WAPPENBURY WOOD,
WAVERLEY WOOD,
BERRICOTE WOOD,
BUBBENHALL,
BAGGINTON,
PRINCETHORPE,
RYTON WOODS,
AND
CUBBINGTON WOODS.

Cub-hunting began this season at Berricote Wood, on the 27th of August, and ended on the 28th of October, 1831, at Snitterfield Bushes.

Regular hunting commenced on the 31st of October, at Upton House.

BY ANONYMOUS.

UPTON.

'Hark! the horn salutes the ear,
The hunters ready, morning clear.
Come, the happy hours embrace,
Join the ever-jovial chase.'

The hunting was opened on the 31st of October, with great *eclat*. The hounds were in fine condition, the huntsman and his attendants well mounted; and, indeed, all the appointments were highly creditable to the much-respected individual who had undertaken the management of this pack. The number of spectators to witness the throwing off was considerable. The cheerful horn gave the signal, and men, horses, and hounds, were instantly in motion. A fox was found in the hills hard by, and, after an excellent run, killed.

Tantivy, in his description of this day's sport, says—We found a fox on the hill, and after running him for half an hour, killed. Found a litter of cubs in Pillerton Gorse, and run a fox from that cover to Hellbrake, and lost him. Went back to the Gorse and found again, and were some time before we drove one away; at last we were halloo'd to a fox, but he had been gone so long the hounds could make but little of the scent; we followed him for an hour, cold hunting all the time, and then gave him up. Went back again to the Gorse, but the covert was so full of foxes that we stopped the hounds and took them home.

BY WHOO-WHOOP.

MITFORD BRIDGE, NOVEMBER 29TH, 1831.

'Tallyho! Tallyho there! across the green plain;
Tallyho! Tallyho boys! have at him again!'

We first drew Ditchford, without finding; we then went to Wolford Wood, where we immediately unkennelled a fox, who went away at a rate that at once shewed he was descended from the excellent breed of foxes for which this cover is notorious. He made straight away for Toddenham, but being headed, turned short back, and ran direct for the wood. Disdaining to remain in cover, he brushed quickly through, and ran on to Shedcum; on being headed soon afterwards, he turned short back again, and took for Lord NORTHWICK's, and from thence to Hanging Wood, where he stopped for us. The pack soon routed reynard into the open again, and he went fast back for the village of Little Wolford, where he was headed by a plough-team. He then took his route again for Toddenham, and here the hounds began to press reynard so hard that he took shelter in a house; being driven out, he ran into a cart hovel, where we killed him, after a good thing of three hours.

MEET—LADBROKE, NOV. 31ST.

We drew our favourite cover, Radbourne Gorse, and quickly found a game fox. He first dashed away, at a slapping pace, for Watergall, when he turned short to the right, and passed through Ladbroke village. Maintaining his speed he went on to Bishop's Itchington, and then turned back to Ladbroke again. After going through the spinies, he made for Radbourne Gorse, but was headed and turned short back to Ladbroke again, where the hounds ran into him, after a sharp run of one hour and twenty minutes.

We returned to Radbourne Gorse, and found again, and ran reynard to Watergall Gorse, where we stopped the hounds, as it was too late to follow our game any further.

PRINCETHORPE VILLAGE, DEC. 6.

We found a fox in the wood, which went away through Ryton Wood, and then made straight to Frankton. Having threaded the wood at that place, he split along to the Bull and Butcher Wood, through that to Princethorpe Wood, back again to Ryton Wood, and then again to the Bull and Butcher Wood. After running our fox there for an hour, we at last forced him out. Mr. RUSSELL thought we had taken to a fresh fox, and the hounds were whipped off. We returned to Ryton Wood, found another fox, and ran him until dark.

WALTON WOOD, DEC. 8.

Found a fox directly the hounds were put into the wood; we ran him about the cover for half an hour, when he took away to Marston Wood, and went to ground. This was a smart thing for 45 minutes, after he left the wood.

We found again in Lighthorne Rough, and ran him about there, backwards and forwards, for an hour and 25 minutes, and killed.

We then went to Chadshunt, where we unkennelled a third fox. He took away for Lighthorne, where he turned to the right, pointing for Marston. Leaving that place to the right he went on to Oakley; here he turned short back, and went at a rapid pace for Chesterton. This was a very capital run of an hour, when we were obliged to take off the hounds, as it was almost dark.

AVON DASSETT, DEC. 10.

Drew and found a fox at Watergall. He went away for Nuneaton; on his course he was headed short back, and the hounds ran into him between the above place and Watergall, after a very fast burst of 20 minutes.

In succession we drew Farnborough, Molington Gorse, and Warmington, blank. We afterwards found a fox at Hanwell, and ran him in the spiny for 20 minutes before we killed him.

ITCHINGTON HEATH, DEC. 15.

On drawing this covert we found a brace of foxes; went off with one, and in 15 minutes ran him to ground.

Returned to the heath, and found again; and as one part of the pack was running very hard at the bottom of the wood, most of the gentlemen went away with eight couple of hounds. The body of the pack stopped in the wood and killed their fox.

We then went to Chesterton, and found another fox; we ran him to Chadshunt Copses, where reynard was courteous enough to wait for us. We started him again, and ran him at a very sharp pace to Chadshunt House, where he went to ground in a drain; we bolted him and killed.

Then out bolted another fox, and we ran him through Chadshunt on to Lighthorne Rough, where we took off the hounds, as it was getting dark.

WROXTON, DEC. 17.

Found a fox in the Broom Cover, and killed, after running him for 20 minutes.

Then drew Claydon Hill and Upton, blank. Found a fox at Edge Hill, and ran him to ground. Drew Kineton Holt, blank. Drew Pillerton Gorse, and found; ran him through Pillerton village, on to Brickhill Gorse. Left that

to the right, and through the spinies to Smatchley Brake. Then down to Sir JOHN MORDAUNT'S, where he was headed and went back to the Rookery; here we changed our fox, which went on to Wellesbourne Wood, where we ran him without killing, till the moon shone.

ILMINGTON VILLAGE, DEC. 19.

This morning we found at Stoke Wood, when our fox went away at a very quick pace, to Mickleton Wood. When he got near to the Hill, he turned back again to Stoke Wood; through that cover on to Foxcote, and then down to Potter's Bank. In sinking the hill, the hounds began to go for him at a slapping rate. Left Blacket to the right, and then straight to Ilmington, quite down to the edge of the water, where, no doubt, reynard was drowned, as we could trace him no farther. This was a famous run of one hour and a half.

WOLFORD WOOD, DEC. 20.

We found and went away for Hanging Aston, when we were hallood back to Toddenham, where we got to steady running. Hunted our fox back to the wood, where we got up to him. Leaving that covert again, he made through the copses and on to Toddenham. He left that place to the right and soon crossed the water for Ditchford, through the spiny there, and then went on to Shipston, where he secreted himself in a tanyard, by getting into a manger. When driven from this retreat, reynard made straight for Honington, and was baulked in attempting to get into a drain. After crossing the water three times, reynard went away at his best pace, over the field to Honington, and then took ground. On being bolted he ran to Admington, where the hounds threw him up in gallant style. This was a good thing, and at times fast, of three hours and 20 minutes.

December 21st, 1831.—At a meeting held this day at the Warwick Arms, it was resolved—

On consideration of Mr. RUSSELL's proposal of continuing to hunt the country, including the additional Woodlands, for one, two, or three years, on receiving £2,100. per year, That a subscription be entered into for one year; and that the proposition of Mr. RUSSELL, to hunt the Woodlands twice a fortnight, be approved of.—E. J. SHIRLEY, Esq. in the chair.

1832.—At the adjourned Meeting at the Warwick Arms, Feb. 1st, 1832, a cordial vote of thanks was passed to JOHN RUSSELL, Esq. for his approved management of the hounds.

BY WHOO-WHOOP.—SWACLIFFE, DECEMBER 24.

Drew Wigginton and the Round-about, blank. Found a fox at Lord NORTHAMPTON's, which went straight away for Brailes. Being headed there, he turned for Winderton Shrubs, went straight through, and back for Lord NORTHAMPTON's. Then on to Shutford, where he was again headed, and returned back to Lord NORTHAMPTON's a second time. He then made direct for Brailes, but leaving that place to the left, he dashed on for Hell Brake. Here we changed our fox, which took us down for Honington, and then again back to Brailes, where he turned short to the left for Whatcote. Leaving that place to the right, he went up to Tysoe, where he turned to the right again, and made towards Pillerton Gorse; before quite reaching that place, he went to ground in a drain.

PRINCETHORPE, DEC. 27.

Found at the wood, and ran our fox for two hours, when he made away for Eathorpe, but turned short to the left to Marton, and up to Thurlaston. Leaving that place and Frankton Wood, both to the right, he went back through the Bull and Butcher Wood to Princethorpe Wood, on to Burnt Hurst, where he went to ground, after a run of an hour.

ILMINGTON HILLS, DEC. 31.

A dense fog prevented us from drawing any of the coverts on the hills, and we then went to Preston Bushes, Whimpstone Downs, and Eatington, all of which we drew blank. Found a fox at Brickhill Gorse, which took us direct for Idlicote, and on to Hell Brake. Having passed through that cover, he went straight towards Brailes, which he brushed quickly through, and turned to the right to Lord NORTHAMPTON's. He next took over the hill to Shutford, but leaving that place to the right, he went straight forward to Upton, and on to Edge Hill. From that place he bore down to the Holt, which he left to the right, and ran back very near to Upper Pillerton, and then turned short to Pillerton Gorse. We had now run our fox for three hours, and being half past five o'clock, it was so dark we drew off the hounds.

HOUNDSHILL, JANUARY 12, 1832.

We drew Alveston Pastures, and found a good fox; he went off at a rattling pace in the direction of Alveston village, turned short to the right for Wellesbourne Wood, across the country to Walton, and then to Bowshot; and after leading his pursuers to Lighthorne Rough, reynard returned to his old haunts at Alveston Pastures.

This run lasted from eleven to half past five, and at times going at best pace; almost every nag was knocked up, and their riders obliged to say—'Enough.'

AVON DASSETT, JAN. 14.

Drew the gorse and found a fox, which we killed, after running him 20 minutes.

Went on and found again; reynard led away at a quick pace for Mollington Hill, and then to Cropredy. Here our game was headed, and turned quite short for

Wormleighton, where we were hallood to him; we followed at a good pace until he stopped in a gorse. Driven from that covert he went bravely away for 20 minutes longer, when the hounds ran into him, and killed him in gallant style.

The chase lasted one hour and 23 minutes, and might be termed a good hunting run.

ANONYMOUS.

STONELEIGH ABBEY, JANUARY 17.

Drew Itchington, blank. Then went on to Berricote Wood; the hounds were no sooner put into cover than one of them challenged; the whole pack immediately crashed together, and a fine fox broke away in view of the whole Field, and went away for Cubbington. At this place he turned short for Waverley Wood, and then for the village of Wappenbury, where he crossed the water for Huningham; being headed, he doubled for Eathorpe, and went straight through Princethorpe Wood, and away to Bubbenhall village; here, after running reynard in view for about ten minutes, he was killed in a little orchard belonging to Mr. NEWBOLD.

THE SAME, BY WHOO-WHOOP.

Drew Itchington Wood and the Grove, blank. Found a fox in Berricote Wood, that went off for Cubbington. Left that place to the right, and on through Waveley Wood to Bubbenhall. Inclined to the right again, and on to the village of Wappenbury. Here reynard turned to the left, by Eathorpe, and on to Eathorpe Wood; then through Burnthurst, Ryton Wood, and on to Bubbenhall village; here the hounds ran into him, after a good run of one hour and three quarters.

UPTON HOUSE, JAN. 21.

Drew Wroxton, blank. Returned, and found a fox on the hills, and ran him to ground. Went to Kineton Holt and found; our fox took us away at a very quick pace, to Edge Hill, along the hill to Upton, and then down to Tysoe. Leaving that to the right, he took straight to Lord NORTHAMPTON'S; by the spinies there, and on through Winterton and Winterton Scrubs, where the hounds ran into him after chasing him an hour and a half.

ANONYMOUS.—UFTON, JAN. 26.

The Warwickshire hounds had a most tremendous day on Thursday, January 26th. We met at Ufton Wood, but went away without drawing that cover, to Radbourne Gorse, and almost instantly found. This was the third time that cover had been drawn this season, and it has the credit of furnishing the best foxes, and almost a certain find; never having been disappointed of an out-and-outer. He went away straight for Itchington Heath, to which place the pace was good all the way, and lasted from 35 to 40 minutes.—Here they changed foxes, and he led them direct to Chadshunt spinies, and from thence in a direction to Kineton. He afterwards turned, and went again to Itchington Heath, and after ringing twice round the cover, went off a second time in the direction to Kineton, and the hounds were whipped off near Burton Dasset. 1

MITFORD BRIDGE, FEB. 14.

Drew Wolford Heath and Barton Grove, both blank. Found a fox at Wichford Wood, and ran him about the cover, on a very bad scent, for five hours; we stuck to him till dark, and were obliged to leave him at last.

1 Out of a Field of 300, only five or six saw the termination. There were several bad falls, and one gentleman killed his horse.

THE SAME, BY WHOO-WHOOP.

Met at Ufton Wood, and found a fox at Radbourne Gorse; he first went for Watergall, but leaving that place to the right, he made straight for Ladbroke; through the spinies there, by Bishop's Itchington, and to Itchington Heath. The pace was very fast up to the heath, for 50 minutes. Here we had four foxes going at the same time, and the hounds divided. They at last went away with a fresh fox by the Chadshunt spinies, and up to North End. The horses were now pretty well done up, and the hounds were drawn off.

HAMPTON, JAN. 30.

In drawing the wood we found a good fox; away he went off straight for Hampton Lucy, but being headed, he turned and made direct for Sherborne-hill. Leaving that to the right for Luskum Wood, where we were obliged to stop the hounds, from fear of the traps and spikes. Then went to Ganaway Grove and found a good fox, which we rattled about until he split away for Grove Park. Leaving that to the right, he went off to Sherborne Pits, and over them at his fastest pace to Hampton Wood. Then on to Scad Bank, where he went to ground, after a smart run of two hours and a half.

CHESTERTON, FEB. 2.

Our fox, as soon as we found, went straight away for Highdown, then on for Whitnash, and over the brook for Radford. Leaving that place to the right, he made straight for Ufton-wood, which he skirted, passed on to Ladbroke, and then forward to Harbury Heath. The hounds now set to him in good earnest, and rattled him merrily along over the great enclosures to Chesterton Pool, where they ran into him, after a sharp thing of one hour and a quarter, the best pace the whole of the way.

COMPTON VERNEY, FEB. 23.

Lighthorne Rough afforded us another fox to-day; he went off first to Chadshunt and then to North End; having left that place to the right, he went straight to Itchington Heath, where we killed, after running him in the heath for 20 minutes. The run lasted an hour and 20 minutes.

MITFORD BRIDGE, FEB. 28.

Found a fox at Wolford Wood, and ran him in the covert for two hours; having driven him out and run him 20 minutes, he went to ground. In digging out one of the hounds, we bolted the fox, and killed him in about five minutes. Found a second fox in drawing one of the Ditchford spinies, and ran him at a very fast pace to Wolford Wood. It was now so late we were obliged to give him up.

UFTON, MARCH 8.

Drew the wood, blank. Found a brace of foxes in the gorse, and chopped one; the other went away right through the wood, and on to Long Itchington; left that village to the right, and took ground near Southam.—Found again at Print-hill, and lost our fox after running him to Huningham.—Drew Mr. KNIGHTLEY's spinies, blank.—Found at Whitnash Gorse; our fox went off straight for Chesterton Wood; here we dropped on the scent of a fresh one, and brushed him along to Chadshunt, where he was lost. 1

1 We are told, by a Senior Sportsman, that, anticipating a check, and making a judicious cast, when casting is necessary, is the most useful knowledge in foxhunting. A church, a village, a farm house, a team at plough, men at work, sheep, and above all cattle; for be it remembered that the breath of one cow will distract hounds more than a hundred sheep; when any of these objects present themselves in the face of hounds, you may then anticipate a stop, and by pulling up your horse, and observing which way the pack inclined before the check, you will be able, without casting, to hold them to the right or left accordingly.

WHIMPSTONE BRIDGE, MARCH 12.

Found at Gally Oak, and our fox ran direct to Quinton, where he turned short to the right, and then to the left for Preston Bushes; through the Bushes, and up to Whimpstone Downs; then straight to Crimscott, and leaving that place to the right, he crossed the Stour by Alderminster. Up to Alscot plantations, and then turned short to the left to Fir Grove, and down to Mr. WEST'S park; here he gave us a ring, and went on to Foxhill Bank; turned short to the left, and on to Daisy-hill, where the hounds ran into him, after a good thing of one hour and ten minutes.

CHESTERTON WOOD, MARCH 15.

This morning we unkennelled a fox in the wood, that went off for Lighthorne Rough; leaving that covert to the right, he took straight to Chadshunt Coppices, and then to the heath at Itchington. After giving us one ring in the heath, he doubled and again reached Chesterton Wood; he then dashed away for the Windmill, and on to Whitnash Gorse; having quitted that place to the left, he ran through Ufton Wood to Print-hill. On turning short to the Fosse, we perceived we had two fresh foxes before us. The horses were all so dead beat, that they could have no chance with a fresh fox at that period of the day, and the hounds were stopped. This was a remarkably hard day.

ANONYMOUS.—WHIMPSTONE BRIDGE, MARCH 25.

'Hark! the horn calls each Sportsman, and each neighing steed
Snuffs the air, growing anxious to put forth his speed.'

The snow lying thick on the hills near the residence of the gallant Master of the hounds, excited fears that the weather would not permit of hunting; and a strong muster of Nimrods present, were for some time in an anxious state of suspense. About twelve o'clock, however, their appre-

hensions were dissipated by seeing Mr. Russell at some distance riding at a rapid rate, and his arrival soon relaxed the chilly countenances of the Field into a bland smile of anticipated enjoyment.

Orders were given to draw Gally Oak; but not finding there, recourse was had to Preston Bushes, and in about five minutes as good a fox as ever crossed a country was found; he went away, continued his career, and died like a good one; his pace was as straight and unflinching as it was fast; he went by Mickleton at a slapping pace, and although we all got a good start, there were many absentees even at that place; and at Baker's-hill, about seven miles from the Bushes, the Field became very select. A check of two or three minutes occurred here, which was most acceptable to every one. From Baker's-hill we went direct for Weston Park, which the fox ran through, and made an attempt over the stone walls in Gloucestershire; but his fiat was sealed; poor reynard was obliged to return to the wood. As a last resource, he passed through a corner of Weston-wood a second time; and the hounds finally ran into him at Newcombes White-house, after a run of one hour and three minutes, as good and as fast as any Sportsman could wish; and over as fine a country as hounds ever crossed. 1

1 Fine, sunshiny days, Mr. Beckford considers not to be good hunting days; those warm without sun are perfectly so. In some fogs scent lies well, in others not at all. Scent lies well in a high mist, when it is not too wet; but if the wet should hang on the bushes and boughs, with a rough wind, it then continues to fall upon the scent, and consequently to deaden it. When cobwebs hang flaccid upon the bushes, scent is very uncertain; during a mild white frost the scent lies high, as it does likewise when the frost is gone; but at the time of its going off it never lies at all.

There were about 25 up at the death; a gratifying, and rather a surprising number, after such an out-and-outer run. The distance, as the crow flies, could not be less than 14 miles, for the last five of which some of the leading men rode without their hats. On the whole, this run forms a brilliant close to one of the most brilliant seasons of the Warwickshire hounds. In the last month, they have killed 11 out of 14 foxes. Bill Boxall, as a young huntsman, deserves great credit; no man has brought a pack into greater perfection than he has the Warwickshire.

Captain Russell will retire from the management with the esteem and respect of the whole Hunt; his urbanity of manners, with the liberal spirit which has distinguished all his hunting arrangements, has left nothing to be desired.

BY WHOO-WHOOP.—UFTON WOOD, MARCH 22.

'The dew that bespangles each leaf,
When Aurora unveils her bright face,
Are tears of the night shed in grief,
Which depart with the joys of the chase.'

Drew the wood, blank. Found a fox in the Gorse at Whitnash, and ran him at a very quick pace up to Chesterton. Ran him in the wood for an hour, when he broke away for Lighthorne, and on to Chadshunt; here he turned back to Itchington-heath, through that covert on to Watergall, bearing for Radbourne; then turned to the right over the fields for Knightcote; went back to Itchington, and through the heath at a rapid pace to Chesterton-wood; here our fox was so dead beat that he could scarcely make a run of it even at a very slow pace. At this moment we were hallood away to a stale scent, and it was got so late we would not let the hounds go on any farther.

HOUNDSHILL, MARCH 26.

Drew the Pastures, and killed a vixen fox. Found another in the Pastures, that led us off to Fir Grove; left it to the right, and went straight to the Grove, and through the Park up to Idlicote, where he took to ground. Then we returned to Brickhill Gorse, and found again. Our fox led us away for Harwood's-house, and up to Lord NORTHAMPTON'S; then over the warren to Gilks's Gorse, and on to Wichford-wood. The hounds were stopped here, as it was getting towards night.

WALTON WOOD, MARCH 31.

The hounds found a fox at Bowshot. It was a bad day, no scent, and therefore no hunting. This meet closed the season 1831-32.

Cub-hunting began August the 25th, and ended on the 29th of October.

The hounds hunted five days a week; they were never known to be in better condition. The men were well mounted, and the foxes plentiful.

The first meet, this season, was on November the 1st, 1832, at Upton.

Drew the Hill, where we found an old fox, and killed him in a few minutes. Found a second, an old one, and turned him up near Upton. Found a third fox, and ran him to Kineton-holt, and he took to ground at Knoll-end.

BY WHOO-WHOOP.

UFTON, NOV. 13.

Drew the wood and found. Our fox went away at a very fast pace to Bishop's Itchington, where he went to ground. Then went to Itchington-heath, and started a second fox, who led us bravely to Chadshunt, and then made for North End, where he turned short back; brushed through Gaydon Spiny, to Itchington. Having gained Verney-gorse, and run through that cover, reynard turned short back to Itchington-heath, where we killed. This was a very smart run of one hour and 25 minutes.

CHESTERTON, NOV. 22.

Unkenneled at Chesterton-wood, and killed our first fox at Ladbroke. There one of the right sort was immediately found; reynard made neither feint nor double, but at once broke cover, with the hounds close at his brush. He led them at a slapping pace to Hodnell, then by Chapel Ascote, Ladbroke, and Bishop's Itchington, and was run into in gallant style, and killed on Itchington-heath, after a run over a fine sporting country of full 16 miles, without a moment's check. The distance was done in 55 minutes.

BISHOP'S ITCHINGTON, NOV. 29.

Drew the gorse at Watergall, but as the earths were open we did not find. Found afterwards at Chesterton, when our fox went directly off to Lighthorne, through the rough at that place, and then to Bowshot. Leaving that cover to the right, reynard took straight for the coppices at Chadshunt. On reaching Itchington-heath, he turned short back to Verney's Gorse, where the hounds ran into him in capital style. The run lasted 46 minutes.

HAMPTON, DEC. 3.

Having unkenneled a fox in this wood, he took us away to Sherborne; the scent lay very bad, yet they hunted him beautifully up to Hampton-on-the-Hill, and although they could not do much with him, we still kept after him to Gannaway-grove; here we got upon better terms with our game, and brushed him away in good style for Wolverton-field, and then on to Luskum-wood. Leaving that to the right he bore down for Stratford, when he diverged to the right again, and ran up to Hatton Rock. After trying the earths at that place to no purpose, he dashed away to Daisy-hill; then left Hampton-wood to the left, and direct for Scad-bank; the earths here also refused him, and he next made for Old Pastures coppices; on to Hampton Lucy, through the village, across the Avon, and we ran him to ground in Charlecote Park. This was a famous run from Gannaway-grove of an hour.

OAKLEY, DEC. 6.

'Hark! the hollow woods resounding,
Echo in the hunter's cry;
Hark! how all the vales surrounding,
To his cheering voice reply!'

This day afforded us capital sport. We found in the wood, and our fox took away straight for Barford, where he turned short to the left to Middle-hill, and on to Newbold Pacey. Quitting that place to the left, he was off for Moreton Morrell, through Lighthorne, and on to Chadshunt. Here reynard turned short back to Itchington-heath; and leaving that covert to the right, turned short to Verney's Gorse. After threading the gorse, reynard drove on at his best pace through Chesterton-wood, and on to Harwood's-house; where the hounds came to a check, after a run of 57 minutes. We presently hit him off again, and regular

hunting succeeded for a considerable time; when at last we got up to him at Chadshunt coppices. From this place he led us along at a good rattling rate, to Kineton; here our fox turned short to the left, and came back until near to Gaydon; having him now almost in view, he doubled short to Chadshunt House, where he was killed. This run lasted three hours.

EPWELL WHITE HOUSE, DEC. 8.

Our fox, the moment we found, went first direct down by Compton Wynniate, up to the windmill, and then on for Edge Hill, turning short to the right, for Epwell-gorse. Leaving that covert to the left, he turned short back to Compton Wynniate, and on for Idlicote. Turning here to the left, he came back to Tysoe, where the hounds ran into him in noble style, in the middle of a field. This was a very fast thing indeed of 40 minutes.

Went on to Brailes, where we found a second fox, and killed him in ten minutes.—Then tried further and found a third fox, which in about a quarter of an hour we ran to ground. 1

WHIMPSTONE BRIDGE, DEC. 10.

This morning we found at Gally Oak, when reynard split away for Pebworth; but inclining there to the right, he soon made Clifford Hill. Leaning to the right again, he bore down for Stratford; then to the left straight through the Cherry Orchard, where he ran to ground. This was a brisk run of 35 minutes. We dug the old fellow out, and gave him another start; but he was nearly done up, and we ran into him in about ten minutes.

1 It was on this day that Jack Ransom killed Crazy.

MITFORD BRIDGE.

Found in Wolford Wood, when our fox took straight off for Todenham, and on to Ditchford. When very near to Shipston, he passed that town to the left, and went down to Tidmington; then over the brook to Wolford Wood, where we killed him, after a sharp run of an hour.

PRINCETHORPE VILLAGE, DEC. 18.

We found a fox in the wood, and in half an hour ran him to ground. Drew Wennel Wood, blank. Found soon afterwards at Waveley Wood, and when he had given us two or three rings in the wood, reynard went fast away by Bubbenhall, over Bubbenhall bridge, and then led us almost up to Combe Woods. Leaving these coverts to the right, he came back to Wennel-wood, which he passed through, and went on to Bagginton Grove. Away from that place to Chantrey-heath, through Stoneleigh Park, over the water at that place, and on to King's-wood. Reynard, having ran through the wood, made the best of his way to Wainbody-wood; here he turned short and came back very near to Stoneleigh, where the stanch pack ran into him in an open field.

This was a gallant run of one hour and 15 minutes, without a check.

ALVESTON PASTURES, DEC. 21.

Drew the covert here, and Fir Grove, blank. Found in Mr. WEST's plantations, when after running about there for an hour, he went to ground. We found again at Rough Hill; reynard led off straight up to Lighthorne, and we killed him after a run of one hour and ten minutes.

FERN HILL, JAN. 1, 1833.

We did not succeed at any of the woods near to this meet, but we found ultimately in a neighbouring wood; we ran our fox at his best pace through the country, for one hour and 20 minutes. We then got to steady hunting for an hour and 40 minutes, when Bill Boxall picked up the fox alive before the hounds, and he was killed. This run altogether lasted three hours.

BY WEAZEL.

LADBROOKE, THURSDAY, JAN. 3.

On the 3d of January, we had a beautiful thing with Mr. Russell, near Southam. We found an old fox at Radbourne, that ran like a very Belgian, at a splitting pace, to Watergall; through the cover there to Dassett Hill, leaving Fenny Compton on the right. On the hills pug effected a bargain with another pug, and persuaded him to take the hounds on at a merry pace up to Edge Hill, by Knoll End, while he remained at Dassett. From Edge Hill pug made for Shennington, and then to Epwell's famed White House, where, lucky for pug, he got into a drain.

The run lasted three hours. It is the first time, for these five and twenty years, that a fox took so direct a line to Edge Hill, over this magnificent grass country. At one time Mr. Corbet thought proper to smoke out the foxes from the earths at Knoll End, as there were so many receptacles at Edge Hill; the consequence was, he could not force a fox to Knoll End, the place where we unkenneled to-day.

THE SAME, BY VENATOR.

'Come, mount boys, to horse, and away.'

What Sportsmen describe as a beautiful thing,
They tell us 'tis noble and fit for a King.
Take pug as you find him, in dingle or gorse,
As men take their wives—that's for better or worse.
An old fox broke cover at Radbourne to-day,
That ran like a Belgian when splitting away. 1
Off to Watergall first, and then he ran straight
Thro' the covert, not daring a moment to wait;
Then up Dassett Hills—now hold hard ev'ry steed,
Reserve well the strength they will presently need.
To the right he soon left Fenny Compton, when
He play'd us a trick we ne'er dreamt of till then.
Here a witch and her fiends, as legends indite,
Tho' not seen by day, hatch'd up mischief at night,
To pug had imparted, on Long Compton Hill,
A lesson or two of her cunning and skill. 2

1 Leopold, the newly-made King of Belgium, led his army against the Dutch. As soon as his troops caught sight of the enemy, they all threw down their arms and ran away; and it was not without some difficulty that the King and his personal staff escaped.

2 There is scarcely a district in England, where oral tradition has not conveyed to us some mysterious event—the handiwork of some wizard or witch—some fairy or fay—of some hobgoblin, or sprite—or other invisible agent—who have performed most wonderful things, occultly, to the surprise and consternation of the natives. On the top of Long Compton Hill, it is said, an old witch used to assemble, at times, her associates and myrmidons, to project mischief against any of the inhabitants of the surrounding country who disputed their power, or did not obey their injunctions; and, many years ago, the traveller was shewn several large stones, set up endwise, like so many pillars in miniature, as the representatives of those midnight devilkins, who, to the great joy of the neighbourhood, had, by some superior power, been most miraculously turned into stone.

On the hill pug effected a bargain, they say,
With some other fox, which he met by the way,
And persuaded his friend, as a matter of grace,
To lead on the hounds at a rare merry pace,
By Knoll End to Edge Hill, which quickly he gain'd,
While safely at Dassett the first fox remain'd.
From Edge Hill to Shennington pug dash'd along,
To Epwell White House, erst so famous in song;
When he took to a drain, and lucky for pug,
As he there sav'd his brush, his pads, and his lug!

In describing this run, WHOO-WHOOP says—Radbourne Gorse, this morning, produced us a good fox. As soon as reynard was unkenneled he went off at the very best pace to Watergall. There we changed our fox for one of the right sort, who took us in most gallant style to Farnborough. Leaving that place to the left, reynard went off, first to Knoll End, and then on to Epwell, and at length we ran him into a drain that leads to the cellars. This was the best day that I ever saw in Warwickshire.

The hounds behaved uncommonly well during the whole of the run; and many gentlemen present, good judges of the chase, spoke highly of their speed, steadiness, and style of hunting.

BY WHOO-WHOOP.—UPTON, JAN. 5.

This day afforded us another good run. We drew and found at Lord NORTHAMPTON'S. Our fox went to Shennington; left that to the right, and then made straight for Upton House; on to Edge Hill, and then to Warmington; from this place he came back to Knoll End. Here reynard was killed after a most excellent run of one hour and 30 minutes.

HAMPTON, JAN. 14.

We drew this wood, and found. Our fox ringed about for an hour, and then went away for Sherborne Pit, where he ran to ground. We next drew Grove Park, blank. In a short time we found at Warwick Old Park, when our fox ran to Hay-wood; here he ringed about for three hours, and until he was lost.

WALTON, JAN. 17.

The moment we found, our fox made off at a very fast pace for one hour before the hounds turned him up. A second fox was found in Lighthorne Rough, which we ran to ground at Chesterton. A third fox was started at Chesterton, which we ran to ground in the same drain. In the course of the day the pack divided, and seven couple went on with a fox to Mr. Orred's farm, and there ran him to earth. Mr. COCKBILL afterwards took the hounds home.

PILLERTON GATE, FEB. 2.

We found a fine stout fox in drawing Pillerton Gorse, which took us away for Gambells; he left that place to the right, and then came back to Tysoe. Left that village to the right, and bore up for Shutsford; then took to the left, and on to Lord NORTHAMPTON'S, where he got safe into the earths.

This run lasted only 45 minutes, but the pace was so very fast, that few Sportsmen have seen a field of horses so much distressed as they were in so short a time. The hounds beat the nags to day in prime style.

HOUNDSHILL, FEB. 4.

This morning we drew Alveston Pastures, where we found a fox that led us away first to Walton Wood, and

then on to Lord WILLOUGHBY'S; from thence to Bowshot, and on to Moreton Wood. Having made Oakley Wood, reynard left that covert to the left, and then came back to Charlecote, where we ran him to ground; he was bolted, and killed. A sharp run of one hour and 25 minutes.

ITCHINGTON HEATH, FEB. 22.

In drawing this cover we found a vixen fox, and stopped the hounds. Being led away, almost immediately, by another fox, we ran him to ground, after a sharp burst of 15 minutes. Found a third at Chesterton, which took us off to Lighthorne; here he turned to the right, and went straight to Chadshunt coppices, and went to earth. Whilst the hounds were baying their game, we were hallood to another, we followed him for 20 minutes when he ran to ground. These disappointments determined us to return to the place where we left our second fox; we bolted him, and after running him for an hour, at a good hunting pace, the hounds threw him up.

FARNBOROUGH, FEB. 23.

The first place we tried this morning was Windmill-hill; reynard was snug in his kennel, but hearing a little more bustle about his domicile than was consistent with his habits of retirement, up he sprang, and took straight for Farnborough. The worthy 'Squire, though a true friend to the sport, was no enemy to the fox, and reynard always met with fair play, when he sought refuge in any of the numerous coverts and plantations upon his estate. Being driven from this place, he diverged to the right, sunk the bottom to Bodington-hill, and then on for the Gorse. In a few minutes he quitted that brake to the left, and made for Prior's Marston; then inclining to the right, he bore for Prior's Hardwick. Turning still more to the right, he next

returned back straight to Farnborough, where he ran to ground. This run lasted an hour. Reynard was bolted, and the hounds threw him up in the second field.

THICKTHORNE, FEB. 26.

Drew the wood, blank. Found a fox at Berricote-wood, which led us away through Milverton and Cubbington, and then down to Offchurch. Crossing the water, he made away for Long Itchington, and turned short back to Offchurch, where he was killed, after a run of one hour and 45 minutes.

AVON DASSETT, MARCH 2.

A fox was found this morning at Windmill-hill, which led straight off to Bodington, and then to Prior's Hardwick. Leaving that place to the left, he ran back direct to Farnborough, and was there turned up, after a run of about 50 minutes.

MITFORD BRIDGE, MARCH 19.

Drew Wolford Wood, and found. Our fox led us off for Moreton-in-Marsh; leaving that place to the right, he led on to Addlestrop, where we killed. The run was a good one of 43 minutes.

The weather had been so unfavourable nearly for three weeks, and the scent lay so bad from the prevalence of fogs, sleet, snow, and other impediments, that the hounds, when they did meet, had not a fair chance to shew any sport.—This falling off, just at the end of the season, was much regretted. The hounds were in as good condition, and the horses as fit for work, as they were at any time since they commenced hunting, but they were beaten by the weather. The atmosphere was most unfavourable to scent.

WHIMPSTONE BRIDGE, MARCH 25.

This morning we drew Gally Oak, and did not find. Better luck attended us afterwards, as we found a fox on trying Preston Bushes, that burst off first for Gally Oak, and turned short to the right for the Sand House; he then inclined to the left, for Garrett's Brow; leaning once more to the left, he ran under the hill for Mickleton village, and up to the Burnt-house. Left it to the right, and ran very near to Camden; then diverging to the left, reynard bore up to Weston, through the Park, and on to Lady NORREYS' plantations. Bearing then to the left, he came back to Weston Park, which he passed through, and on to Newcombe, where the hounds ran up to him. This run, up to the first check, was 43 minutes, and the run altogether 55 minutes.

Last meet, this season, Saturday, March the 30th, at Upton.

The pack, this season, hunted 80 days, and killed and accounted for 94 foxes.

Mr. RUSSELL gave up the hounds at the end of this season. His horses were sold, at Tattersall's, on the 27th of May, and brought good prices.

DEMISE OF MR. RUSSELL.

JOHN RUSSELL, Esq. of Kirkby Mallory, Leicestershire, and late of Upton House, in this county, died at No. 32, in Lansdowne-place, Leamington, on Sunday evening, the 27th of April, 1833, in the 39th year of his age, sincerely and deeply regretted by all who knew him. Mr. RUSSELL was Master of the Warwickshire Hounds for three seasons, and acquired great and deserved popularity in that situation. In him were happily united the sound judgment and energy of a first-rate Sportsman, with the conciliatory and polished manners of a gentleman, and he was much beloved for his gentleness of deportment, and excellent temper, which, though often tried in the field, was never ruffled. Captain RUSSELL was second son of Lord WILLIAM RUSSELL, brother of the Duke of BEDFORD. He was born July 11th, 1796. He entered early into the navy, and served many years in the Mediterranean, and other parts of the world. —Mr. RUSSELL shone in all the endearing relations of domestic life.

Thus early called to everlasting rest,
Death spares not long the bravest and the best.

MR. RUSSELL'S FOXHOUNDS,

NOVEMBER, 1831.

NINE YEARS.

NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
Virulent ..	Lord Sondes's Ottoman ..	Vengeance

SEVEN YEARS.

Dairymaid ..	Duke of Beaufort's Dorimond .	Bridemaid
Lapwing ..	Guardsman	Lapwing
Victory ..	Benedict	Virulent

SIX YEARS.

Bridemaid, Brevity	Rocket	Bridemaid
Benedict, Bobadil	Duke of Beaufort's Rubens ..	Brilliant
Jessamy ..	Mr. Osbaldeston's Jasper ..	Lucy
Volatile ..	——— Valentine ..	Virulent
Whipster ..	Duke of Rutland's Lifter ..	his Wanton
Wildfire, Warble	Mr. Osbaldeston's Rasselas ..	Whynot

FIVE YEARS.

Blossom ..	Workman	Brilliant
Benefit, Butterfly	Mr. Osbaldeston's Vanquisher ..	Blemish
Barmaid, Bashful, Bonny Lass	Duke of Beaufort's Boxer ..	Virulent
Dolphin ..	Workman	Darling
Emperor ..	Mr. Osbaldeston's Emperor ..	Judy
Hadrian, Hesperus	Lord Tavistock's Hercules ..	Mr. Ward's Misery
Nimrod ..	Duke of Beaufort's Nimrod ..	Friendly
Pillager ..	Duke of Beaufort's Platoff ..	Comedy

FOUR YEARS.

NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
Blucher	Bajazet	Cymbeline
Clarion, Comfort	Rocket	Curious
Hermit, Harper	Hannibal	Vocal
Pilot, Pontiff, Prudence	Bachelor	Proserpine
Whynot	Rocket	Whynot
Warrior	Workman	Dairymaid

THREE YEARS.

Champion, Comedy, Countess	Duke of Beaufort's Boxer	Cymbeline
Dorimont, Daffodil	Rocket	Destiny
Gossamer	York and Ainstey Gallows	their Toilet
Minister	Minister	Diligent
Royal, Ruby, Rosebud, Rally	Rocket	Proserpine
Rector	Rocket	Warspite
Rubens, Redrose, Ruin	Duke of Beaufort's Rubens	Darling
Viola	Duke of Beaufort's Vanguard	Virulent
Windsor, Wildboy	Workman	Dairymaid

TWO YEARS.

Brusher, Bowman, Baronet, Blameless	Benedict	Warble
Bugler	Colonel Berkeley's Pagan	his Bravery
Cryer	Rocket	Cymbeline
Dewdrop	Ranter	Destiny
Duncan	Bobadil	Darling
Harmony, Harmless	Ranter	Honesty
Manager, Mover, Madcap, Modish	Minister	Dairymaid

TWO YEARS.

NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
Remus ..	Rocket	Vocal
Remnant ..	Duke of Beaufort's Rubens ..	his Waspish
Rifleman ..	Rocket	Playful
Rambler ..	Rocket	Wildfire
Vaulter ..	Duke of Beaufort's Vanguard ..	Diligent
Welcome ..	Colonel Berkeley's Woldsman .	his Racket
Workman ..	Workman	Volatile

ONE YEAR.

Bachelor Bluecap Bounty	Bachelor	Dairymaid
Diligent ..	Edwin	Destiny
Harbinger ..	Surrey-Harlequin	their Welcome
Hymen ..	Benedict	Hebe
Hercules Hopeful	Hadrian	Prudence
Ottoman Ornament	Bachelor	Ornament
Racer ..	Rocket	Butterfly
Register Rosemary Rivers	Rocket	Blossom
Solomon ..	Solomon	Benefit
Vyner Vanity	Duke of Beaufort's Workman ..	Virulent
Whimsey Woodman Woful	Duke of Beaufort's Workman ..	Brevity
Watchman Willing Wisdom	Whipster	Wildfire
Warspite ..	Whipster	Rosebud
Woldsman ..	Whipster	Rally

37 Couple of Old Hounds.
12½ Ditto Young Ditto.

Total .. 49½ Couple.

MR. THORNHILL.

W. P. Thornhill, Esq. of Houndshill, next undertook the Mastership of the Warwickshire Hounds; and the Sporting Gentlemen of the county congratulated themselves upon his acceptance of the appointment. The establishment, as usual, was supported by a subscription.

Bill Boxall continued huntsman. Tom Day first, and Jack Ransom second whip.

Cubhunting began, this season, at Warwick Old Park, August 26th, 1833, where they found a litter of cubs, and killed one, after running two hours. This hunting ended on the 26th of October, when the hounds had run and killed one old fox, and 18 cubs.

The first meet was on the 28th day of October, at Houndshill, and the season afforded some capital sport. The hounds hunted five days a week.

October 28.—Regular hunting began to-day, by trying Houndshill, where we found a fox in the Ozier Pastures, that went away to Fir Grove, and then returned to the find, where he was thrown up. Found reynard at home at Brickhill Gorse, he went away very fast to Walton, where we changed. The fresh fox brushed through that place to Wellesbourne, where, as it was getting dark, we stopped the hounds.

FROM WEAZEL, BY VENATOR.

'With the Sports of the Field no joys can compare,
To pleasure's light footsteps we trace;
We run down dull sloth, distance old care,
Rosy health we o'ertake in the chase.'

Know first, I'm a thoro'-half-bred son of Erin,
Which shews I was born either thereout or therein.
In Warwickshire, lately, my luck was so prime,
No Sportsman e'er spent such a fortnight of time
As I did with THORNHILL—who's gain'd a good name
With the Hunt and the farmers—deserving his fame.
The pack in the finest condition I found,
And ev'ry thing right from the horse to the hound.

HOUNDSHILL, OCT. 28.

The season commenc'd with this pack on a Monday,
Which most people know is the day after Sunday;
Near Wellesbourne old reynard was hallood away,
And no one complain'd of the sport of the day.

Oct. 29.—The meet was at Mitford Bridge; on drawing Wolford Wood, we found a fox that led us right away for Moreton-in-Marsh, then on to Hanging Aston, where he ran to ground. Some men, without orders, began to dig him out; this was not approved of by the Master, and the hounds were stopped.

On Tuesday, as soon as we entered the wood
At Wolford, we knew the first challenge was good.
On a favourite morn, 'tis no time to delay
When a crafty old fox creepeth slyly away.
Forty minutes or more, o'er fallow and mead,
We rattled along at the top of our speed,
Till we ran in grand style the old felon to ground,
In a country well known within Lord SEAFORTH's bound.

Oct. 31.—The fixture, this morning, was at Itchington Heath, where we found a fox that led us first to Chesterton, when he turned to the left, and made straight to Bishop's Itchington; through the cover there, and on to Ladbroke spinies; having threaded them, he passed through the village, and ran on very near to Southam, and then away straight for Radbourne Gorse; we lost him at the town of Napton. A spirited thing all the time of an hour and five minutes.

On Thursday we had a most brilliant run,
When at Itchington Heath our amusement begun.
T'wards Harbury first, bending nearly, not quite
To Itchington village—at Ladbroke all right;
Skirting Southam, then up Ladbroke Hill, where the clay
Stopp'd a few of the weakest from making their way;
But neither the clay, nor the deep Napton tillage,
Could daunt the stout pack,—for close to the village,

In a field, we presume pretty near to the stocks,
In most capital style they ran up to their fox.
This run, for the ground was too heavy to race,
Lasted more than an hour at a good splitting pace!

November 2.—Met at Swacliffe, and on drawing the gorse by Wigginton Heath reynard was very soon upon the alert; he made direct down to Swacliffe, and then on to Tadmarton. Left that place to the right, and went straight to Wycombe Mill, where we killed, after running an hour.

To pin up the week, we on Saturday bound
Our way up to Nell, near to Swacliffe, and found;
This run was too good not to bear a remark,
We kill'd him near STEWART'S—the place Wykham Park.

Nov. 4.—We met at Whimpstone Bridge, and drew Rumour Hill blank. In drawing Gally Oak, we hit on a fox that had gone away for ten minutes, but the scent lay so bad we could do nothing with him. We afterwards touched upon a fox that first ran to Ilmington, and then to the Downs, and was lost.

Nov. 9.—Having assembled at Upton House, we drew and found a fox in the gorse; he went off by Upton House, and on to Edge Hill; he then sunk the bottom, down to Hardwick Field. Being headed, he turned short back up the bottom, by Tysoe, and on to Lord NORTHAMPTON'S, and we killed him in the pool near to the house. This run lasted an hour and 45 minutes.—On trying the Ashbed, we found again; reynard first led off to Epwell village, then inclined to the left, and went straight for Shutford earths. Being headed, he crossed the enclosures to Tadmarton; on leaving that place to the left, he made direct to Wigginton Heath, where the hounds turned him up. A run of an hour and seven minutes.

THE SAME, FROM WEAZEL.

Having glanced by the way, at the week that is pass'd,
As a wind-up I'll now speak of Saturday last.
At the meet, in high twig see each rider and horse,
We found pug at Upton, quite snug in the gorse.
Running round Upton House, then for Edge Hill away—
The site once, alas! of a terrible fray—
Sunk the hill, and got into the valley below,
Where the scent it lay cold, and the hunting was slow;
We'd a halloo, at times, from the horsemen above,
Who remain'd on the hill watching double and move;
Those skirting-trick gentry will not bawl so hearty,
When we carry out muzzles to clap on the party!
Leaving Tysoe to right, rounding Tysoe the Lower—
The stoutest horse first, if he be the best goer—
Then pressing our fox o'er the grounds up to Compton,
We kill'd near the seat of the Noble NORTHAMPTON.

Found again in the gorse—he's off like a good 'un,
At a pace that will try both the cocktail and blood 'un,
T'wards th' Banbury road, leaving Swacliffe to right—
The boldest ride careful—no rein now too tight.
Cross'd the road near Tadmarton—for Wigginton Heath;
Hark forward, my boys! there are symptoms of death!
Refusing to skulk, or like coward to yield,
Reynard left the wild heath, and again took the field,
And fell like a fox of true courage and blood,
In a fair open ground, as all game foxes should!

Not a check for a moment to get second breath,
For an hour, save a quarter—the burst to the death,
In Lower Tadmarton, with Bloxham behind,
We jumped off our nags, nearly bursting for wind!

As perfect a day as a man may remember,
Or e'er might expect in the month of November;
And to those who had souls to enjoy such a scene,
The magnificent hills—the rich vallies between;
Hear Compton's sweet echoes from Boxall's fine note,
And the mellow ton'd hounds from their musical throat;
Such delights! O! how rarely they are to be found,
From landscape, from echo, from huntsman, and hound!

BY WHOO-WHOOP.

Nov. 11.—The meet was at Bishop's Itchington, but we threw off at Radbourne Gorse. We presently unkenneled a fox, that was off, at a rare split, to Watergall; on being headed there, he returned to the gorse, through that cover, and on to Napton; the day was so stormy we were obliged to give him up. Tried Watergall and other covers, but did not find until we got to Farnborough; reynard went off in style to Edge Hill, where he took to ground; he was got out and killed. A good hunting run of 55 minutes.

Nov. 14.—The hounds met at Oakley Wood, and a fox was soon away from that cover to Ashorne; off by Newbold Pacey, Moreton, and then to Lighthorne Rough, where he was killed, after a run of 35 minutes. Put another out of Bowshot, and ran him to Walton, where he was lost.

Nov. 16.—The fixture was Birdingbury; we found at Debdale, but the scent lay so bad, we could not follow our fox. Drew all the coverts, without finding, until we came to Bunker's Hill; from this place reynard dashed off direct for the London road, where he was headed by some soldiers, who turned him short for Dunchurch; by that place, and

on for the spinies at Combe; here he was headed again by a cur dog, which turned him in a line for Leicester's-piece, where he ran to ground. A fine run of an hour and five minutes.

Nov. 18.—The hounds were no sooner put into this cover, Ufton Wood, than they unkenneled a fox, that led, first to Radford, and then turned up for Harbury; left that village to the right, and then bore on towards Ladbroke, where the scent fell off, and we left him. Found next at Chesterton; our game led us to Harwood's House, when he turned short back to the wood; after running him there for two hours, he found shelter in a rabbit spout. We got reynard out, and took him to the Big Field, to give him law; the hounds lay to him again in earnest, until they turned him up.

Nov. 19.—The Poolhead, at Farnborough, furnished us, this morning, with a fox, that went quick away to Curtis's Gorse, and then on to Warmington, where he inclined to the right, straight for Edge Hill, by the Sun Rising, and on to Upton House. Leaving that place to the left, he made direct for Epwell Gorse, and then to Shennington Mill; quitting it to the left, he ran on to Shutford, diverged to the right at that place, and ran to ground on Mr. Greaves's farm, after a sharp run of one hour and 35 minutes. Bolted reynard, and gave him a second chance; the hounds ran into him in ten minutes.

Nov. 21.—Met at Butler's Marston, and found a fox at Pillerton Gorse; he led us away for Oxhill, where he was headed, and turned back to Hardwick Field; then forward to Mr. Colmore's farm, where he went to ground. Bolted

him and followed him to Radway, where he was abandoned. This was a run of an hour.—The hounds afterwards chopped a fox in Pillerton Gorse. 1

Nov. 22.—This day we drew all the woods at Stoneleigh, without finding a single fox.

Nov. 23.—Met at Dunchurch, and drew Alloaks, and all Lord JOHN SCOTT's covers, blank. At length we found a fox in one of Captain IBBERT's coverts, that was off in an instant for Rugby, where we ran him to ground. The run lasted 35 minutes. 2

There was no scent for a week from this time; and although the hounds met, agreeably to the fixtures, they could not hunt.

Nov. 30.—Met at Bourton, and after drawing Bestow's Piece blank, found, shortly afterwards, at Debdale; we ran our fox some time in cover, and chopped him. Found again in the cover, when reynard went straight to Birdingbury, the seat of Sir T. BIDDULPH, and then on to Bourton. Here he turned short back to Debdale, through the covert, and on for Long Itchington. Leaving that village to the left, he

1 We were afterwards informed that the fox which we gave up at Radway was killed, in an unsportsmanlike manner, by the farmer on whose ground he had been left. He might have been satisfied, we think, with digging out the fox, and driving him off his ground by a cur dog. By these means he would have got rid of the nuisance, and saved his credit. The Agriculturists of Warwickshire, much to their honor, adopt a very different line of conduct under similar circumstances.

2 That gallant Sportsman, Captain Ibbert, lost a horse to-day.

went on to Marton ; bearing still to the left he ran through Sir T. Biddulph's gorse, to the village of Frankton ; he now turned short back by Bourton, on for East Leamington ; by that place, and through Debdale, and on towards Marston Grounds, where we left him.

BY ANONYMOUS.—DEC. 2.

On this day the Warwickshire hounds had the most brilliant run that has been known to the country for years. The fine dog pack met at Ilmington Village in the morning, intending to draw the covert at Foxcote ; but this intention was abandoned, upon the complaints of some of the farmers near Meon Hill that they were annoyed by a fox which had frequented that part, and which was as well known to them as old Cæsar to the Sportsmen in the county of Durham, from his having been coursed regularly once a week for the last two months, for which he did not care the least, as they had not the slightest chance with him.

As soon as the hounds had got to Meon Hill, and had drawn one or two little plantations, there was a halloo to the left of a fox gone away. The hounds immediately went to it, and got away close to him on most capital terms, taking the bottom of the hill, and then pointing his way for the beautiful vale of Evesham.

Leaving Lower Quinton on his right, Lower Pebworth on his left, through Marston Grounds, over the brook, just skirting Marston Village on his left, and Dorsington on his right, and thence for Hullington Farm, where he found himself distressed, and tried threading two or three of the farm yards and out-buildings, but without avail.

Finding himself equally hard-pressed there, he boldly faced the large enclosures of Pebworth, and skirting the Gorse, he was most gallantly run into and turned up in the open field on the top of Rumour Hill, after a most brilliant run of one hour and five minutes, without a single check, or the hounds being cast once during the whole time.

The pace throughout was allowed by every Sportsman to be unprecedented, for such a length of time.

We are sorry to say that Mr. THORNHILL and Captain SMITH lost two valuable horses; the former from his horse slipping his hind leg into a rut, and breaking it short off at the pastern joint; and the latter from the animal breaking its back in a deep ditch.

Mr. WOODWARD, Mr, SMITH, Tom DAY, and Mr. SHIRLEY'S Groom, on a young horse of his Master's, were the only persons with the hounds for the first 50 minutes, owing to the pace, and the large fences; but the fox making such a sharp turn to the left at Hullington Farm, let all the Field in to witness the *finale* of this unequalled run.

THE SAME, BY VENATOR.

I've often been hunted and chas'd,
By dogs that could scarce beat a cow;
But these Warwickshire follow so fast,
I ne'er got such a breathing till now!

At Ilmington village this morning we met,
As noble a Field, as we ever saw yet;
The dog-pack came out in condition so fine,
Their soft velvet coats as a mirror did shine.

We first meant the cover at Foxcote to draw,
But this we gave up, and set off to a shaw
Near Meon Hill; where the farmers complain'd,
A fox for two months had his station maintain'd,
Tho' started and cours'd from his den ev'ry week,
He still return'd back, an asylum to seek.

Made the hill, and a small plantation or two,
The hounds in a very short time travers'd thro';
When a voice t' th' left call'd the Field into play,
By the cheering halloo of a fox 'Gone away!'
The hounds in an instant caught up the warm scent,
On capital terms off together they went;
Took the base of the hill, and into the dale,
Then pointed for Evesham's rich beautiful vale.
Direct on his right he pass'd Lower Quinton,
Lower Pebworth lay to the left as he went on
Thro' Marston Grounds; beat by the pace, but a few
Of the Field could keep the fleet pack in full view.
F. Woodward, T. Smith, and two others, not more,
Were alone at their sterns, for nearly an hour;
All those who lost ground at the quick splendid burst,
Could not gain a stride on the nags that were first.

Press'd on by the pack, reynard hastily took
Down the meadows, and fearlessly dash'd thro' the brook.
Skirted Marston Village, and just within sight,
Left Dorsington bearing as much to the right.
Then for Hullington Farm; here, reynard distress'd,
Dodg'd the buildings about for a snug place to rest.
But no hovel, nor shed, nor building he found,
To shield him, alas! from his foeman, the hound;
B' th' keen bustling pack being quickly displac'd,
The closures of Pebworth he daringly fac'd.

Then skirted the gorse, and by stoutness and game,
He reach'd Rumour Hill, where a Sportsman, whose name
Was known in this Hunt, and the counties around,
Besides whose equal has seldom been found. 1
Reynard mounted the hill, but when at the top,
He was gallantly run into and thrown up
In the open field; 'twas a brilliant run
Of just sixty-five minutes, since first it begun.
Not one single check, not one cast of the hounds,
From fam'd Meon Hill, up to Rumour Hill Grounds! 2

THE SAME, BY WEAZEL.

Mr. THORNHILL, on this day had one of the best runs ever known in Warwickshire, without check or stop. We found a wild kind of greyhound fox on Ilmington Hill, in a rough gorse near to the Meon Hill. 'I'll bet you a crown, (cried the farmers,) that you don't kill him; he is our old friend; the fox that the greyhounds have often coursed, but could never kill.' However, the event proved that Will Boxall knew better, for after a glorious run of one hour and five minutes, pug was killed.

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1 The late Mr. Walter Stubbs.

2 The head of this fox, a present from Mr. Thornhill, is now preserved in a glass case, and fixed at the end of the Hunt Room, at the Warwick Arms Inn, Warwick; and underneath is written the following account:

'This fox was found on Ilmington Hill, on Monday, the 2nd of December, 1833, and after going away by Meon Hill, leaving Quinton on his right, through Marston Grounds, crossed the brook by Hullington Farm, where turning short back across to Pebworth enclosures, was run into by the Warwickshire Hounds on Rumour Hill, after a run of one hour and five minutes, without a single check, or the hounds being cast once: the pace throughout, unequalled for a length of time.'

Only five saw anything of it; Mr. Thornhill, Mr. Woodward, Mr. Smith, Will Boxall, and Tom Day. He took a line straight for Pebworth, seven miles from Ilmington, and was run into in the open on Rumour Hills, eight miles from Pebworth; his course over the beautiful dale of Evesham being most magnificent. 1

THE SAME, BY WHOO-WHOOP.

The Field met on the above day at Ilmington, where they were told of a fox being at Colman's Gorse, Meon-hill. Upon drawing the covert we found, and pug went away by Garrett's Brow, leaving Mickleton to the left, and bearing on for Pebworth. Left that place to the right, and went on for Evesham; turned short back by Hullington, and then straight to Rumour-hill, where we killed him.

This was one of the best runs I ever saw in my life, and lasted one hour and five minutes, without the slightest interruption.

Dec. 7.—The hounds met the Field at Birdingbury, and we soon unkenneled at Debdale, when our fox led us fast away by East Leamington, on to Bunker's-hill; made his ground good up to Dunchurch, which he passed to the left, and then straight to Crick, where we ran him to ground, after a run of one hour and 35 minutes, which gave great satisfaction.

1 Mr. Thornhill on his brown horse Rosby, and Captain Parker on his chestnut horse lately purchased from Mr. Annesley of Clifford, were also up at the death.

THE SAME, FROM A WARWICKSHIRE SPORTSMAN, BY VENATOR. 1

'Should all the gay larks, as they soar to the sky,
Their notes in a concert unite;
The music of hounds, when set off in full cry,
Would give a more tuneful delight!'

'Tis Saturday morning, and now let us seek
Some sturdy old fox, just to wind up the week.

Drew Debdale and found—when at Debdale we meet,
The Field, full of ardour, fear not a recheat.
Broke cover, and off without turning or cast,
Wild foxes run fastest, and longest can last.
The open with firm resolution he took,
Not throwing behind him 'one lingering look!'
The hounds at his brush, 'twas a beautiful burst,
How splendid the struggle for station the first!

To Leamington Hastings bold reynard made play,
And next to Kite's Hardwick directed his way.
Left it to the right, and crossed over the Leam;
No Sportsman here fancied a *bath* in the stream.
While this gave a check to the vigorous hound,
The keen anxious Field by a bridge galloped round;
A gallop severe up to Bunker's-hill gorse,
That took something out of the very best horse.

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1 The prosperity of the Warwickshire Hunt, in that district at least, has been greatly promoted by the venerable and worthy Baronet of Birdingbury. That gentleman has not lately joined in the chase, yet a more ardent, or a more zealous friend to the noble diversion of Foxhunting, is not to be found in the county of Warwick, than Sir T. Biddulph, who gives the covers, and preserves the foxes for the amusement and gratification of his numerous friends.

For minutes, about, p'rhaps, the third of a score,
We shook well the gorse; when stout reynard once more
Was reluctant compelled from the covert to fly,
His chance once again in the open to try.

To our right the gay villa of Wolston was seen,
Then the road cross'd, old Daintry and Dunchurch between.
Made by Only Lodge, after passing the brook,
The Oxford Canal he most gallantly took.
The village of Barby pass'd by; and then down
The hill, in his route, after leaving the town.
To Kilsbury reynard now pointed, and then
Just skirted the village, and push'd on again.
Then at Cooper's Gorse sav'd his life by a trick,
In running to ground in the Lordship of Crick. 1

BY WHOO-WHOOP.

Dec. 10.—On drawing Wichford Wood, we found a fox that took off straight for Ascote; by that place, and on to Hooknorton Field, where he ran to ground. Bolted him to Wichford, through that cover over the country, until he turned short back by the road, and then to Wichford town, where he was killed.

Dec. 13.—From Kenilworth, where we met, we went to Crackley-wood, and found a fox that led us to Tilehill, on to Wainbody-wood, through that cover, then back to Crackley, where he took to ground, after running for one hour and 35 minutes.

1 The fox entered the earth just as he was sinking before the hounds, after a run of one hour and 35 minutes; a distance as the crow flies of 12 miles; but reynard went entirely over grass land of the first-rate kind, for 15 miles.

Dec. 14.—Met at Princethorpe, and found pug at home at Frankton-wood, and he took us off for the Alloaks, where he went to ground after a run of 30 minutes. Unkenneled another at Debdale, that went along for East Leamington, and on to Bunker's-hill; he brushed through that cover, and made Crick. Two miles from this place we were hallood to a fresh fox, and consequently stopped the hounds.

The run lasted two hours and a quarter, and at the close of it we were 25 miles from home, with our nags very much beaten.

FROM ACTÆON.

BISHOP'S ITCHINGTON, DEC. 23.

'Farewell to the land where the foxes are flyers,
Where the fences are larger than any where else.'

Although Warwickshire is generally considered to be amongst the 'vulgar or provincial' hunting countries, yet I am convinced, since my short stay at this place, that it is capable of shewing under good management as much sport, and that of the first order, as any county in England. Every one knows, that the cream of it is of no great extent, not so much pasture land as there is in Leicestershire or in Rutlandshire, and some of the crack districts, yet the foxes are much wilder and stouter, and the country, particularly below Dunchurch, if the weather serves, generally holds a good scent, quite sufficient to kill the stoutest fox. Yet with all these advantages there is one great difficulty to contend with, which is perhaps the greatest barrier to good sport which a huntsman can meet with, and that is the tailorish and unsportsmanlike manner in which some of the Field ride, not to the hounds, but rather over them or before them.

In speaking of this ungentlemanly vice, I beg to be understood that I do not class the Warwickshire fox-hunters amongst these cocktail performers; as Warwickshire can produce some as good Sportsmen and hard riders, and amongst them some regular welters, as any county in England.

A case in point particularly struck me yesterday, when the hounds found their fox on Ladbroke-hill; there was evidently a most burning scent, but before the hounds were half settled to their fox, the whole body of tailors charged the hounds, and drove them from the line, half a mile to the right; the consequence was that the scent was not again recovered till after considerable delay, and a slow hunting run was the result, instead of perhaps a tickler. The day was of course voted bad; 'no scent, ungentlemanly country, no use staying poking here, let's light our baccy, and be off homewards.'

Now mark well the prognostications of these 'terrible high bred cattle.' We drew Itchington-heath, when a good old fox was soon viewed away; the hounds now set to run in good earnest, as most of the Field had left, and not there to do mischief. They made to Chesterton, round the wood, and away for Chadshunt, at a rare slapping pace, where some difficulties and checks occurred; but after some beautiful hunting the hounds recovered him in Lighthorne Rough. Away they went again for Lord Willoughby's, by Bowshot, to the right of Morcton, and through Chesterton Woods, nearly to Harbury, and so on over Ufton Bottom, perhaps the deepest, stiffest and severest country in England, almost in view to Ufton Wood, where, at four o'clock, the hounds changed, and were consequently stopped, and taken home.

The pace from Lighthorne was most severe, without a single check, a semi-circle of about 12 miles. Only three or four men saw the end of this run, which was, though partly in a deep stiff country, a capital day's sport.

BY WHOO-WHOOP.

On Dec. 23, we unkenneled at Ladbroke-hill, changed at Lighthorne Rough, and went back with him through Chesterton Wood, to Harbury. Leaving that place to the right, he went straight to Ufton, where the pack was stopped, as it was getting very late.

The run lasted five hours, and several of the hunters gave up at Harbury, as they were so beat.

THE SAME, BY ANONYMOUS.

We met on Monday at Bishop's Itchington, intending to draw Radbourne Gorse; but in passing through the village of Ladbroke, some foot people on the hill viewed reynard make into a small plantation, and the pack were immediately put in, and the fox, without loss of time, went off in gallant style, and after crossing the turnpike road between Ladbroke and Southam, went towards Upton, and on turning to the left to Harbury Heath, the hounds were a long way behind, the scent became bad, and reynard was lost.

Itchington Heath was then tried, and with success. Away they went to Chesterton-wood, the top corner of which they passed through, when it was supposed there was a change of foxes; from there to Chadshunt at a pretty smart hunting pace, to Lighthorne Rough; here the scent was breast high, and the fox and the hounds were within

50 yards of each other, and in complete view of a large and respectable Field. A gallant Sportsman present here gave the View halloo! and exclaimed, 'Now, Gentlemen, here's a sight to excite us! none of us can surely find an excuse for not riding now!' On they went at full speed, till they came to Compton Verney, where reynard, making a turn to the right, and skirting the plantations of the lower end of Bowshot, went towards Wellesbourne, and turned to the right for Moreton Wood.

From Lighthorne Rough the pace was tremendous, and 35 minutes elapsed without a check. The first four miles, with the exception of one person on a chestnut horse, no one saw either fox or hound till they inclined towards Chesterton, where others were let in.

Mr. Vyner, Captain Mitchell, Bill Boxall the huntsman, and Tom Day the whip, on the famous steeple-race horse, late the property of Mr. Jenkins, were amongst the first.

In passing through Chesterton, the numbers at most were increased to 15 or 16; and from this point they went in the direction of Harbury Heath. Then inclining to the left, crossed Harbury Fields for the turnpike road leading to Ufton Wood, where man, horse, and hound being dead beat, the hounds were whipped off. 1

1 Some of the oldest sportsmen present considered this one of the most brilliant affairs ever witnessed; and the juniors were astonished at the state of the Field at its close. Riders without horses, some horses down, some up, and some in ditches—and some horses and riders so fatigued, (to use a hunting phrase,) that they could neither go nor stand!—One hour and ten minutes.

BY TOM TAG.

FARNBOROUGH, DEC. 30.

Happening to be in Warwickshire the other day, I took the opportunity of going out with Mr. THORNHILL's hounds, which met on Monday at Farnborough. They drew a plantation of Mr. HOLBECH's, found, and went away immediately.

Our fox pointed first towards Fenny Compton, but bore to the left over Dassett Field, and leaving the hills he turned by the Windmill over some large grass fields, and ran to ground at Arleseot. It was a ticklish scent, fallows carried, and the sheep stopped them, but they did all they could do; they held themselves on at every difficulty, without flying or wildness, and there seemed to be plenty of line hunters to steer them.

Though neither fox or scent was good enough for a run of any account, it was just the kind of thing for a man who likes hunting, to form an opinion of hounds by. I should say they did all a Sportsman could wish.

The men are quick, sharp, know what they are about, and are beautifully mounted. They have every requisite in short for good sport, for which they have my most sincere wish. I was happy to find that Mr. THORNHILL is very popular with every one in the county. 1

1 Mr. Thornhill's horse broke down to-day; and they drew the huntsman's mare out of a brook. This was a most excellent, but slow run, and the hounds behaved remarkably well.

THE SAME, BY WHOO-WHOOP.

We met at Farnborough, and found at Mollington Hill; went away down to Fenny Compton; left that place to the left, and then over to Armscott, where our fox went to earth, after a run of 45 minutes. Bolted him, and he ran again to ground at Knowles Hill.

We next drew Kineton Holt, and found, when our fox ran straight to the hill, leaving the Sun Rising to the left; went by Upton, and then to Shennington, where he turned short back to Horley, and we lost him.

EPWELL WHITE HOUSE, DEC. 31ST.

Drew Epwell Gorse, but did not find. Afterwards unkenneled in one of Lord NORTHAMPTON'S spinies, and ran pug very fast to Ibbert, where he sheltered himself in a carpenter's yard, and we could not find him. Then returned to Lord NORTHAMPTON'S, without finding, and after we had drawn Idlicote blank, the hounds were taken home.

Thus ended the sport of the day, and this was the last day of hunting in this year.

MITFORD BRIDGE, JANUARY 2ND, 1834.

This morning we found at Wolford Wood, and were running about the covert for an hour before we could get sly reynard away. At last we succeeded in forcing him into the open, and he led us smartly away to Addlestrop, where he went to ground. This was a capital run, and lasted for 40 minutes. 1

1 It is somewhat remarkable, (says our correspondent,) if this were not the same fox that we ran one morning a short time ago, from this wood, which took refuge in the same drain.

On Jan. 3, the meet was at Wellesbourne. Found in the Wood, and ran to ground at Walton Having got him out, and given him fair sporting law, the hounds eagerly caught up the scent, and quickly threw him up, after a very pretty burst.

We unkenneled a second fox at Walton Wood, which led us briskly away through Brickhill Gorse, and then to Pillerton. Leaving that village to the left, he made direct to Mr. PEACH's house, through the shrubbery, and by the garden, and he shortly afterwards went to ground. The run was a fine one, and lasted an hour.

Jan. 6.—Met at Gaydon, drew Watergall, blank, found in Radbourne Gorse, and our fox led us away at a slapping pace to Southam, where we killed, after a capital run of 25 minutes.

We afterwards drew Ladbroke spinies, as well as the covert at Itchington Heath, but did not find, and we went home perfectly satisfied with the day's sport.

Jan. 7, the meet was at Upton House, and we found at Middleton's Gorse, when reynard led us off to Hornton.—Leaving that place to the right, he made for Alscote, where he turned to the left, and ran on to the Sun Rising; then he turned short back through Northend to Alscote, where the hounds ran into him, after a good thing of one hour and 10 minutes.

Jan. 9.—We met at Compton Verney, and drew Bowshot blank, but found at Lighthorne Rough. Ran our fox through Bowshot, then to Moreton Wood, and down to Newbold Pacey; he then turned short back to Lighthorne, and after running him in the Rough for 20 minutes, killed.

THE DEBDALE HUNT,

ATTRIBUTED TO THE HON. R. PLUNKETT.

PRINCETHORPE, JAN. 11.

Air—'*One bumper at parting.*'

Come, Clio, delighting in story,
Come, sing we of Bobby, and how
He was only the next thing in glory
To Sir Guy, or his famous Dun Cow!
Let the wizard of Abbotsford tell us,
How they could not come up with their stag;
He thought that perhaps he might sell us,
By killing Fitzjames's grey nag.

CHORUS.

May merry Old England then nourish
Her pristine affection for sport;
For Fox-hunting ever shall flourish,
While our Squires lend their ready support.
Here's a health, then, to all the true lovers
Of the Chase, while the wine goes the rounds,
To Sir Biddulph, who gave us the covers,—
To Thornhill himself, and the hounds.

But I sing the last days of Bobby,
Ye Gods! what a classical name!
Perhaps I am wrong, but my hobby
My Pegasus thinks just the same.
Princethorpe was the meet, but the Cover
Was Debdale, the gift of Sir The;
At first, we all thought the Red Rover
Had determin'd 'at home' not to be.—Chorus, ad lib.

But I beg to observe, that the greeting
He gave us was just what he ought;
From the very first gate not retreating,
He remained till we came to the spot.
O! his heart, who can yet feel emotion,
At the soul-stirring sound, 'Gone away,'
Can alone form an adequate notion,
Of the feelings that swayed us that day.—Chorus, ad lib.

'And now a fair field, and no favor,'
Thought BIDDULPH, is all that I ask;
Many others might think so, but waver,
Unlike him, when put to the task.
'Tis said, so experienc'd a rider
Never rode a more excellent nag;
Close to hounds, never known to cast wider,
Nor his hunter to uselessly fag.—Chorus, ad lib.

Who, at starting, next him took his station?
'Twas CUNYNGHAME, late of the twelfth;
He cares not for my approbation,
As he 's got the best MEADE for himself.
But who 's this from Combe Abbey? no *Craven;*
At least if I judge from his place;
The one with his hair dark as raven,
Held on at a desperate pace.—Chorus, ad lib.

My muse, you've now got beyond BARING,
But I am not surpris'd at it too;
For to give his proud hunter an airing,
He thought that ten minutes would do.
Now fill we our glasses to GRANVILLE,
The eldest call'd Bernard, I mean,
I'll wager a trifle, no man will
Say a much better Sportsman has been.—Chorus, ad lib.

But Warwickshire has yet another,
As dauntless and skilful as he;
The fact is, the man has a Brother,
And nobody else could it be.
But they tell me you're going, my GRANNY,
And Clio shall bid thee adieu!
In the heart of your friend is a cranny,
Where a thought shall long linger of you.—Chorus, ad lib.

My muse is not given to sentiment,
Therefore this strain I give o'er;
Just remarking, if any such went, I meant
Not to hunt here any more.
Shall I pit there against either PARKER?
Who both rode right well on that day;
The one an old Steeple Chase Larker,
And rather a varment, they say.—Chorus, ad lib.

But give me the Guardsman so gallant,
Who rode like a trooper indeed;
I ne'er condescend to a callant,
To liken a knight of his breed;
I know not if nature intended,
That Gentlemen only should hunt,
But seldom the scarlets are blended
With any thing else in the front.—Chorus, ad lib.

Let the Bard of the North sing Clan Alpine,
Of his 'evergreen pine,' and all that;
Rhoderick Dhu was a joke to M'ALPINE,
At a bullfinch who sprung like a cat.
But talk of a Paddy, there's PLUNKETT,
Who may think that he rode like a man;
But his name sounds so very like *Funk-it*,
That '*credat*,'—believe him who can.—Chorus, ad lib.

O! where, and O! where was my BARNARD?
Is the BARNARD yet merged in the *Broke?*
He went in, but 'twas only to warn hard
Riders, ere leaping to look.
For lo! by the dogs of St. Bernard,
Like a bird from the bushes he bounds;
I saw him by Lester's Piece barn-yard,
Going well at the heel of the hounds.—Chorus, ad lib.

There were some men whom I think deserving
Of a *ducking*, for going with DRAKE;
Their riding till next day reserving,—
No farther allusion I make.
Now a *fowler* should bring to the larder,
What a *butler* might serve to 'mine host;'
FOWLER BUTLER, however, rode harder,
Than many who came to the post.—Chorus, ad lib.

But there's one man who ne'er need look sheepish,
Although his soft surname is LAMB;
That country must be pretty deepish,
Over which Captain LAMB cannot ram.
And well has young MOSTYN supported
The sporting renown of his race;
The ARUNDELLS, too, are reported,
To have follow'd their friend to the chase.—Chorus, ad lib.

I am told CHANDOS LEIGH was there also,
If he was, I am sure he went well;
There were other right good 'uns, but all so
Dispersed, that one scarcely can tell.
As for the bold Captain MAGENNIS,
Who is better distinguished as Dick;
Poor man, why it truly a sin is,
To see a good fellow so sick.—Chorus, ad lib.

Now sing we the praises of THORNHILL,
Though last, not the least in my song;
In a long run, I'll bet no man born will
Than THORNHILL go better along.
As Master of hounds, 'tis notorious,
There is hardly a better alive;
His career, too, though short, is so glorious,
That long may he prosper and thrive!—Chorus, ad lib.

My muse happens to think that the first flight,
It were rather invidious to name;
But then there are some who've the best right,
So proud a precedence to claim.
We all know that *Don Ferdinando,*
Although he's a great man in Spain,
Yet cannot do more than he can do,
And never will do it again.—Chorus, ad lib.

And this Handsome JACK would discover,
Who, tho' not the Colossus of Rhodes,
On that day could not have strode over
Much ground, if it were not for roads.
But where, 'mid the many late comers,
Was Lord EASTNOR; i'fait, I forget,
I know one can scarcely set SOMERS,
But then one may see *Somer-set.*—Chorus, ad lib.

Now Clio, revert we to reynard,
Where away from the covert he broke;
As it lately had happened to rain hard,
The lowlands we thought were no joke.
SCOTT says something about his stag bounding
Across a whole copse at a shy;
But altho' it might well be high sounding,
My fox without wings could not fly.—Chorus, ad lib.

Now, away for a start, ride the *tailors*,
As *tailors* invariably do;
'Tis well they're not also fast sailers,
Or we ne'er should get rid of the crew;
And next came the hounds, by St. Hubert,
Unequalled in courage and breed;
I really wonder how thro' dirt,
(And tailors,) they held on their speed.—Chorus, ad lib.

Loud swells on the gale the glad halloo!
As we all from the hill saw the fox,
Away, like a torrent we follow,
As it flings itself down from the rocks.
Tell me not 'tis a jockey who 's bred to
The business, alone that can ride;
A stout heart, a light hand, a good head too,
Must nature have given beside.—Chorus, ad lib.

First Bob pointed North-west, and by Westward,
Then rather to Southward inclined,
He seem'd first to have chosen the best sward,
And next to have altered his mind.
How by Leamington Hastings we hasten'd,
The villagers long shall relate;
The deep plough, tho' bid fair to have chastened
Our pride, and our speed to abate.—Chorus, ad lib.

As the plot appeared rather to thicken,
Towards Kite's Hardwick Bob cast a hawk's eye;
But perhaps 'twas the ghost of a chicken,
That afterwards made the fox shy.
Now he took the high road to this village,
Yet neglected the turnpike to pay;
Brass he had when intent upon pillage,
But copper was not in his way.—Chorus, ad lib.

To Bunker's Hill Bobby then pointed,
Like Prospero, the Tempest of Chase;
Which in taking by storm, disappointed,
By the left wheeled away from the place.
Just after we turned from the latter,
We crossed a great number of rills,
When we pass'd the canal, tho' the matter
Was how to get up the long hills.—Chorus, ad lib.

In short, from where first he broke cover,
Till at Barby Bob gave up the ghost,
Twelve miles, at the least, were rode over,
In fifty-five minutes at most.
Now Biddulph, appeared to me, rather
To have led to the brook from the burst;
Then Thornhill, his steed in a lather,
And afterwards Parker was first.—Chorus, ad lib.

My muse, whom no prudence can fetter,
Swears the Lamb must have carried its horse;
Than the Granvilles no men could go better,
And the second was first at the gorse.
It was truly a sight worth a hundred,
To see Biddulph lead over the brook;
The stream was so swell'd, that we wonder'd
If the leap would suit any one's book.—Chorus, ad lib.

But by far the most sporting achievement,
That ever I knew to have been,
Was Barnard's, who after bereavement
Of both stirrups, still forward was seen.
Success then, to all the fast flyers,
Who rode to the end of the run;
And long, too, may Leamington Priors,
In hunting, be second to none!—Chorus, ad lib.

The three celebrated runs from Debdale, so frequently mentioned, can never be forgotten. It was ascertained that this was the same fox that led us on the previous 7th of December to Crick, and on the 14th to Ashby Sallow-beds; and on this memorable day broke cover from the same spot, took the same line of country, even through many of the same meuses in the hedge-rows.

Sir Theophilus Biddulph's keeper well knew the fox, as did Bill Boxall, and Tom Day, who viewed him several times. Sir Theophilus Biddulph came trotting up about 10 minutes after the fox was killed, and was presented by Mr. Thornhill with the brush. The head is preserved in a glass case by the Master.—A WARWICKSHIRE SPORTSMAN.

BY WHOO-WHOOP.

MITFORD BRIDGE.—JAN. 14TH.

Drew Wolford Wood, where we found a fox that took away to Moreton-in-Marsh, and then turned back again to the wood. After threading the cover, he made away for Addlestrop, near which place he went to ground. We got him out, and the hounds soon ran into him. 1

1 Some Sportsmen, said an old foxhunter one day to us, are too anxious to dig out the fox when he takes to ground. The foxes had formed an earth in a favourite spot upon my farm; and when a hunted fox had taken refuge there, several young men in the field were very clamorous to have him dug out, observing, that when any fox was so cowardly as to take to earth to escape the hounds, he deserved no quarter, he ought to be unearthed, and started again. I told them the earth had been but newly made, and the fox, with an instinct common in all animals, took ground from the first and strongest of all principles, self-preservation. I had not in any way interrupted them, that they might find shelter there occasionally when hard pressed; if you partly destroy the earth by digging him out, they will never earth there again. I could not prevail, without positively forbidding them to break the ground, and reynard was got out and killed. The result was as I had predicted, the foxes entirely left the place, and have not since returned.

Jan.16.—Met at Butler's Marston Kennel, and found in Pillerton Gorse; dashed off first to Pillerton, and next to Marston; passing to the left of the covert at that place, he pointed straight for Lord WILLOUGHBY'S, through the wood at Marston, and on to Newbold; left that place to the right and took his course direct to Mr. Court's, of Middle-hill, and then to Warwick Park; being headed, he turned short back to Oakley-wood; here we changed our fox, and ran him to Wasperton. As it grew late, we stopped the hounds, not choosing to follow any longer a fresh fox, after so long and severe a run.

Jan. 21.—The meet, this morning, was at Eatington, and we drew all the coverts, blank. We found reynard at home, however, at Brickhill Gorse, and he led us straight to Pillerton, and there took ground. Bolted him, and he ran to Pillerton, through the gorse, and on to Oxhill. Left that place to the right, and then off to the Sun Rising, at which place he again ran to ground; bolted him and turned him up in a short time, after a very good day's sport, many of the horses being distressed, and the Field satisfied with the sport afforded them by the excellent manner in which the hounds held on after their game.

Jan. 27.—Met at Gaydon Inn, and then drew Gaydon Spinies and Watergall blank. We afterwards found at Radbourne, when reynard went away to Prior's Hardwick, and from thence to Boddington Gorse; through the covert, and on to the Farnborough road. Leaving that to the left, he bore down to Watergall, turned here to the left again, and on to Radbourne. Pug now inclined to the right, and went straight to Ladbroke, and then on to Harbury, where the hounds ran into him, after a chase of an hour and 40 minutes.

Jan. 30.—The hounds met at Avon Dassett, and found a fox at Windmill-hill, which ran us about the hill for some time, and then went to Edge-hill and took to ground. We next drew Upton Gorse, and found a second fox, which we ran to ground at Mr. Hawton's farm, where we left him. Mr. Hawton afterwards got reynard out, and as a worthy friend of the chase, turned him up to take his chance another day, and if possible, save his life again, by having resort to the same friendly shelter, and once more defeat his ardent pursuers. 1

Feb. 3.—Met at Wroxton New Inn; drew Wroxton and Hanwell-woods, blank. Found a fox in Curtis's Gorse, and ran him to ground by Warmington. Unkenneled a second at Farnborough, when he ran by way of the house through the Faggot Covert to Dasset Hill, and over the Banbury road. Leaving Edge-hill to the left, reynard bore down for Kineton; leaving still to the left, he took a line for Knightcote, and on to Radbourne-hill, where, no doubt, he was killed by some cur dogs. This run lasted an hour and 51 minutes, with some very good hunting, at different periods of the day's sport.

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1 A respectable farmer, an old Sportsman, lately observed—I always preserve the foxes; for although I very seldom join the chase myself, I am still fond of the sport, and feel pleasure in promoting the amusement of other people. I never destroy a fox myself, nor suffer any body about me to injure them, while they leave the lambs alone; but when they begin to take the lambs, I directly make war upon them, and they must look sharp if they escape us all. Having killed the fox, (which I suppose to be a vixen with cubs,) which took away the lambs, I am generally safe for the remainder of the season. A fowl, or a duck or two, I don't mind; I think nothing about it; but when they begin to be too fond of lamb, and fetch them from the ewes, they make me their enemy; when they leave off their depredations in that way, I never molest them again.

BY AN ADMIRER OF FOXHUNTING.

MITFORD BRIDGE.—FRIDAY, FEB. 4TH.

We met this morning at Mitford Bridge, and proceeded immediately to draw Wolford Wood. Boxall, the huntsman, had no sooner put the hounds into the cover, than the cry of Tally-ho ! resounded in all directions from the foot people who had assembled to witness the sport.

The scent in cover was so bad, that the hounds could not press him, and reynard was some time before he could be prevailed upon to leave. At length, he skulked away by the side of a hedge, but the stanch pack were not to be so easily deceived ; and after half an hour's cold hunting we came to Sir George PHILIPS's farm, at Ditchford. Some of the old Sportsmen prophesied pug would wait for us in the Honourable Baronet's new plantations ; and true were their predictions, for in one moment after the hounds were thrown in, the cry of 'Gone away,' proceeded from the lips of that true lover of foxhunting, Mr. Charles FREEMAN.

Instead of the dull and cheerless aspect which was previously apparent on the countenance of every individual, from the coldness of the day and badness of the sport, might now be traced features glowing with anxiety and animation, enlivened as we all were by the prospect of sport so opportunely placed before us. Truly—

'Never did men more joyfully obey,
Or sooner understand the sign to fly,
With such alacrity they bore away.'

The hounds swept along after their game at a most terrific pace, and crossing the Turnpike road about two miles from Shipston, over the estate of Mr. FREDERICK FINDON, across the large open Common Field, on to Long

Compton, and ran him to ground at Foxcote, the seat of the late Mr. Francis Canning. 1

The latter part of this capital run from Ditchford, about five miles, was decidedly the most severe thing I ever witnessed. Of the pace and severity of the burst the horses bore ample testimony, as out of a numerous and well-mounted field, there were only three well up at the death, namely—that well-known good old Sportsman, Mr. Smith, of Broadway, on his chesnut mare; Mr. F. Woodward, of Cummerton, on his bay horse; and Boxall,

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1 Smoking out the fox is a practice but seldom, if ever, now attempted. We saw an experiment of this kind tried, some years since, by the Hon. Newton Fellowes. Reynard had been found in a very strong gorse cover, a compact almost impenetrable mass of furze of four or five acres, not a single ride through it. It was a wet drizzly morning, and he kept them dodging about the cover for two hours, before they could get him away. After taking a ring from the wood for about an hour, he took to ground, in a sough within a field or two of the place where he first started. The terriers were sent for, and in the interim the sough was broken up a considerable way from the mouth, without effect. A young Sportsman endeavoured to persuade the Master to smoke him out, and at last he reluctantly consented. Some straw and a lanthern were procured from the next farm house; the straw was then put into the mouth of the drain, and set on fire; but reynard did not bolt. A rough haired terrier was then brought into the field, and after a good deal of encouragement from his Master, entered the drain, and soon brought poor reynard out, dead; he had been suffocated. Mr. Fellowes, holding up the fox by his hind legs, and darting an indignant look at the stripling in scarlet, angrily exclaimed—'Here's your smoking works.' The horses used in the field in north Devon, where the broad double hedges are too high to be topped, are little compact animals, seldom more than fifteen hands and an inch high. The fine noble hunters from this part of the country cannot live with them. They jump up and down, to get through the hedges; and the country in general is so hilly, that a famous hunter here, would be compelled to give in there, by a horse not worth one fourth of his value. The leaps, and the hilly nature of the country, with their weight, beat them out of the field.

the huntsman, on the grey. We should not forget to mention that Mr. SANDERSON, of Leamington, was in a tolerable place, coming up shortly after we had lost. The worthy Master of the Pack was not out to-day, or he would doubtless have been in his usual good place.

BY WHOO-WHOOP.

COMPTON VERNEY.—FEB. 6TH.

Found at the Pool-head, and he went away through Lighthorne Rough, and off to Bowshot. He then took over the hill to Moreton and on to Chesterton, and turned short through the wood by Chesterton Church, and away to Harbury. Leaving that village to the left, he bore down for Ladbroke, where taking rather to the right he made for Ufton. We were unlucky enough to change our fox, and we followed the fresh one to Ufton-wood, and ran him there for some time. We were afterwards hallood to another fox, but had no more sport to-day.

Feb. 8.—We met at Foss Farm, found in Ufton Wood, and ran our fox about there for 45 minutes, when he went to ground. Unkenneled a second fox at Print Hill, and ran him about the covert for an hour and 50 minutes, before we got him out. At last, he took away to Hunningham, went through the copses there, and on to Hunningham Village. Reynard then crossed the water to Weston, through that village and wood, and on to Waverley-wood.

Without halting a moment our fox dashed straight through Stoneleigh Park, and on to Chantrey-heath, and leaving that to the right, he made straight for Bagginton New Plantations; being headed by a shepherd, he turned short back to Bubbenhall Windmill, where the hounds gallantly ran into him in the open, after a capital run, from Print Hill, of 45 minutes.

Feb. 11.—Met at Mitford Bridge, and on finding in Wolford-wood, reynard skulked and doubled in the covert for near an hour and a half. When forced out he went away for Moreton Village, on to Hanging Aston, and up to Paxford. At this place our fox turned short back to Lord REDESDALE's park, where we killed him, after a run, out of cover, of more than 45 minutes.

BY AN OLD SOLDIER.

FARNBOROUGH.—FEB. 12TH.

A splendid run with Mr. THORNHILL, will, I hope, find what many heroes of old were so fortunate as to obtain, a pen to record its glory. Mr. THORNHILL's pack met at Farnborough, near Mr. HOLBECH's house, with a brilliant field, when just as the hounds were about to throw off, a fox was hallood away before Mr. HOLBECH's magnificent terrace, in the direction of Mollington. The hounds being soon laid on, the fox went away in gallant style, keeping the line of the brook along the valley between the Banbury and Gaydon Inn roads, till rising the hill he passed through Hanwell Spiney, and ran, as for a time supposed, into a drain near Neithrop, within a quarter of a mile of Banbury, —time 20 minutes.

At this place we came to a check for about 10 minutes, when a farmer whipped up our fox from some grass out of a ditch over which the hounds had passed, and away he went at the very best pace over Wroxton grounds, with the park to the right, over Crouch-hill, with the Chipping-Norton road and Mr. STUART's house to our left, then to Wickham Mill. There not liking the water, our fox took his line along the right bank of the brook, and we came to a short check in one of the meadows while the hounds flushed over the brook, and greatly to his glory, Lord HOWTH

jumped it. The hounds immediately returned, leaving it doubtful with some whether the fox had crossed or not, and away we went with beautiful running till the fox crossed the Shipston road, by Broughton Village, near the Castle Gardens. To those who had crossed the brook at Wickham Mill, the view of the field with horsemen and hounds, on the opposite bank, is said to have presented one of the finest scenes imaginable. Crossing Broughton Park, the fox ran over Claydon Hill, with North Newington on the right, through the gorse till he crossed the Kineton road, when turning short to the left, he ran with Shennington on the right, close to the village of Bolscott, which he left on the right. Up to this point there had been continued good hunting, when we came to a check of about five minutes.

After this he ran at a very severe pace, with Shutford close on the left, and leaving his card at Shutford earths, over the hills, with Epwell Village to the left, and Epwell gorse on the right, till he reached Lord NORTHAMPTON'S ponds at Compton. There a fresh fox went away in view over three or four fields, with the hounds after him, when they were whipped off, and taken back to kill the hunted one; about a delay of 20 minutes having thus occurred, our gallant hero had, I suppose, contrived to obtain some rabbit hole for the night, and he 'lives to run another day.' The time from Farnborough to Compton, was two hours and 40 minutes, and from the line the fox took, we could not have gone over less than 22 miles of country. What became of some of the Sportsmen, who at starting took lines on the right to Alscote, and on the left to Cropredy, is not yet known. As for myself, all I can say is, that I never wish to witness a finer day's sport, or hounds behaving better; and when next Mr. THORNHILL meets at this cover, 'may I be there to see.'

Whoo-whoop says, this was a very severe and capital run, and lasted, from the commencement, for about six hours. The horses were beat, and the hounds behaved exceedingly well. 1

BY WHOO-WHOOP.

Feb. 13.—Met at Kenilworth, and found in Wainbody Wood, where we ran our fox for 45 minutes; at length he went away at a very sharp pace, but the hounds ran into him in eleven minutes. Being now hallood to a second fox, we hunted him to Berricote Wood, although he had been gone for 20 minutes, and on to Waverley Wood, where we gave him up. We then found a third fox on Chantrey-heath, which we drove along at a very quick pace to the Glasshouse Wood, where we lost him.

Feb. 14.—The hounds met to-day at Princethorpe, and on going to Debdale, found a prime fox that led us away at a slapping pace to Print Hill; through that covert, and off to Offchurch, where he much disappointed us by taking to ground. We then went back to Print Hill, but did not find.

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1 Mr. H. Horley, as he was riding by the side of the dam near Wickham Mill, on Shakspeare, his horse swerved and fell backwards into the water. Captain Lamb came up at the time on a chesnut horse of the right sort, and assisted Mr. Horley to get his horse out of the water; but, in doing so, he broke one of the stirrups. He nevertheless followed and caught Captain Lamb's horse, which had ran away for some distance; and after taking him back to the gallant Captain, overtook the hounds about half an hour before they lost, and was up at the time. When the fox first went away, Lord Howth and Mr. Horley had a good start together, and cleared the first brook near Mr. Holbech's house, abreast, five successive times, in spite of the advice of Tom Day, who holding up his hand exclaimed 'It wont do.' The Master and several other Sportsmen were up when we lost.

Next drew and found at Offchurch Bury, when our fox led us back to the Foss road, and there, to add to our former misfortune, he again went to ground. After trying a few other coverts, we went home.

Feb. 15.—After meeting at Ilmington Hills, we threw off at Foxcote. Many recollections, not without a mixture of alloy, arise in our minds when we meet at this place.—Found a fox upon the hills, and lost him on Whimpstone Downs. Next drew the Downs and Preston Bushes, blank. Soon afterwards hit upon a fox at Gally Oak, which led us by Preston Village, down to Alscot Park, and through it to Alveston Pastures; through them, on to Wellesbourne Wood, and then down to Sir JOHN MORDAUNT'S. Our game then went on up to the Colt-hovel earth, Long Bath-hill, and on for Frizhill, where we gallantly turned him up, after a famous run of an hour and 45 minutes.

Feb. 17.—Met at Mitford Bridge, and found at Wolford, but not until we had got to the top of the cover were we well up with our fox, and after threading about the wood for half an hour, he went straight away to Barton Grove; then on to Long Compton, and when he got over the hill at that place, he was headed, and made direct to the wood, and then he turned for Rollright Spinies, where we killed him, after a capital run of an hour.

Mar. 1.—After meeting at Princethorpe to-day, we drew Lester's Piece and Bunker's Hill, blank. Found a fox at Captain IBBERT'S, which went away for Hillmorton; turned short back there for Rugby, and tried the earths at that place, but they were stopped. Reynard was here turned over the road by Mr. Cooke's house, and from thence right up the road to Barby, where he was killed, after a run of 35 minutes, without a single check.

Mar. 4.—Met at Farnborough; found at the pond, and went away over the earths down for Fenny Compton; at this place our fox passed to the left, and went on for the cover at Watergall. Leaving that to the right, he bore for Ladbroke, where he was headed by a shepherd, and turned short over the Banbury road, and made towards Radbourne Gorse. Leaving that covert to the left, he went off direct to Prior's Hardwick, through the village, and on towards Boddington. When here, it is thought, the hounds were hallood to a fresh fox. The run, up to this time, occupied an hour and five minutes. The hunted fox, no doubt, went to ground.

THE SAME, FROM AN OLD SOLDIER, BY VENATOR.

FARNBOROUGH, MARCH 4TH.

'The twins of Latona, so kind to my boon,
Arise to partake of the chase;
As Sol lends a ray to chaste Dian's fair moon,
And smiles to the smile of her face;
The sport I delight in, the bright Queen of Love
With myrtles my brows shall adorn;
Whilst Pan breaks his chanter, and skulks in the grove,
Excelled by the sound of the horn.'

The foxes at Farnboro,' none will dispute,
Each season add fame to their former repute.

Some Sportsmen, not Members, assembl'd to-day,
To see how the Warwickshire spank it away.
Towards Avon Dasset a sprightly view halloo
Put us all into motion, determin'd to follow;
Soon laid on the scent of old reynard, the hounds
Push'd him gaily along o'er the fine grassy grounds
Of Farnboro'—when at Fenny Compton, the pack
In earnest set to him, while ready to crack
Were the sinews and wind of the best in the chase,
The fences so high, and so killing the pace.

Sunk the hill near the Windmill, quick as the gale
That drives, by its current, the half-canvass'd sail.
Then quitting the village, to Knightcote inclin'd,
But when he could not make good head-way up-wind,
For Watergall made, yet he there did not stay,
But took to the right, and then posted away;
Cross'd o'er Southam road, and to Hodnell Farm close,
Turning up to the left, soon fac'd Radbourne Gorse.
Tho' within a field's breadth, stout reynard disdain'd
The covert, and still in the open remain'd.

Took the right to Prior's Hardwick; now ev'ry man
Was in prime luck to day who appear'd in the van.
Tremendous the pace, yet the stanch gallant hounds
Kept close to his brush o'er the fences and grounds.
For the horse and his rider how timely and well,
The pack came to a check, at the Oxford Canal!

We knew not if pug in *a bath* had indulg'd,
But the hounds in two minutes the secret divulg'd.
Now clapp'd on again, and to Hardwick they went,
When here on a sudden was alter'd the scent.
Cold hunting succeeded o'er Boddington Hill,
The pace it was slow, as the odour was chill;
Then down Claydon Hill, where, as fate had decreed,
The pack had no chance to improve on their speed.
Soon at Prior's Hardwick a shelter he found
In a drain,—and escap'd from the well-tutor'd hound!

Neither the Field nor the Master wished for the death of this gallant old fox, as he had carried us over as fine and magnificent a country as any in England, at a great pace; the distance 11 miles at least, in 45 minutes. At starting

the fences were awful, and in ten minutes the Field became very 'select.' Many severe falls occurred, and three of the gentlemen, I fear, were a good deal hurt. The high road again had the call, but alas! there were none by any means 'convanient,' although both Southam and Banbury had a quota of stragglers.

Among many who 'did the trick,' Mr. THORNHILL and Mr. BENNETT deserve mentioning; the latter, on a yellow bay horse, went beautifully throughout. Lord HOWTH, also, on an Irish mare, which had never before faced blackthorn, shewed himself a most determined rider, and good Sportsman. This was one of the best, if not very best, runs, with the Warwickshire hounds, and although not complete, yet that the fox 'lives to fight another day,' amply compensates us for our disappointment.

The pace, after passing the Banbury road towards Radbourne, was tremendous. Mr. THORNHILL, on his fine favorite horse *Forester*, and Lord HOWTH, on his Irish mare, had certainly the best of it throughout.—A WARWICKSHIRE SPORTSMAN.

FROM CANTAB, BY VENATOR.

EPWELL WHITE HOUSE, MARCH 15TH.

> 'What doubling shifts
> He tries! not more the wily hare in these
> Would still persist; did not the full mouth'd pack
> With dreadful concert thunder in his rear.'

'Tis March,—surly Winter, thy icy-fledg'd wing
Will quickly be cropt by the white-blossom'd Spring.
Old Boreas, thy help-mate, now blusters in vain,
No Foxhunter cares for his wind and his rain!

On Tuesday, to none this fine country should yield,
Squire THORNHILL I met, and a numerous Field,
At Epwell White House ; no hounds have a Master
Can manage them better, or make them go faster.
Fam'd Epwell, where Redcoats erst met in array,
When an eloquent Bard sang the deeds of the day. 1

Try'd Tadmarton Heath, in an instant we found him,
So pug scamper'd off, lest the pack should surround him.
But they soon press'd so hard on the old fellow's train,
That for safety he slyly shot into a drain.
Thence bolted,—away ! a most glorious burst
Of thirty five minutes, the Redcoats were first.
The burst, had the renegade held on his rate,
Would have left half our nags at a fence or a gate.

Now reynard, sly rogue, had got over the bounds
Of the limit prescrib'd to the Warwickshire hounds ;
Of their courage and speed having more than enough,
Again sav'd his life by the aid of a sough ;
Where BEAUFORT's great Duke is at present sole ranger,
Excluding, by courtesy's laws, friend and stranger.

In a desp'rate bold leap, the Master just took,
He dropp'd short, and was sous'd over head in a brook ;
A fall much regretted by all, so severe,
He no more on that day with the hounds could appear.

A discussion arose, the Sportsmen must own,
'Twas tim'd to a hair, as the horses were blown ;
As pug lay *per due* in a drain, not main earth,
By the laws of the chase, could they now drag him forth ?

1 Mr. Serjeant Goulburn, Author of the Epwell Hunt.

Determin'd, at length, to unearth him again,
And finish him up at the mouth of the drain.
Still reynard escap'd, but in minutes a few,
He was gaily turn'd up by the pack at Great Tew.

Having nam'd in this letter his fall and disaster,
I now must record a kind act of the Master.
A poor little lamb his death-wound lay abiding,
In a gateway, at which perhaps sixty were riding;
Coming up at good speed, and beholding its danger,
Jump'd off, and took up in his arms the young stranger;
Convey'd the poor lambkin, with countenance mild,
As one who had rescu'd a favorite child,
And placed little baa (I relate it with pride,)
Safe under a hedge its fond mother beside.
Whilst the Farmers cry'd 'Bravo!' the action to grace,
The Master remounted to follow the chace!

In this trait what an excellent moral we find—
How feeling the heart—how exalted the mind!

BY WHOO-WHOOP.

Mar. 18.—Met at Oakley-wood, we unkenneled a stout and crafty old fox, that led us briskly for Warwick Park, which he passed through and made for Wasperton. He left that place to the right, and then short back to Oakley Wood, through the wood, on for Mr. Court's, of Middle Hill; turned short for Wasperton again, and direct on to Charlecote Park. Here he crossed the water, and was hallood away to Wellesbourne-wood, but as the scent would not lie on the ploughed ground, we drew off the hounds, and took them home, after a very fair day's sport. The hounds behaved very well.

BY PLINY ENGLISH.

FARNBOROUGH, MARCH 20TH.

There is a philosophy as well as pleasure in hunting to those who think with the poet and myself, that—

'The proper study of mankind is man.'

There is also amusement in the chase beyond the delight of pursuit for those who have a fondness for the study of character. It is said of the elder Pliny that he carried a book with him to the field, in order to instruct his mind during the intervals of the sport. If there was no sporting Magazine among the Romans, this was probably only a metaphor. At least it may have been, since seldom is the book of human life to be read with greater advantage than in the hunting field. I am led to this remark by having witnessed one of the beautiful assemblages that fox hunting ever perhaps caused, at Farnborough, on Thursday; Mr. THORNHILL good naturedly met at a later hour than usual, in order to accommodate the 'fantastic toes' that had been 'tripping it' at Leamington ball the preceding night. The collection at Warwick races the day before, and the expectation created by two magnificent runs, induced a greater number to assemble than was perhaps ever seen in Warwickshire.

The spot selected for the meet, (and it was cheered in temporary effect by a brilliant sun) was a bank near Mr. HOLBECH's house, sloping from the lawn to the sheet of water below; and from eleven to twelve o'clock the gathering of the Sportsmen was of unusual interest and brilliance. Not fewer than from one hundred and ten to twenty red coats made their appearance on the ground, arriving from time to time with farmers and others less adorned, in equipages and on horses; some remarkable for their great

splendour, some for their neatness, and some even for their eccentricity. The undressing, as I may term the doffing of the upper coat, the shaggy spencer and fur cravat (I will not for the credit of sportsmen call it *boa*) was rather an amusing process, and it not unfrequently happened that on the arrival of a fresh carriage, the observers curious in menagerie crowded round to see how each Sportsman would strip, whether into a *green* Duke, a *blue* Duke, a man of *black mail*, or a *scarlet runner*. In the meantime, to complete the scene, the elegant ladies resident or visiting at Farnborough appeared on the lawn, and Boxall politely paraded the pack before them along a sunk fence, in order to enable them to have a near view of the hounds. 1

Among the Sportsmen were three successive masters of the Warwickshire hounds, Mr. Fellowes, Mr. Russell, and Mr. Thornhill. In addition to these I noticed Sir Walter Carew, the popular master of a pack in the West of England, Lord Edward Somerset, from his brother the Duke of Beaufort's country, Lord Clonmell, with several of Mr. Drake's men, Lord Kinnaird from Melton, &c. It is needless to remark upon the splendid studs which such a meeting collected together, or how desirous every one felt the sport on this day should bear some proportion to the numbers collected.

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1 The huntsman feels a secret pride, an inward feeling of self-gratification, which he does not openly express, when he can ride up to the heel of his hounds in a rapid burst, or at the end of a long and very severe run. He has many difficulties to encounter, and duties to perform, which do not, in common, belong to any other person present, and if he should be fortunate enough to overcome them all, on that day he must be the happiest man in the field. These remarks equally apply to every one of that useful and interesting class of men, who knows his duty, and is determined to do it.

For some time, particularly on considering the dryness of the ground, there was much anxiety on this point, 'mine host' on the island not being at home, and several coverts being drawn with no other result than the opportunity given to old friends of cultivating those kind feelings which belong so peculiarly to fox hunting, and of admiring the striking scenery over which chance carried them. At length, when but few were prepared for the find, and when the mass of the field were far in the rear, a fox broke from a small piece of gorse on the summit of one of the Dasset hills, and went away pointing for Boddington. But this was up-wind, and far too expensive in breath, with hounds so near and so determined to kill. Accordingly, making a ring by the Southam road, and on his return leaving Farnborough on the left, our fox gave us forty-seven minutes down to Itchington, where in another quarter of an hour in the covert he poured forth his lofty spirit into the thin air, and instead of taking a 'lodging on the cold ground' for his remains, permitted them to be divided among his ardent pursuers.

The only take off from the delights of this day was an accident which befel Mr. HOLDEN, whose situation, from a fall on his head, was rendered most alarming.

The last meet this season was on Monday, March 31st, at Eatington Village.

The Warwickshire Sport this season has been nothing short of brilliant, which all friends to fox-hunting, and admirers of spirit, must rejoice at. Mr. THORNHILL, with a handsome subscription of £2,250 per annum, started with a zeal and determination that could not fail to command success.

The hounds, this season, hunted about 100 days, and killed and accounted for 80 foxes. 1

1 The anxiety, perseverance, and resolution of a huntsman, when he had been thrown out and lost the hounds, now occurs to us. One morning, a gentleman farmer, who resides not far from the cover, heard the hounds challenge in the Wood. He was not out that day, but he was too good a Sportsman to mar the enjoyment of others, by heading a fox into the mouth of the pack. Fair play is good sport, said he to himself, as he pulled up his horse and stood stock still by the hedge side, with his eye steadily directed to the point he expected reynard would make, if he came out of the wood on that side. In a few minutes a loud crash of the hounds told him the fox was away; he soon caught sight of him, and he passed, without taking any notice, across the same field, nearly at the speed of a greyhound. The hounds were then but a field behind him, and away they went at a tremendous pace. There was not a single horseman within sight of the pack. In a few minutes Bill Barrow came up, alone. 'Have you seen the fox, Sir?' said he. 'Yes.' 'And the hounds?' 'Yes' Who was with them? 'Nobody' was the reply. 'Which way are they gone? 'I see them now, said the Yeoman. Where? Where? asked Bill, eagerly. Don't you see them driving up the hill yonder, as fast as legs can carry them? I do, I do, answered Bill, and he instantly dashed away, at his best pace, point-blank for the spot. The sun shone out at the moment, on that side of the hill, and they could discern the hounds plain enough not to be mistaken; they were about two miles ahead. Our informant kept his place, and in a few minutes he saw Barrow mount the same hill; he had evidently gained ground upon the hounds, and, as he was told, got up to them soon afterwards. To the other horsemen, who made any inquiry, a similar answer was given. Barrow struck off for the hill in a direct line; he first took a moderate hedge, and next dashed through a strong willow fence and cleared a brook on the other side. I thought, said the Yeoman, that no man or horse would dare to attempt such a leap, and expected to see them either fall backward, or tumble headlong into the brook; they cleared both with apparent ease. As the willows were too high to top, and too strong, as I thought, to give way, I went to see how they had made their way through them. Two of the willows, right and left, much thicker than my wrist, had been twisted nearly off by the force of the horse, and he had dropped fairly on his feet, on the opposite side, a great distance from the take-up, without a stumble. The nag Bill rode that day was what I should call a little one, but he was a rare bit of stuff, and I never saw one of his size able to live with him, across such a country. His strength, courage, and bottom, carried him over every thing that came in his way.

Mr. Thornhill continued, for a second season, to be Master of the Warwickshire. Will Boxall was huntsman; Tom Day first whip; and Jack Stevens second whip. The stables were furnished with the best cattle; the men well mounted; the hounds in the finest condition; and every arrangement promised to furnish that sport by which this country has become so distinguished. 1

BY WHOO-WHOOP.

The Cub-hunting, previous to the season 1834-35, began August 11th, at Walton wood, and ended on the 25th of October, at Swacliffe. In that time they killed about 30 cubs.

Regular hunting commenced this morning, October 27, at Houndshill. We threw off at the seat of the worthy Master, and drew the Pastures, where we immediately found a fox that took us over Loxley Hills, on to Walton-wood, and then to Brickhill; being bolted from the Gorse, reynard returned to Walton-wood, but, from the dryness of the

1 A week or two before the commencement of the present season (November, 1834,) Captain Cunynghame, of Wellesbourne, lost four valuable hunters. A flue from the brewhouse, in the dead of the night, partially set fire to the stabling, and the poor horses were suffocated and scorched to death. Mr. Cunynghame is a gentleman highly respected, and this accident and misfortune excited the greatest sympathy and regret in this and the neighbouring Hunts.

A wag, although sorry for the gallant Captain's loss, could not suppress his joke upon the occasion, and he wrote—

'I've heard of hunters being fir'd,
When ring-bon'd, spavin'd, curb'd, or lame;
But firing all the stud at once
Is what I call a burning shame!'

TOM PIPES.

ground, the scent lay so bad, that the hounds could not make him out. We then went to Lighthorne Rough, where we found a good fox, but we were compelled, by the bad scent, to relinquish the sport. *Woodbine* was killed on this day.

Oct. 29.—The appointment, this morning, was at our favorite cover, Farnborough, and we are seldom disappointed in unkenneling, at this fixture, a fox of the right stamp.—Found instantly, and pug led us direct to Dasset; here he turned short back to the left, and made Warmington, over the hill to Horley, and leaving that place to the right, he went direct through Wroxton, to Shutford, where he kept dodging about the village till we lost him. On leaving the place we viewed reynard making the best of his way up the road for Shennington; the hounds being laid to him, they shortly turned him up. The run lasted two hours and a half.

The fixtures at Mitford Bridge on the 6th, and at Gibbet-hill on the 7th, November, were not attended in consequence of the dry state of the ground, which also prevented our sport in several other instances.

Nov. 11.—Met at Foss Bridge. Found at Print-hill, and away to Upton-wood; which reynard did not enter, but leaving it to the left, he crossed over the road to Chesterton-wood; being headed, he came back to Radford village, which he skirted to the left, and went over the canal, through the village of Offchurch, and then on to Cubbington. He next took the way to Whitnash Gorse, and then to Chesterton-wood. After running two or three rings in the wood, reynard ran straight to Itchington-heath, where he went to ground.

Nov. 14.—Met at Stoneleigh Abbey; found a fox in the Glasshouse wood, and ran him to earth in the Abbey Grounds. Drew Thickthorne, blank. Found another fox in Wainbody-wood, when he led us back to Thickthorne, where he was lost. This was another of the many unlucky days which we had experienced this season, when it was impossible for any hounds to follow their game. 1

Nov. 15.—Met this morning at Princethorpe, and found a fox at the famous covert of Debdale, which led us away for Birdingbury; left that place to the right, and went down for Marston; he then turned short back to Debdale, where the hounds ran into him. We afterwards drew Lester's Piece, the Popels, and Frankton-wood, blank.

Nov 17.—Met at Butler's Marston Kennel, and in drawing Kineton Holt we unkenneled a litter of cubs, and ran one at a very sharp pace into a main earth at Ballard's Hill. We then went back and found again at the Holt, and ran him to ground near Radway. We left him there, and drew Pillerton Gouse, and Walton-wood, blank. Mr. Grant met with an accident to-day.

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1 The perseverance of the fox is truly remarkable. He is not deterred from his purpose by any disappointment, however often it may be repeated. If his life be not placed in jeopardy by immediate danger, (and he has cunning enough generally to know when this is the case,) he will visit the same premises, night after night, in the hope of picking up something he can make a meal of. I take good care, said a Yeoman, to keep the fox out of my hen-roost; but one night, perhaps the only one for some months, the door of the duck-pen had been left unmade, master reynard soon discovered the neglect, and carried off two or three ducks and a drake, the whole of my stock of poultry of that description.

Nov. 22.—Met at Dunchurch, threw off at Hillmorton New Cover, and found almost directly. Reynard took us away at a very fast pace for 15 minutes up wind to Barby; but as soon as he turned down wind, he bade defiance to the whole Field. We returned back, found a second fox, and chopped him in the cover. We then went to Mr. Cooke's Gorse, where we found a leash of foxes; ran one to Rugby and lost him.

We then took the hounds off to Captain Ibbert's Gorse, where we found a litter of cubs and killed one. We were shortly hallood to another fox, and went away with him, leaving Dunchurch to the left; we soon got upon good terms with him, ran him straight for the Popels, where he was killed in gallant style in the open field. The hounds were then taken to the Milverton Kennel, and thence on to Butler's Marston.

Nov. 24.—Met at Whimpstone Bridge, found a fox at Galley Oak, and killed him after ringing him about there for forty five minutes. Drew Preston Bushes and Whimpstone Downs, blank. Tried and found in Eatington Grove, when reynard took away through the Park to Halford Bridge, where he turned short back to the Grove, and we there lost him.

Nov. 29.—Met at Southam, and found at Tomlow, when our fox went away at a most tremendous rate, for 35 minutes, to Bunker's Hill, where we lost him. Found a second fox in Ufton-wood, and ran reynard without getting him out for two hours, when we lost. This was another of those bad hunting days, by which the pack had been so much annoyed this season, and the sport we expected so much injured.

Dec. 2.—Met at Swacliffe, drew and found in Knoll Gorse; ran our fox for 25 minutes, when he took ground. Bolted him and ran him for 45 minutes longer, when he took to ground again in Wickham Park, where we left him. We next drew Broughton Spinies, blank; but we found at Lord NORTHAMPTON'S, from which place we ran our fox a very pretty burst of about 10 minutes, and then turned him up.

FROM A LEAMINGTONIAN, BY VENATOR.

SWACLIFFE, DEC. 2ND, 1834.

The cheering prospects open wide
As we approach the covert side
At a slow pace. Our nags we now
Ride fast enough to keep that glow
Of circulation in each vein
That doth the tone of health retain.

Found at Nell Gorse, the Sportsman old
Knows better than he can be told,
How stout the foxes are, and good,
That lie within this furzy wood.
Reynard has gone away, so fast
His speed, some thought he could not last;
Holding his rate, in style he ran
Straight for the Heath of Wigginton.
Then circling almost to a ring,
(For point-riders a lucky thing,)
For half an hour, this famous run
In speed has seldom been outdone;
Increasing in their pace, the pack
Press on his warmly-scented track;
When pug near Milton took a drain,
A little breathing time to gain.

Now bolted from his hiding place,
Fox, Field, and Hound renew the chase,
A finer gallop o'er the grounds
Was never led by fox or hounds,
Than we to Wykham Park enjoy'd;
Where pug again himself to hide,
Took refuge safely in a drain,
And there we let the rogue remain!

Our sport still striving to renew,
We blank the Broughton Spinies drew;
But at NORTHAMPTON'S soon we found
A fox that quickly clear'd the ground,
But in ten minutes, at the most,
Old reynard fell,—his life was lost.

BY WHOO-WHOOP.

Dec. 5.—Met at Woodcote House, where we found a fox that kept us running in the wood for 22 minutes before we killed him. Drew Kenilworth Chase, blank; as a fox had stolen away, and we could not get up to him. Found afterwards in Park Wood, when reynard led us away through Crackley Wood, on to Long Meadow Wood, and then back to Crackley; here we changed our fox and ran him till dark. Although this was not a good day's sport, it was a severe one, and many of the horses beat. 1

1 The amazing powers of the horse, and the dauntless courage of the rider, are shewn in a thousand instances, without being recorded. One day, when the hounds were going at a rare split, and getting well up to their fox, several of the Field made up to a gate, to avoid taking a tremendous leap. 'Make way,' cried a light weight, in a brown coat, as he neared the fence, and he cleared the high five-bar, on the swing, in most gallant style.

Dec. 6.—Met at Bourton Heath, found in Coughton Spinies, ran our fox to Frankton Wood, and lost him. Returned back to Coughton Spinies, found another, and killed him in a few minutes. Then went and drew Captain IBBERT's cover and found again; reynard first took us for Rugby, but leaving that town to the right, he went straight to Newbold, where the pack ran into him, nobly, in the field. The pace was very quick, and the run lasted 45 minutes.

Dec. 9.—Met at Pillerton Toll Bar and drew Mr. THORNHILL's gorse, blank; but found afterwards at Lord NORTHAMPTON's. Reynard first took us straight for Tysoe; when he bore to the left and went to Shennington. Leaving that village to the right he took by Upton and on to Alscote. Here we changed our fox, and the fresh one turned short back to Edge Hills, where he earthed.

Dec. 13.—Met this morning at Hatton Village, and found a fox in Green's Grove, which after taking one turn in the wood, went away for the Old Park. Being headed he turned short back across the turnpike road, and made for Grove Park. Leaving Lord DORMER's to the left, pug turned back over the canal, and went on for Henley; but leaving that town to the right, he turned back for Lady SMYTHE's house, where he was killed, after a remarkably sharp run of one hour and 25 minutes.

Dec. 16.—We met at and drew Oakley Wood, blank. Unkenneled at Chesterton Wood, when reynard went away at a fast pace, and earthed at Itchington Heath. We here got three foxes out, turned one before the hounds, ran him up to Burton Dassett Church, where we killed, after a good thing of 35 minutes.

Dec. 20.—Met at Dunchurch, drew Hillmorton cover, blank. A fox had previously started out of an hedge, and although he had been gone for 15 minutes, yet the hounds hit him off and ran him to ground at Crick Gorse. We then went to Mr. Cooke's gorse, blank. Drew Captain Ibbert's coverts, and chopped a mangy fox. Next drew Bunker's Hill Gorse, blank. Found at Debdale, when pug led us away for East Leamington; but the scent now lay so bad that the hounds were taken home.

Dec. 26.—Met at Ufton Wood, found, and ran about for two hours. At last reynard broke away for Print Hill, and then on to Debdale. Leaving that cover to the right, he went straight for Eathorpe, over the earths there, which he tried, and then on to Wappenbury Wood, and through that cover to Ryton. Here, from changing our fox, the hounds divided, and they were whipped off as it was getting dark. The hounds were taken to Butler's Marston Kennel that night. 1

Dec. 27.—After meeting at Oakley Wood, we first drew Whitnash Gorse, blank. Found at Chesterton Pool, ran him to Whitnash Gorse, and there turned him up. At

1 The importance of fox hunting, as a national amusement, seems to us to be but very imperfectly understood by many who partake of the benefit, without perceiving the source from whence it arises. There are about 320 packs of hounds kept in England; viz. Foxhounds, 108—Staghounds, 12—Harriers, 177—Beagles, 77—Otterhounds, 12—Total 320. Then, supposing Wales, Scotland, and Ireland to possess half that number, the packs, in the whole United Kingdom, would amount nearly to 500. These packs employ many thousand of the best and stoutest horses in the country, and a succession of no small number annually to keep up the different establishments. The advantages derived by the country, from this source, is immense; and the breeder, the dealer, the farmer, the tradesman, and the helpers, all partake of them.

Chesterton we unkenneled a second fox, which led us away direct for Itchington Heath, and there went to ground. We bolted him, and he went back to Chesterton, through the wood, on through Oakley, and then away to Wasperton.—Leaving that village to the left, pug took away for Warwick Park; still inclining to the left, he made down to the brook at Tachbroke, and there took ground. This run lasted two hours and a quarter.

Met at Gaydon Inn, Dec. 29th, and at Compton Verney, Dec. 30th; bad scent, and consequently but very little sport, on either day.

There was no hunting, on account of the frost, on the following days;—Jan. 4th, Upton House, Jan. 5th, Mitford Bridge, Jan. 7, Whimpstone Bridge, and Jan. 8th, Ufton Wood.

Jan. 9.—Met at Hampton Wood, and found a fox by the side of the Avon in a withy bush. 1 He led us direct through Barford Village, and on to Oakley Wood; through

1 There are but few anecdotes connected with the natural history and habits of that little animal the fox, that the Sportsman of sound experience and reflection will not cast his eye over when they come in his way. In the long dreary nights of winter, the fox frequently prowls about the country to a considerable distance from his kennel in search of food. One morning, when the snow had fallen early on the preceding evening, we traced a fox down by the side of the Avon, on a shooting excursion, for about two miles. In this case, probably, he had been looking out for a wild duck, or some other water fowl, that might have taken shelter in one of the bushes growing on the margin of the river. He had approached nearly every bush, or close tuft, in his progress, and there can be but little doubt, from the remarkable acuteness of his ear and nose, that he would have been able to detect the presence of a bird of the above description, of any size, should such a one have concealed itself amongst the low branches, or in the long grass growing at their roots. Reynard, it appeared, had not succeeded; and, on coming to a road, he had left the line of the river, and taken another route.

that covert, on for Tachbrook, and over the brook to the village of Radford. At this place he turned short back by Whitnash Gorse, over Highdown, through Whitnash, and straight for Ufton Wood; and passing through that covert, he went for Print Hill, when the hounds were drawn off, as it was late.

Jan. 13.—Met at Walton Wood, which proved blank; but we found a fox at Brickhill Gorse, which led us at first to Eatington Grove, and then to Alscote Plantations, down to the Fir Grove, and back again through the Park, and up to Brickhill Gorse, where he was killed. We then ran another fox to ground in Mr. SHIRLEY's Park.

Jan. 15.—Met at Mitford Bridge, and found a fox in Wolford Wood, and killed almost instantly. We then unkenneled a second, and after giving him two or three rings in the wood he took off for Wolford Heath. Leaving that to the left, he went straight for Barton Grove, through that covert and on to Long Compton Hill, where he went to ground. We dug him out, and he was killed at the drain.

At the fixtures at Whimpstone Bridge, Jan. 18th, at Upton House, Jan. 19th, Mitford Bridge, Jan. 21st, and Ufton Wood, Jan. 22nd, the hounds did not meet owing to the frost.

Jan. 24.—Met at Princethorpe, and drew Bunker's-hill, blank; but were hallood to a fox that had been gone away for ten minutes. We hunted him to Captain IBBERT's, and through his cover, over the Rugby road. After leaving the town to the left, he went straight to Wynniate New Cover, and on to Stamford Hall, where we lost him, after a run of one hour and 20 minutes.

Jan. 25.—Met at Swacliffe and found in Melcombe Field, ran him to Swacliffe, and then on for Epwell; here he turned short back by Tadmarton, and on to Wigginton Heath; by Nell Gorse to South Newington, and then straight back to Swacliffe. Reynard, being hard pressed, got to the top of a house, and from that, after running along some other buildings, he by some means contrived to conceal himself, and was lost.

Jan. 26.—The hounds met this morning at Kineton, and drew Farnborough, blank. Found a fox, soon after, in Curtis's Gorse, 1 and after rattling him for 20 minutes, ran

1 This run would scarcely be worth recording, were it not to shew, in two remarkable instances, the superior instinct when hard pressed, of the fox. Found in a gorse brake, and after running a mile or two we lost our fox at a small, low cottage. On making inquiry of the woman belonging to the house if she had seen any thing of the fox, she replied, 'Yes, here he is, and I wish you would come in and fetch him out, for I dont much like his company.' The huntsman and some others went in, and there sat reynard, not under the table, but on the cupboard. It appeared that he had got upon the roof of the cottage, which was covered with thatch, and had either jumped, or fallen down the chimney, and afterwards sprang upon the cupboard, where he was found. Reynard was put into a bag and carried about a mile from the place and then turned up. When he had run about two miles further, he was again lost near a newly-built farm-house at Boddington. Here the barn, stable, outhouses, and even the henroost, were examined, and nearly an hour was employed in a vexatious and useless search. 'What! you cannot find him, then, (said a labourer thrashing in the barn, who had been standing for some time with his hands placed on the top of his flail, and his chin resting upon them), can you?' 'No d—n him, (said Boxall) I wish we could.' 'I'm thinking, (continued the man, not a little proud that he could find the fox, when he had been given up by the whole of them,) I see something like a bit of his tail lying by the side of yonder chimbley.' The huntsman cast his eye to the top of the house, and there, by the side of the chimney, he saw his brush hanging a little down the roof. A long ladder was procured, and Will Boxall got upon the house, whipped him off, and he was shortly afterwards killed.

him to ground in a drain belonging to Mr. Wills. Then returned to the Gorse, found again, and also ran to ground in a drain. We got reynard out, and pushed him along at a very fast pace, for 30 minutes, until he got into a chimney, in a thatched cottage, at Farnborough. Being brought out, and turned down, after running about three miles further he scrambled up to the top of a brick and tiled house, at Boddington. On being whipped down, reynard started again, but was run into, after crossing two fields.

Jan. 31.—Met at Bourton-wood and drew Bunker's Hill and Captain Ibbert's coverts, blank. We chopped a fox in Hillmorton-wood. Found another in Mr. Cooke's Gorse, which went straight away through Captain Ibbert's gorse, and on to Bunker's hill; then over the country to Lester's Piece; turning then to the right, he went back to Bunker's-hill, where the hounds came to a check, after a run of 36 minutes. Cold hunting succeeded for 25 minutes, when we lost our fox.

Feb. 10.—Met at Epwell White House, found a fox in Mr. Sheldon's Gorse, who took us right over the water to Lord Northampton's. There he turned to the right and went by Epwell Village; this he left to the right, and straight on for Shennington. Turning here to the left he went to Wroxton and there took to ground, where they left him. This was a run of 45 minutes.

Feb. 14.—The appointment to-day was Birdingbury, and we drew Tomlow, blank, but met with a good fox at Debdale, which went away for Print-hill. At this point he turned short to the right, and went to ground at Marton, after a run of 50 minutes. As we drew Lester's Piece, the huntsman saw a fox break away out of the hedge-row; the

hounds were laid on, hunted him in a line from Coughton Spinies, and then on to Captain Ibbert's Gorse, where he ran to ground. The run lasted 25 minutes.

Feb. 16.—According to the fixture, we met at Gaydon Inn, and found almost instantly at Itchington-heath, when reynard dashed off at a very fast pace to Chesterton-wood. We changed and brought a fresh fox to the Heath, where he earthed, after affording us capital sport for 20 minutes. Then went to Verney's Gorse and Chadshunt, which we drew blank. Found a fox at Lighthorne Rough, which bolted through Bowshot, on to Frizhill, and went to ground, but was soon got out and turned up. Afterwards drew Kineton covert blank, and then went home.

FROM AN OLD SPORTSMAN, BY VENATOR.

LIGHTHORNE VILLAGE, FEB. 24TH.

Nothing has this gay world to give
Equal to the life we live;
Nothing on earth our hearts can cheer
Equal to the horn we hear;
Nothing our pleasure can annoy
When we note the huntsman's cry;
Nothing can vie in Syren sound,
With the magic voice of hound!

We met to-day at Lighthorne Green,
Two hundred Sportsmen, bold and keen;
Nags stout as ever Field could shew,
That like Bucephalus could go;
Yet man nor horse, you may be sure,
Such emblems on his *caput* wore!
Chesterton Wood we quickly drew,
And found a fox, a bad one too;
Which, after leading Field and hound,
Three or four rings the covert round,

Was kill'd. We never more relate
Of coward foxes, than their fate.
Itchington-heath was drawn; a gay,
And fine old fox soon broke away;
Crossing the grounds in noble style,
Pug ran for Ufton-wood awhile;
Headed, and forc'd towards the pack,
He circled to the covert back.

Driv'n out again, he led the chase
Along at a good rattling pace
To Chesterton-wood; while his line
Did not to right or left incline.
Then making a short turn or two,
He pass'd the faunic cover through.
Ejected by the steady hounds,
Pug fac'd once more the open grounds,
To Itchington heath; skirting then
One corner, and away again
For Gaydon Spiny; quick along
Up Burton hills, over the strong
Loams, and at greater speed o'er ley,
As chance had thrown them in his way.

At the bold rate he held before,
To Farnborough old reynard bore;
And still too game to seek a birth,
Ignobly in a drain or earth,
Kept on to Cladicote, and then
Pass'd quickly on to Mollington.
Thence despite of fence or tillage,
Skirted just Great Bourton village;
Making his point direct, he took
His route away for Hanwell brook.

Here headed, as he onward strode
By people working in the road,
Pug made a short turn back, and then
Went straight for Hanwell brook again.
When the sly rogue, the hounds to foil,
Ran down the water side a mile ;
Reach'd Little Bourton, to the left,
And next to Wilscote, whence the deft
Knave o'er Cropredy hills soon cross'd,
And was, at last, at Gaydon lost !

At this place, continues our Correspondent, it was supposed that reynard went to ground in a drain, but in consequence of a labourer in a turnip field,—(a fellow who was ignorant of what he was about,) hallooing 'Forward!' the hounds were thrown off the scent, and not being able to hit it off again, we were obliged to give him up.

The nags, by this time, were pretty well done up, and out of about 200 who composed the Field, only the Master, and some 25 others were present at the end of the day. 1 The run lasted three hours and a quarter, and was certainly one of the best hunting runs ever witnessed. The scent was anything but good, yet it was astonishing to see how

1 Many of the hardiest and bravest of our soldiers, and the boldest and best of our sailors, have learned well how to face danger, and endure fatigue, as Sportsmen, before they have aspired to the post of honour in the battle field, or braved danger, in every terrific form, in England's best bulwarks, her wooden walls! In a country where wealth abounds to that excess which it does in this, that strong, healthy, harmless recreation, which they are naturally inclined to pursue, must be productive of incalculable national benefits. The wealth now usefully expended at home, would otherwise be squandered in search of some less useful amusements abroad.

cleverly the hounds hit it off, and shewed to what perfection, by proper kennel management and training, hounds may be brought. Many severe falls occurred in the course of this day's sport.

The greater part of the Field returned home through Farnborough, it being their direct road. Here they received a warm and hospitable invitation from Mr. W. HOLBECH. Stables for their horses, a place for the hounds, and refreshment for the company and huntsman, were instantly provided. I scarce need add that after so long a run this offer was most acceptable, and having refreshed ourselves with a snap and a few glasses of capital old ale, sherry, &c. the Field remounted, highly delighted with the liberality and hospitality of their generous host, who entertained us—

'Like a fine Old English Gentleman, one of the olden time.'

We all strongly felt how deservingly this observation was applied. For myself, I returned humming—The Blood—

'Of Bugler and Brilliant is all I desire,
So give me the hounds of the Warwickshire Squire.'

BY WHOO-WHOOP.

Feb. 24.—Met at Lighthorne this morning, and found at Chesterton, ran reynard in the wood for an hour and 25 minutes, when we killed. Found a second fox at Itchington Heath, which brought us at a very sharp pace again to Chesterton; after running one ring in the wood he again returned to Itchington; passing over the Heath, he ran through Gaydon Spinies, by Northend, over Burton Dasset Hills, and then to Farnborough. Leaving that place to the right, he went on to Cropredy, where turning to the right again, he made Bourton and on to Claydon, where, from being deceived by a false halloo, we lost our fox. This was a spirited run of three hours and 45 minutes.

Feb. 28.—Met at Long Itchington, and found a fox at Debdale, which, after running about three fields, went to ground. Drew, and found another at Print-hill, which led us straight away through Ufton-wood, on to Stoneythorpe; then crossing the brook, and leaving Ladbroke to the right, he bore away for Radbourne Gorse; leaving that to the right, he went straight for Napton, and the hounds ran into him just under that town, after a severe run of one hour and 25 minutes. In this run Jack Ransom killed the old grey horse. 1

Mar. 3.—Met at Wroxton New Inn, and found in the Park, but it was such a bad hunting day, and no scent we could not follow him with any chance of success. We next drew Hanwell, Curtis's Gorse, and Edge-hills, blank. In drawing Gambell's Gorse we unkenneled another fox which took us straight over the hills, at a very fast pace to Lord NORTHAMPTON's. At this place we changed our fox, and were again brought back to the hills. The hounds were then taken home.

An 'Admirer of Foxhunting' says—We had a very capital day's sport to-day.

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1 One of the predecessors of the present Sir E. D. Scott, Bart. of Bar Beacon, a gentleman of the name of Hoo, kept a pack of hounds that would hunt either fox or hare. The whip, a lad of 17 or 18, rode a mule. This animal would leap a ditch either in an open field, or at a hedge-row, but to attempt to make him jump at a hedge even of a yard high, was a useless task. On approaching a fence, the lad drew his cap over his face, and they pushed through it as well as they could. Yet, some how or other, the boy and the mule generally contrived to be in as good a place as the best of them at the end of a run. Some of the Field have often wished to have been up with the whip at the close of a severe day, but none of them envied the manner by which he got there.

Mar. 5.—Met at Mitford Bridge, drew Wichford, and found a fox that went direct away for Rollright, and then turned short back to the same wood. We ran him in the wood for some time, and he again went to Rollright, where he was turned up, after a run of one hour and 25 minutes. We next drew Wolford-heath, blank, and the hounds returned home.

Mar. 7.—Met at Princethorpe, and found reynard this morning at Frankton. After giving us two rings in the wood, he went away through the Popels, by Lester's Piece, and we lost him at Tomlow. We returned again and found another in the Bull and Butcher covert, and ran him on to Wappenbury-wood, where the hounds divided. Having stopped the hounds and got them together, the wind was so high we could not hear them speak, and they were taken home.

Mar. 9.—After meeting at Lighthorne, we drew the wood at Chesterton, blank, but found a fox near to the cover at Itchington-heath, that led us away to Chadshunt, then to Lighthorne Rough, where he ran to ground. We were then hallood to a fresh fox at Moreton, ran him through that covert to Frizhill, and then to Walton, where reynard made to Bowshot, bore away to Lighthorne, and earthed in the same drain that had afforded protection to our first fox.

Mar. 12.—The fixture was at Wellesbourne Village, but it was so very wet, they could not throw off. There was a Meeting to-day about the hounds, and Mr. THORNHILL agreed to continue to hunt them.

Mar. 17.—Met at Mitford Bridge, and Wolford-wood furnished us with a fox, which led away first to Hanging Aston, and then through Lord REDESDALE's Park, over to

Bourton-wood. Leaving that to the left, he turned short into the wood, where we changed, and the hounds were stopped, as the scent was bad. 1 An hour and 25 minutes.

Mar. 23.—Met at Avon Dassett, and when the hounds were thrown into the wood, they very soon found, and were led away by Farnborough, and on to Curtis's Gorse. Then turning to the left, he went off by Farmington Church.—

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1 Scent, in our opinion, is caught by the hound, when hot upon his game, in three different ways, and from all of them, perhaps, in some instances, at the same time. The scent which is said to lay on the soil may be called the ground scent—that which adheres to low bushes and long grass, brushed by the body of the fox as he runs through a cover, may be termed side scent—and that which the hound catches when he is said to run breast high, floating scent, as it is retained and suspended by the atmospheric air. We remember being present, some years ago, when the scent from a fox became the subject of conversation. Most of the company hunted occasionally with the Warwickshire, and some of them might be considered as practical Sportsmen. We all well know, when two or more fox-hunters meet together, and the bottle begins to ring quickly about, the chase is rarely, if ever, forgotten. The remarks made at that time were interesting, if not satisfactory. One of them, a man who had evidently turned his mind to the subject, and who resided near to a favourite cover in the southern part of the county, observed—The fox generally enters the cover in the night, when he has been lucky enough to satisfy his hunger at an early hour; if not, very soon in the morning. He lies in his kennel in a round position, just like that of the dog when at rest, and, if not disturbed, without moving. If he has lain there long, all the scent he had left by the way is entirely gone, and he cannot then be traced by the smell. On the least alarm of danger, (for the fox is remarkably quick of hearing,) he rises upon his legs and stretches himself; and then, with one ear turned towards the noise, he takes in air, and blows it out again with great force. This operation he generally repeats two or three times. The hounds, which are mostly put into the cover with the wind in their noses, the moment the breath of the fox is conveyed to them by the air, challenge; and then, if he can do it readily, he breaks away. That circumstance convinces me, it is not the scent that issues either from the body or the foot of the fox, but his breath, that is first caught by the hound.

At this place he went to the right, over Ratley Bottoms to Edge-hill, and down to Tysoe; leaving that point to his left, reynard made to Gambell's Gorse, where we lost him.

BY A FRIEND TO FOX-HUNTING.

UFTON.

I remember we had a capital day's sport with Mr. THORNHILL's hounds during this season when the meet was at Ufton. We first drew Print-hill, and were not kept in suspense for a moment, for as soon as the hounds had entered, away broke as fine a dog fox as ever I saw quit his thorny retreat. He went straight away for Ufton-wood, which he passed through without waiting again to be driven out by the pack, and then crossed over the Leam, between Daffer's Bridge and Thorpe's Bridge.

The water was very much out, but Mr. J. BIDDULPH, on a black horse, charged it and cleared it in fine style, and was followed by several others who did not know the country sufficiently to cross the bridge, which was close at hand. Our fox then took the finest country he could pick, and led us, at a slapping pace, within two hundred yards of Radbourne Gorse. Here his strength and courage failed him, and the hounds gained ground of him every minute until they reached Napton Bridge, where they turned him up in gallant style close to the village.

This was as good a run as I should desire to see; the distance was not more than eight or nine miles and was done in about forty minutes. Mr. THORNHILL on *The Pony*; Mr. H. HORLEY, on *Skimmer*, Mr. J. BIDDULPH on a fine black horse; Mr. J. SOLLOWAY, on *Enterprise*, and many others were up at the death.

Jack, second whip, on the grey horse, was quite beat; and I believe his hunter was never fit for a long run afterwards, although he was seen by the cover side, on many future occasions.

BY THE SAME.

MEET—THE BLUE BOAR.

We were doomed to be disappointed, on one morning this season, in one of our favourite covers; for, although we were very noisy in our calls, pug was not to be found at home in any of the following places: Lines's Spiny, Fulham Wood, Bunker's Hill, Lester's Piece, and The Popels. After this succession of bad luck we were by no means favourably inclined to poor reynard, although we at last started him from Deepdale, and if any thing were wanting to excite the pack to revenge for pug's unpoliteness, it was the cheering 'tally-ho,' 'gone away,' we all gave when his lordship broke cover. Our game led us away at a rattling pace across the Coventry Turnpike Road, over the Marton Moors, leaving Mr. Pratt's farm to the left, crossed the river Leam between Mr. Rodeknights' and Mrs. Shepherd's farms, as straight as a line to Wappenbury Wood, leaving the village to the right, where we lost.

The distance does not exceed 5 miles, and was done in thirty minutes, which pace was tremendous the whole of the way, considering the heavy state of the country, and the awful fences we had to take in following the line of the hounds. Mr. H. Horley on *Skimmer*, his grey mare, led the field to Wappenbury Wood, and was followed close by Captain Lamb, Mr. B. Granville, Mr. Beecher, Mr. Little, Mr. Soden, of Dunchurch, and several others. The whole of the horses were very much beaten.

BY THE SAME.—RADBOURNE.

I must beg to relate, though but briefly I am afraid, an account of a very beautiful burst with Mr. THORNHILL'S hounds at the end of this Season. We met at Radbourne, and found instantly; went away to Prior's Hardwick, left that to the left, and straight on to Boddington Hill, where he was headed. Reynard turned back, came down to the village of Ladbrooke, left it a little to the right, crossed the Leam, between Daffer's Bridge and Thorpe's Bridge, and was gallantly run into near to a malt house at Harbury Village. The distance was about twelve miles; the first part of the run particularly quick, and the latter a good hunting pace. Mr. T. NORRIS, on a grey mare well known for her extraordinary performances, had the cream of this famous run to Boddington Hill. Mr. THORNHILL, Mr. BROWN, Mr. H. HORLEY, Mr. PATRICK, and a few others, were up at the death.

BY NEAR-PAD.

PILLERTON.

About the middle of this season we had a very prime day's sport with the Warwickshire Hounds, which met by appointment at Pillerton. The pack quickly unkenneled a stout old fox at the Gorse, which led us straight away at a rattling pace for Butler's Marston, then for Combrook, over the pool to Frizhill, through Moreton Wood, by Newbold, and down the earths at Middle-hill. Here he made to Barford, reached Warwick Park, and then ran by the side of the rails, as far as Mr. ROBBINS'S house, where he turned back, and went to Oakley Wood, at which place we changed foxes, and the hounds were whipped off.

This was a very excellent day's sport, and the pace and distance made many of the stoutest nags, especially those with heavy weights on their backs, to give in.

Amongst the few who were well up at the end, were Mr. John Lucy, Mr. Sheldon, Mr. W. Hurlstone, Mr. E. Cockbill, Mr. Sarjeants, and a few others. 1

Notwithstanding the many famous runs with these hounds this season, the above gave the greatest satisfaction to every one whose good fortune it was to witness the whole of it. The pace throughout was most severe, the country by no means light, and the fences such as would shy many of those who were at the covert side in the morning, but who were not to be seen when the fox was lost. The pack hunted admirably, and though we lost our game we did not complain.

1 The Huntsman, Boxall, was obliged to lead his horse on this severe day, at Barford; and many Sportsmen were reluctantly compelled to adopt the same plan. Although it is vexatious, in the extreme, to an ardent fox-hunter in the midst of an excellent run, to find his favourite hunter give way, unable longer to continue the chase,—to view his friends pass him, cheering on the busy pack,—and sorrowfully perceive his own horse dull to the galling spur, or heavy thong, still in this moment of disappointment and vexation, the true Sportsman's patience and humanity form one of the brightest examples to the abusers of that noble animal, the horse. If, from the distressed state of the fox and the maddening chorus of the hounds, he may expect instantly to hear the death-halloo, he quickly dismounts, and on foot perhaps obtains the gratification he so ardently sought for, leaving his hunter in a secure spot, where he can return and take him home: but if his judgment tells him that the strength of the fox will yet suffer him to hold out for some time, he takes a lingering look after his more fortunate companions, pays every attention to his horse, leads him to his stables, and with joyful pleasure recals to mind the many days he was foremost at the deaths, and the many miles his faithful animal had safely carried him in triumph before the rest of the Field. On this capital day the situation of one good foxhunter was at the same time calculated to excite laughter and compassion. By some mishap horse and rider were soused into a deep ditch, and with difficulty got out, but consequently lost all chance of enjoying the most spirited part of the run.

BY WHOO-WHOOP.

UFTON WOOD, APRIL 4TH.

This morning, the last day of the season, the hounds met at Ufton Wood. The field was numerous for the close; the presence of elegant females gave to the scene a lively and important interest. In drawing Print Hill, a fine dog fox was soon away, which led us across Mr. BALL's farm, pointing for Offchurch, and then bore to the right direct for Weston Mill. Here the waters, in consequence of the late rains, had spread themselves over the low grounds on the margin of the little river, and the whole Field came to a stand still; the fox and the hounds, which had crossed, were going on by themselves. Mr. AUGUSTUS BERKELEY tried to open a gate near to the Mill, but the water was too deep and rapid, and he was obliged to return; he then offered two sovereigns to a countryman to open the gate, but he refused.

At this moment of great vexation and trouble, the attention of the company was attracted to Mr. CHARLES RUSSELL, in a meadow below them, who charged the brook in a bold and gallant style. The water might be 16 or 18 yards wide, so that he could not have jumped half way over; they both disappeared for a few moments, while all who witnessed this daring exploit, were in most dreadful suspense; the lives of one or both of them appeared in the most imminent danger. As soon as they sank in the water the strength of the current forced the mare over on her right side, and the rider was obliged to struggle hard for his own safety. They both emerged, and the horse swam to the opposite bank and got out; Mr. RUSSELL followed, remounted in an instant, and rode off, cheered by the spectators, after the hounds, and came up with them at Cubbington Wood.

The fox then led them away through Weston and Waverly Woods, pointing for Ryton; and although only two couple and a half of hounds remained, they beat their fox and killed him.

Mr. Russell threw reynard across his horse, and found the Field with the rest of the pack running a vixen in Waverly Wood. The hounds were then whipped off, and Mr. Russell was congratulated on his success. 1

1 In enjoying the sports of the chase, the true lover of foxhunting knows no fear, he encounters the greatest difficulties and dangers, and heedless of every obstacle still moves forward to satisfy his ardent wishes. Those attempts, which at other times would seem hazardous and impracticable, are now achieved, sometimes without even a thought, in the most gallant manner. It is the inspiring note of the hound, the delightful enjoyment of the sport, and the indescribable pleasure which attends it, that at once takes possession of the foxhunter, and in the rapture and ecstasy of the moment his mind is above all other considerations, and the excessive delight which inspires him makes him dead to every sense of danger. In the honourable and glorious exploits of the Soldier, in the dangerous and enterprising voyages of the Sailor, and in the perilous attempts of many to achieve noble actions, the pleasing hope which each entertains, that—

'Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit!'

invigorates them with fresh ardour, and excites them to greater exertions, to attain their object; but in the intrepidity and extreme ardour of the foxhunter no such excitement can be said to exist. For although the recital of exploits in the chase, and the happy recollection of younger days, revives the dull eye of a veteran foxhunter, and although no pleasure can exceed it, still, at the moment he overcomes the dangerous difficulties which oppose his course, the maddening joy of triumphantly joining in the 'whoo-whoop' cry alone compensates him for all that he endures.

THE SAME, BY VENATOR.

'The morn unbars the gates of light,
The landscape smiles in beauty bright.
Hark! the huntsman's horn so shrill
The woods around with echoes fill.
Each Sportsman mounts his panting steed,
And o'er the trembling earth they speed.'

We need not remind the Sportsmen of the County,
How nature and art have conspir'd in their bounty
To furnish such excellent runs thro' the season,
They well know their source, their effect, and the reason.

The Warwickshire beat the Meltonians hollow,
Our foxes can lead and we've hounds that will follow;
Our nags are so prime, and their riders so good,
No better e'er met at the side of a wood;
The country, a finer was never rode over;
The Warwickshire Sportsman is always *in clover!*

The sport the last month, by the Master projected,
Was so excellent that no one e'er expected;
When Sportsmen grow slack and their numbers diminish,
They'd have the last day any sport as a finish!

The numerous Field, ever ready to go off,
Had scarce patience, game fellows, to wait for a throw-off,
And many, no doubt, who remain'd in the *wake,*
Had been *first* had they known whither reynard would make.

The Bard has the pleasing employment to tell
How this Field was distinguish'd by beautiful Belle,
Belles excelling by far in their 'radiant eyes,'
Bryseis, by lot great Achilles' fam'd prize.
Sweet Belles from the Midland Metrop'lis of Fashion,
To see how their lovers could fall off or dash on!

From Leamington Spa you their features might trace,
How Ladies admire the bold Sons of the Chace!
Lovely faces—with eyes so bewitchingly bright,
They'd a wild duck lure off the New Water at night. 1
You could—but do not, gallant Sportsmen—O fie!
Your cigars tind to day at a Lady's bright eye!

Pedestrians many—to Sportsmen they say,
A nuisance so great seldom falls in their way;
As by walking at random the covert about,
And bawling, they hinder the game coming out;
In the face of the hounds often driving him back,
Thus many a good fox has been chopp'd by the pack;
Or following the fox in the line that he went,
They obstruct the hounds much in pursuing the scent.

A vixen, in cub, soon escaped thro' the bounds,
And the Field, from the scent, quickly whipp'd off the hounds.

Drew Print Hill—and hence a dog fox broke away,
One likely to shew us some capital play.
Cross'd Mr. Ball's farm at the speed of a bird,
To Offchurch—where an old Saxon King was interr'd.
For Weston Mill made, where the envious stream
Was much swoll'n by rains as it flow'd to the Leam.
Here the 'mounted ones,' bounding o'er ditches and hedge,
Had gone after the hounds—had they met with a bridge!
Such a nonplus before a fine Field never puzzled—
The nags were so thirsty they soon would have guzzled
The rivulet dry, had they been permitted,
But then ev'ry rider the chase must have quitted.

1 A beautiful sheet of water, so called, in Warwick Park.

Some *devilkin,* spiteful, had sure been at work,
And pounded the stream in that place *with his fork!*
Tho' many Freemasons, of mysteries proud,
Were present, there was no P. G. M. in the crowd,
That an arch could erect on abutments astride
A brook only fifteen or sixteen yards wide.
Yet the Craft, it was said—'Are all of them free
To swim thro' the water, or stop where they be.'

Here they craning remain'd for a moment, until
A. Berkeley rode up to a gate near the mill:
But here the *grim goblin,* his purpose to mar,
Had *pitch'd* the flood up to the very top bar.

To open the gate this bold effort was vain,
So the Sportsman return'd to his fellows again.
Two sovereigns now were offer'd a bumpkin
To open the gate—this bait Tony Lumpkin
Refus'd—for afraid of his life or his skin,
They could not entice the rude clodhopper in.

The fox and the hounds meantime cross'd the river,
So vexatious a check to a Field happen'd never;
But in minutes a few, were all in a bustle
By watching the move of a trump nam'd C. Russell;
Who, by turning his horse in a meadow below,
Charg'd the water, and fearless into it they go,
At a place where the brook was too wide to cover,
Being not less than fifteen or twenty yards over!

His mare jump'd right into the middle in view,
And they both disappeared for seconds a few.
Had fam'd Humphrey Clinker been there, at one tug,
He'd have fetch'd him ashore by the tip of his lug.

By a slip at the take up, or else by the force
Of the strong foaming current, the hard-struggling horse
Upon his right side was completely turn'd over,
When the rider slipp'd off—then each to recover
The surface strove resolute—distress'd, out of breath—
A most desp'rate chance, now—for life or for death !
Both emerg'd—the mare swam to the opposite ground,
Where the bold daring rider was instantly found !

This wonderful enterprise having achiev'd,
Of the danger, tho' not of the water, reliev'd,
He mounted again—whilst the whole of the party
The welkin made tremble with cheers loud and hearty !

Overtaking, at Cubbington Wood, the stanch hounds,
Hence they rattled the caitiff along o'er the grounds—
Thro' Weston and Waverley Woods, towards Ryton ;
Tho' only five left, they still press'd more tight on
Their game—old pug was dead beat, and forced to yield
To this prime little pack—and brave Russell—the Field !

Thus ended the season of 1834-35, and although this day's sport was not to be compared to many that had taken place during the season, yet the disappointment and delay at the river most probably prevented a good run.

The hounds were appointed to hunt 106 days, and they killed and accounted for 83 foxes. There was no meet for several days in consequence of the frost, and at times the sport was relinquished for want of scent. Many of those meets, which may be called bloodless, produced good hunting runs, and not a few of them tried severely both man and horse.

The success of the Warwickshire last year, was such as to cause a great sensation among the Sporting Men, and the assemblage at Leamington proves that it has not been forgotten. The attendance of Ladies at several of those fixtures which were within reasonable distances added much to the beauty of the scene.—A LEAMINGTONIAN. 1

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1 Ladies, singly and in groups, have often graced the meet of the Warwickshire Hounds, but we are not certain that any of them have ever made a practice of joining in the chase. 'I am not aware, (says a correspondent to a Sporting Paper recently published,) of any picture more beautiful than an elegant female on horseback; Lady Grosvenor is a striking exemplification, whom I have repeatedly seen at the fixtures for the Cheshire hounds. I never observed her cross the country. Her Ladyship's presence at the fixture was highly gratifying; it gave a degree of interest to the scene which would not have been derived from any other source. Amidst the busy jocularity of such a meeting, there might indeed be seen the homage which high birth and distinguished rank paid to loveliness and beauty. Lady Grosvenor remains to witness the finding of the fox; and when he goes away, if he happens to take a direction that will enable her to see the run, she rides along the lanes, crosses the enclosures, where gates or openings happen to be convenient, and continues in this way as long as she can. I think I once observed her up at the death of a fox. Lady Grosvenor is an excellent rider. Lady Helen Lowther is the boldest female rider I ever saw. This lady appears in scarlet, completely equipped for the chase. She meets the Earl of Lonsdale's foxhounds, mounted upon steady superb steeds, and rides uncommonly well. Upon one occasion, when the fixture was at Little Daulby, three miles from Melton, I saw Lady Lowther put her beautiful bay horse along with great spirit and courage.'

MR. THORNHILL'S FOXHOUNDS,

NOVEMBER, 1835-6.

EIGHT YEARS.

NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
Daffodil .	Rocket	Destiny

SEVEN YEARS.

Viola ..	Duke of Beaufort's Vanguard ..	Virulent

SIX YEARS.

Bowman Baronet Blameless	Benedict	Warble
Bugler ..	Lord Segrave's Pagan ..	his Bravery
Cryer ..	Rocket	Cymbeline
Famous ..	Mr. Horlock's Farmer ..	his Banquet

FIVE YEARS.

Bluecap Bounty	Bachelor	Dairymaid
Hymen ..	Benedict	Hebe
Hercules Hopeful	Adrian	Prudence
Ottoman Ornament	Bachelor	Ornament
Register Rivers	Rocket	Blossom
Woodman Whimsey Woful	Duke of Beaufort's Workman ..	Virulent
Watchman Willing Wisdom	Duke of Rutland's Whipster ..	Wildfire
Warspite ..	Ditto	Rosebud

FOUR YEARS.

NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
Bawble	Bachelor	Welcome
Bluebell, Brilliant	Duke of Rutland's Whipster	Benefit
Damsel	Pilot	Dewdrop
Dairymaid	Blucher	Dairymaid
Festive	Mr. Horlock's Farmer	his Banquet
Hadrian	Adrian	Rally
Jessamy	Ditto	Jessamy
Midnight	Sir H. Goodricke's Manager	his Rarity
Orator	Ranter	Ornament
Rosamond	Adrian	Rosamond
Solomon	Lord Scarborough's Justice	his Sylvia
Ransom	Mr. Moreton's Rocket	his Vigorous
Wanderer	Duke of Rutland's Whipster	Butterfly
Winifred	Ditto	Wildfire

THREE YEARS.

Bachelor	Myrmidon	Blossom
Barrister, Benedict	Benedict	Prudence
Duncan, Dexter, Delicate, Destiny	Duke of Rutland's Rummager	Daffodil
Hazard	Lord Tavistock's Hazard	Bonnylass
Halifax	Mr. Osbaldeston's Boaster	Harmless
Morland	Myrmidon	Rally
Myrmidon, Mariner, Matchless	Myrmidon	Blameless
Proserpine	Mr. Osbaldeston's Boaster	Proserpine

TWO YEARS.

Barmaid, Bertha	Benedict	Benefit
Bolivar	Ditto	Bashful
Bridemaid	Mr. Drake's Vanquish	Brevity
Bowsprit, Boaster	Nimrod	Blameless
Columbine, Concubine	Duke of Rutland's Chanter	Bounty
Craftsman	Duke of Rutland's Craftsman	Blossom
Dorimont, Daffodil	Mr. Drake's Murmurer	Daffodil

TWO YEARS.

NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
Harlequin, Harmony	Nimrod	Hopeful
Lelia ..	Duke of Rutland's Lounger ..	Rally
Mermaid, Milkmaid, Marmion	Myrmidon	Whimsey
Paxford, Prompter, Pilgrim	Duke of Rutland's Chanter ..	Prudence
Rhapsody, Rummager	Duke of Rutland's Chanter ..	Rosebud
Vestris ..	Bluecap	Viola
Workman ..	Myrmidon	Woful

ONE YEAR.

Bruiser ..	Bowman	Viola
Bertram ..	Dexter	Bashful
Cruiser, Charmer	Cheshire Chanter ..	Willing
Dragon, Daunter	Solomon	Daffodil
Famous ..	Woodman	Famous
Joyful ..	Bluecap	Jessamy
Lifter, Lasher, Lounger, Leader	Duke of Rutland's Lucifer ..	Doia
Monarch, Mentor, Magic, Mighty	Mr. Drake's Murmurer ..	Bounty
Hermit, Harper, Hotspur, Hoiden	Hymen	Midnight
Rector ..	Dexter	Rakish
Tyrant, Testy	Hermit	Termagant
Warble ..	Bachelor	Warble
Windsor, Whipster, Watchful	Duke of Rutland's Rummager ..	Whimsey

BROOD BITCHES.

Famous ..	Mr. Horlock's Farmer ..	his Banquet
Daffodil ..	Rocket	Destiny

Number of Hounds, 104.

Mr. Thornhill continued Master for this season, 1835-36, and as every care had been taken, and arrangement made, to open the sporting campaign with *eclat*, and pursue it with effect, another splendid succession of sport was anticipated by the friends of the Hunt.

As Bill Boxall had left the hounds at the end of the last season, Tom Day was appointed huntsman; Jack Ransom first whip; and Jack Day, son of the huntsman, second whip.

Those Sportsmen who had at times been present at the cub-hunts, were of opinion that an improvement had taken place in the foxes. They were stout and wild, and the Master had been very anxious to have them well dispersed through the covers.

The first meet this season was on Monday, the 2nd of November, 1835, at Houndshill, the seat of the worthy Master.

The weather was extremely unfavourable, and the scent so bad that we had no sport, of any consequence, for some weeks. On the 28th of November, the hounds found an old dog fox on Brailes Hill, and after a very severe run, with only one check, killed on Compton Hill. At the end the Field was very select.

BY NECK OR NOTHING.

HALFORD BRIDGE, NOV. 28TH.

'For the chase now prepare,
See the hounds snuff the air,
Hark, hark! to the huntsman's sweet halloo.'

We drew Honington Coppices, blank, and went from thence to Brailes. On drawing Mr. SHELDON'S covers, near the village, an old dog fox was immediately hallood away, and from the bold manner he came up the hill, and faced a field of at least one hundred, there was no doubt of his being a good one. For a few minutes he kept skirting the gorses on the hill, but pointing to the valley; at the last bit of gorse he put his head straight for the open country. No doubt now remained of a run, and to get to the hounds immediately, or lose the enjoyment of it, was certain.

At the first check about 14 out of the Field were let up; this was about a mile from Brailes Hill, and the check, of not more than a minute, was occasioned by our game having run through a flock of sheep. Reynard then went away over Weston Brook by the mill, across a stiff country to Weston Open Field, leaving Weston House to the left, across the London Road, over Wolford Heath, and then straight for the Stour. The river was nothing more than a full-sized brook in this place, but it was wide enough to stop the career of many a good one.

From this point the Field was very select, and none but a good horse, in superior condition, could go the pace over this stiff and hilly country. Our fox then made his point, apparently, for Barton Grove, but leaving that to the right he went on for Chesterton. Being viewed every now and then, the last struggle, from its severity, became an object

of great anxiety to the Sportsmen who were fortunate enough to keep their places to the end of the run, and the fox was at length killed by the gallant bitch-pack, in the open.

The distance, from point to point, was not less than nine miles, which we ran, with but one check, in the space of 41 minutes. Very few were near the hounds at the death, viz.: Mr. JOHN LUCY, Mr. R. GREAVES, Mr. HORRIDGE, Mr. HUES, of Cherrington, Mr. HURLSTONE, and Mr. SMITH, of Pebworth, on his famous little chesnut mare.

The huntsman on *Shamrock* was well up to the heel of his hounds.

THE SAME, BY NEAR-PAD.

The field, this morning, was not very numerous, but many of those who were present were known to be of the right stamp. We drew Honnington coppices, blank; and went to Brailes, where we found directly, hallooing our fox away in good style. He went off to Sutton North, by Sir G. PHILIPS's, of Weston, over Little Wolford Heath, and then turned to the left, over the brook up Long Compton Hill, and he was killed in a barn yard at the top.

The distance was not very great, but the pace was tremendous, and many of the field were thrown out by the brook we had to cross. Amongst those who had the good luck to witness the whole of the run, were—Mr. J. LUCY, on a bay horse, Mr. R. GREAVES, Mr. W. HURLSTONE, Mr. HORRIDGE, Mr. SMITH, of Pebworth, Mr. BICKNELL, Mr. WALLINGTON, jun. Mr. WADDAMS, on *Red Rose*, and a few others. This was as fine a run as any one could wish to see.

BY SPANK-AWAY.

DUNCHURCH, JAN. 7. 1

We found, this morning, at Bunker's Hill, and reynard leaving Dunchurch on the right, passed Birdingbury, and then ran through Frankton Wood. Turning short back at this point, he made direct for Birdingbury again, and we killed him on the earths at that place. The run lasted 45 minutes, and the pace was very sharp. 2

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1 In this, as well as in the more northern parts of the county, there are several gentlemen who often join the Warwickshire, and who are ardent supporters of the chase.

The Earl of Craven is a spirited and zealous friend of the chase, and in the extensive woods on his Lordship's domain about Combe, the foxes are well preserved. His Lordship, in 1834 and 1835, hunted a pack of stag-hounds, which were then given up for the more cheerful and exhilirating amusement of dashing after the fox.

The chase has also a warm and able supporter in that gallant Sportsman, Lord John Scott. The great Northern Novellist relates a singular anecdote of the strength and courage of one of his Lordship's ancestors, from whence the title of Buccleugh, since retained by that ancient and honorable house, was derived.

Captain Ibbert is an ardent friend of the sport, and a bold and good rider. Not to start a fox from one of the gallant Captain's covers, would create nearly as much disappointment in the Field, as to meet with an inhospitable reception at the threshold of a Warwickshire fox-hunter.

Mr. Applethwaite is a Sportsman of great talent and experience; he succeeded Sir John Gerard in the management of the Atherstone hounds in 1831, and continues to hunt them, with equal credit to himself, and gratification to the surrounding country, down to the present time.

2 Mr. Thornhill, on Creeper, met with an accident in the course of this run, which confined him to his house for a few days.

Jan. 9.—A very fair day's sport was afforded by the Warwickshire on this day, when the meet was at Epwell White House. There was a very good field out, and the hounds having been thrown into the coverts at Lord NORTHAMPTON'S, soon unkenneled a prime fox, which led us gallantly away direct to Mr. THORNHILL'S gorse, passed Hell Brake, and then pointed for Brailes. Leaving that village to the right, he led us on at a good hunting pace to Sibbard, where we killed him, after a run of one hour and 15 minutes.

BY A LOVER OF THE CHASE.

EATINGTON VILLAGE, JAN. 16.

We met, this morning, at Eatington Village, and drew Eatington Gorse, where we found a fox, ran him for ten minutes about the grove, and then lost him. We next drew Alveston Pastures, where we quickly unkenneled, and ran our game through Fir Grove, and across Mr. WEST'S New Plantations. Here turned to the right and went straight nearly to Alderminster, but ran to ground in a drain under Churchill Farm; we got him out and killed him.

We returned to Alveston Pastures, and were not disappointed in our hopes that this favorite cover would afford us a good finale to the day's sport. The pack very soon unkenneled the third fox, and he led us gallantly away through Fir Grove, on to Houndshill, then nearly to Oakum Farm, where he turned to the left, leaving Loxley Village to the right, and again took shelter in the Pastures. We did not suffer him to remain here long, and had no sooner driven him out than he again dashed off by the Heath Farm, where he turned short to the left, and brushed, at a good pace, through Fir Grove.

Pug led us bravely over part of Mr. West's estate to Foxhill Bank, where he crossed the Stour, and the hounds were whipped off, as it became too dark to continue, near to Preston-upon-Stour. Had the light permitted us to have gone on, we must speedily have turned poor reynard up, who was seen by the huntsman in the next field trailing his brush at a pace not faster than a man could walk, and quite done up.

The first fox from the Pastures led us a ring of 35 minutes; and the last had taken the mettle out of the best nags after a run of an hour and fifty-five minutes, at the best pace, over a stiff country, and, in my opinion, decidedly the worst part of Warwickshire.

The following gentlemen were amongst the best in this day's sport: Mr. Bolton King, on a thorough-bred bay mare; Mr. T. Cumines, on a grey mare; Mr. J. Wadhams, of Grafton, on a chestnut; Mr. John Dadley, on a bay horse of Mr. E. Cockbill's; and the Huntsman, on the bay. Most of the horses that went to the end were led home, and this was decidedly the best day's sport with the Warwickshire this season.

BY SPANK-AWAY.

Jan. 23.—Met at Upton House, and found in the New Gorse, ran our fox a ringing chase of an hour and ten minutes, and killed him.

Feb. 6.—Met at Wellesbourne, found in the Wood, and after running pug for 50 minutes, he went to ground at Walton. Unkenneled a second fox at Brickhill Gorse, which on getting away left Lord Northampton's to the

right, Pillerton to the left, and bore away for Edge Hill, where we killed him after a good hunting run of one hour and ten minutes with a fair holding scent.

The last meet of the Warwickshire, this season, was on Saturday, March 26th, at Eatington Village.

THE LAST TIME FOR THE SEASON.

'The last time for the season,' I shudder to hear!
It is the knell of the past, and mingles with fear,
With our hopes of the future; it draws forth a sigh
As we think of the seasons how quickly they fly;
By inquisitive looks the last meet you will know,
And the answers to questions of, where do you go?
I'm for London this spring—and I'm off for the Rhine—
At Ascot and Epsom I'm determined to shine—
To France says another—then Geneva's the word,
And every place under the heavens is heard.

As to summering the horse queries are raised,
And both Nebuchadnezzar and Nimrod are praised.
Some studs like the former are predestined to range,
And cull their own sallad by the side of a grange;
While others are doomed to be immured in a shed,
And as Nimrod prescribes, on good oats to be fed;
Each system has merits with propriety used,
Its ills in abundance, if discretion's abused.
The young horse of full habit, to fever inclined,
Let him live upon grasses, and breathe in the wind;
But the old one, whose blood has been temper'd by age,
You may feed like a turkey and keep in a cage.
A foot that is brittle should be placed in the dew,
Whilst the soft and the pliant on litter may do.
One leg without injury may traverse the ground,
But its hardness another will render unsound.
Adopt then the system your own horse may require,
Or you'll live to become a perpetual buyer.
'The last time for the season,' reminds me to say
Farewell to our friends who are hastening away;
May pleasures attend them wheresoever they roam,
And pleasures more exquisite then welcome them home!

BRUSH.

Scent lay very bad for nearly the whole of the season. This complaint was not confined to this district, only, but prevailed, more or less, throughout the whole country.

A more serious drawback to the wind-up of the season arose from another source. At the beginning of January it became evident that the hounds were afflicted with some disease. The bitches suffered most severely from this attack, and by March nine couple and a half of the best of them, and five couple of the best of the dog hounds died. A similar disorder attacked one or two other kennels.

This misfortune reduced the hunting from four to three days a week. Yet, the Warwickshire hounds had a few excellent days; and a full share of sport, when compared with any of the neighbouring hunts.

Mr. THORNHILL gave up the hounds at the end of this season; and, as the lease of the kennel at Butler's Marston had expired, they were taken to Wellesbourne. [1]

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1 In the course of this season, new and commodious stables and kennels were erected at Shottery, within one mile of Stratford-upon-Avon, to which place the establishment is now removed.

Mr. R. Barnard is esteemed in the Hunt as a bold and skilful rider; and no fence is too high or too wide for him, that his horse can cover. No Sportsman measures his ground better, or rides with more judgment than this Gentleman.

Captain Shirley, son of Mr. E. J. Shirley, of Eatington, when in this neighbourhood, regularly hunts with the Warwickshire, and is a bold rider, and good Sportsman.

Mr. Holyoake, of Studley Castle, now Sir F. L. H. Goodricke, Bart. used frequently to be seen in the field with the Warwickshire.

The Warwickshire hounds remained at Wellesbourne during the next season, 1836-7, under the management of Mr. Shirley, Mr. Townsend, Mr. B. Granville, Mr. Holden, and Mr. Barnard.

The Warwickshire Hunt Ball, for 1836, was held in the Shakspeare Hall, at Stratford-upon-Avon, on Tuesday Evening, the 12th of January. The Meeting was one of unusual splendour and magnificence, being composed of most of the noble and distinguished families in this part of the County. Not less than 330 personages were present. The Members were dressed in the uniform of the Warwickshire Hunt. Officiating Stewards—Joseph Townsend, Esq., Captain Cunynghame, R. Barnard, Esq., and Arthur Shirley, Esq.

MR. THORNHILL'S STUD.

Mr. THORNHILL sold his stud of twenty-three hunters, at TATTERSALL'S, on the 23rd of May, 1836. They brought the following sums :—

Horses' Names.	Purchasers.	Guineas.
Golumpus	Mr. Worrall	77
Chance	Mr. Cripp	53
Flirt	Mr. Leichwald	41
Student	Mr. Alexander Spiers ..	43
The Tartar	Mr. Anderson	60
Forester	Bought in at	340
Red Rose	Lord Gardiner	210
Fanny	Mr. Massey Stanley ..	115
Creeper	Lord Lilford ..	220
Lady Jane	Lord Jersey ..	160
Shamrock	Sir Francis Goodricke ..	350
Latitat	Mr. Yates	77
Patrician	Captain Gleg	81
Gainsborough	Lord Alford	81
Cressida	Lord Dorchester	75
Grimaldi	Lord Darlington	300
Vampyre	Lord Douglas	170
The Architect	Lord Alford	146
The Pony	Mr. Anderson	270
Miss Preston	Mr. Holden	37
The Midge	Mr. Beddoes	45
Dairymaid	Mr. George Payne ..	76
The Nun	Mr. Fellowes ..	40

Mr. THORNHILL sold every horse from his stable but one.

LEAMINGTON.

This place, which thirty years ago was nothing more than a little irregular village, is now become a large and populous town. Macbeth was not more astonished at the mysterious approach of Birnam Wood towards Dunsinane, than an absentee for that period would be on his sudden return to this delightful watering-place.

The Spa had not long emerged from its primitive rusticity, than it presented to visitors a happy combination of comfort and amusement. Gentlemen, who came into the country to join the Warwickshire Hunt, made it their head-quarters during the Season ; the progress of improvement was rapid and successful ; and in the course of a short time, few localities could turn out a more gay assemblage of red-coats than Leamington.

The Sportsman, when here, may be said to reside in the very centre of his favourite amusement. The Warwickshire frequently meet within a few miles of him, and other packs often throw off at some covert which he can reach within the hour, in a *Canterbury-gallop,* on his hack.

In successive seasons, Leamington has been honoured with the presence of some of the finest Foxhunters in the United Kingdom : and at a grand fancy dress ball held lately at the Upper Assembly Rooms, upwards of forty gentlemen, dressed in the uniform of the Warwickshire Hunt, were present.

For some years, the Sporting Gentlemen, aided by the tradesmen of the town subscribed annually to the Warwickshire Hounds. At the commencement of the season, 1835-6, Mr. THORNHILL and the Members of the Hunt, gave many

of the covers in the northern division of the county to Mr. R. VYNER, of Eathorpe, whose pack, for the last few years, had hunted what may be called the out-country, including the district in the neighbourhood of Solihull.

At the beginning of the next season, Mr. VYNER and his friends, had permission to hunt the covers north of the Avon, and the kennel at Lillington was given up to that establishment. Mr. VYNER hunted the hounds himself.

Of the many Noblemen and Gentlemen, supporters of the chase, who have within these few years become permanent residents or visitors of the Spa during the hunting season, we may name :—

Lord Eastnor, Sir E. Mostyn, Capt. Lamb, Mr. M. Wise, Lord Lowth, Lord Ongley, Capt. Sanderson, Capt. Searancke, Capt. Magennis, Col. Charritie, Lord W. Lennox, Lord Dillon, Lord Cranstoun, Lord Hopetoun, Mr. J. Phillipson, Capt. Fairley, Mr. Creighton, Capt. Montgomery, Sir J. Haumer, Hon. Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Mollineux, Sir A. Brooke, Mr. Ricardo, Sir T. Thompson, Capt. Ongley, Mr. W. Beaumont, Sir P. Payne, Capt. Mostyn, Mr. Mostyn, Mr. Fazakerley, Lord F. Beauclerk, Mr. Boycott, Col. Harding, Lord Ross, Hon. F. Petre, Sir R. Elphinstone, Sir John Gerrard, Col. Gouch, Sir D. Baird, Sir H. Titchbourne, Capt. Grant, Capt. Burgess, Mr. E. H. Clarke, Mr. Beaumont, Mr. Bradley, &c. &c.

THE PUBLIC BATHS.

Here the grave and melancholic,
(Wonders to thy Spa belong,)
Quick resume their spirits, frolic,
Trip the dance, and trill the song.

See the heirless fertilizing,
With a cheek of healthful glow;
Beaus, late old, connubializing,
Yield, with grace, to Cupid's bow.

Damsels, almost past love's blisses,
Bathe the crow-foot from their eye;
Whilst their faithless tell-tale tresses
Take the blooming auburn dye.

Should one fiend thy Spa e'er lurk at,
O! it is a plaguy curse;
Tap a Spring, at once, and burke that
Devil, blue—an empty purse!

Gay, then, to thy Spa would ride in
Lovely belle, and happy beau;
Often, too, would cheerly glide in
Where the Golden Waters flow!

Tho' subdued are all diseases
By that magic Spa of thine;
Give to me, for that best pleases,
Goblets filled with rosy wine!

MR. JOHN LOCKLEY.

Mr. Lockley was born at Barton Hall, in the county of Derby, once the residence of the Protector Cromwell. From thence he went to Boscobel, in the county of Salop, where he occupied a large farm—(Boscobel, from the Italian words bosco bello, beautiful wood.) It was at this place that Charles the 2nd, and his friend, secreted themselves in an oak tree, after he had been defeated at Worcester, by Cromwell; and he finally escaped from his pursuers by being concealed for a time in Boscobel House. His father weighed 28 stone, jockey weight; and he, by severe exercise, short sleep, and rigid abstinence, reduced himself from 17 stone to 13 stone 10 lbs. at or about which he continued. In shooting, he walked in a straight line 15 miles, and back by a circuitous route. On the Turf he is one of the oldest masters of race horses now living.

He constantly hunted with Sir E. Lyttelton's hounds on Cannock Chase, whose hour of meeting was at daybreak; and after their morning sport was over, he used to go to the late Lord Talbot's hounds, the other side of the Trent, and hunt the remainder of the day. The late Mr. Stubbs always prefaced his accounts of runs with Sir E. Lyttelton's hounds—'I breakfasted with Lockley at twelve o'clock at night.'

Three times in one year Mr. Lockley rode the same horse from Newmarket to his own house, being 104 miles, in one day; and a galloway from his house to Northampton, and back again the same evening, a distance of 120 miles. He, at the age of 73, left his own house at twelve o'clock one day, was at the fight of Spring and Neate, at Andover, by one o'clock on the next day; rode home with me to my house after the fight; and was in London by four o'clock on the third day, making 162 miles on the same horse in 52 hours.

Of Confidence, his celebrated hunter, I must say a few words. He was thorough-bred, being got by Weazel, by Herod, dam by Young Eclipse, and going back to the Lass of the Mill, by Traveller. Mr. Lockley purchased him, at the foot of his dam, in 1797, in York, for 100 gs., and after riding him several seasons, sold him to the Earl of Sefton for 600 gs. On his Lordship giving up Leicestershire, Mr. Lockley bought him again, and in three seasons sold him to Mr. Best for 750 guineas. He hunted in all eighteen seasons, only being once lame, and then in consequence of getting his leg into a hurdle. Mr. Lockley once rode him 36 miles to a fair and back, by way of exercise. He had the power of a carthorse, and the docility of a lapdog. Confidence was at last sold by public auction, at Northampton, in his 22nd year, for £100.

I cannot help admiring the 'steady pace,' at which he travelled through life. He had always a good house over his head—some good hunters in his stable—some racehorses at his trainer's—some good brood mares in his paddocks—a young one or two coming up—some good pointers in his kennels—a pretty girl to wait at table—a good glass of wine for his friends—some good stories to tell them—and he has always given them a hearty welcome.

Mr. Lockley died on Thursday, March 5th, 1829, whilst on a visit to Mr. W. Grazebrook, at Audnam, near Stourbridge, and had but nine days before expressed his wish to run to earth among his friends. On the Tuesday previously he met the hounds of Mr. T. Boycott, at Woodcot Green, near which place a fox was found. After a severe chase of one hour and 20 minutes, reynard went to ground, and Mr. Lockley was observed to be well up with the hounds. In the first mile he got a fall, and though bleeding profusely from the nose, both eyes, and internally, and his right eye swollen up, (he had long been deprived of the other,) he not only refused to quit the field, but afterwards rode to Audnam, 16 miles, and intended to hunt on the following Friday. He, however, became worse, and died, surrounded by his friends, in the 79th year of his age.—NIMROD.

Mr. Lockley was the Father of the Turf, and the Field. He was well known to the Warwickshire Hunt, and for many years regularly attended Warwick Races, where he generally had a horse or two, to run.

CRACK RIDERS OF WARWICKSHIRE;

ABSTRACTED FROM NIMROD.

Lord DENBIGH has always been well mounted, and is a true friend to fox hunting; but now contents himself with what he can get from his seat in Warwickshire; having given up his seat in Leicestershire.

Lord CLONMELL has always been well horsed; although never appearing to wish to be a first flight man in a run, where is there a dearer lover of sport, or any man who has tried to be with the hounds harder than he has?

The LAWLEYS all ride—'Sir LAWLEY,' as he was so called at Melton—then Sir ROBERT LAWLEY, late Lord WENLOCK, at the head of them. But the crack man of the three is FRANK LAWLEY, (now Sir FRANCIS LAWLEY,) as he was called. He was a prime man over a country, and what we call a beautiful horseman.—The third and younger brother, Mr. BEILBY LAWLEY, now Mr. BEILBY THOMPSON, was also a pretty performer, but I beleive he has long since done with hunting.

Sir G. SKIPWITH went well for at least 25 years over Warwickshire. The worthy Baronet comes under the denomination of a very pretty rider—Always well mounted, generally in a good place, and an attentive observer of hounds. 1

1 In 1823, Nimrod speaks thus of this gentleman—Sir Gray, an old Member of the Stratford Hunt, is one of the most respectable persons belonging to it; who, though the father of 15 children still rides good bred horses with all the ardour of youth, and a true friend to foxhunting.

Mr. Robert Canning who resided at Houndshill, was sent amongst us to show what that fine animal the horse can do. He measured six feet four inches, and weighed seventeen stone; and the rare faculties and powers he possessed arose from a quick eye, a clear head, a fine hand, extreme coolness, and undaunted resolution. A gentleman, a very old Meltonian, and a very good judge, came into Warwickshire for two reasons,—one to see Mr. Corbet's hounds, and the other to see Mr. R. Canning ride. When he got back into Leicestershire, he described him as follows.—'The morning was unfavourable, and the scent so bad that we could not get on with our fox, and I saw nothing remarkable in Mr. Canning. At two o'clock we found a fresh one. The hounds went at their very best pace, when Mr. Canning came out of the crowd like a bee out of a hive, and beat every man that was out.' Mr. Canning's stud was five or six. He rode *Favourite* for eight seasons in succession. His best hunter was *Knowsley*, a stallion, purchased from Mr. Boycott; with him he lost his start in Leicestershire, but afterwards got a front place.

He had one *Conjuror*, that could leap any thing.—The hounds meeting near him one day, he went to see them find, on a little four year old mare that he had bred, equal to ten stone on the road, and which had never seen hounds. Strange to say, he rode this little animal one half hour sharp burst, with his legs almost on the ground, and jumped a brook and a new oaken stile, just before the fox was killed. Mr. John Lucy gave him eighty guineas for her. What Warwickshire sportsman can forget his *come-up*, when riding his horse over a flooded brook or a tremendous fence.

Mr. JOHN LUCY signalized himself by being one of *three* that went the tremendous run Lord MIDDLETON had from out of the Warwickshire Vale country to Ditchley Park, twelve miles from Oxford—every other man being beaten to a stand still, and the hounds taking up their abode for the night in the Duke of Beaufort's kennel at Heythorpe. Not one of Lord MIDDLETON's men, capitally mounted as they were, could get in reach of their hounds. There were also a few crack Meltonians at starting, but all, save one, shared the same fate. One of the best of them declined when I cut it, about six miles from the finish.

I call Mr. HAY a capital horseman. In fact, no man need ride better than he did, in every one's opinion, when his hounds hunted Warwickshire—very straight forward and very quick.

Mr. BOYCOTT, of Rudgehall, Shropshire, was for many years a very leading man in Warwickshire, in the early period of Mr. CORBET's hunting it.

Mr. CHARLES BOULTBEE, brother to Mr. J. BOULTBEE, of Baxterley, near Atherstone, a clipping rider of a great weight. There are but few CHARLES BOULTBEE's.

Mr. HUGO CAMPBELL was a leading man in Warwickshire in Lord MIDDLETON's time.

Mr. F. CHARLTON, a superior Sportsman in his day, was also a regular attendant, for many years, of the Warwickshire.

Mr. HENRY WILLIAMS—better known as HARRY WILLIAMS—son of the General of that name, is a proper dare-devil over a country, and a very good rider withal.

The last time I saw him was in Warwickshire, about six years ago, when he was going in his usual dread-nought style. But do I not remember seeing his father do the same thing? To be sure I do, as the hard riding 'Harry Williams, of my boyish days, and to whom I looked up, I fear, with more reverence than to any other being, because I had heard that he had swam the river Severn, when bank-full, after hounds. General Williams was, however, one of the best, as well as boldest, riders of his day in Shropshire and the counties neighbouring to it.

Mr. Charles Gould, son of the late Colonel of the Notts militia, and nephew of the late Lord Dormer. He is an excellent horseman, with plenty of nerve, and has shewn much judgment in selecting young horses, and perfecting their education as hunters—No bad test of *hand.*

Mr. Holland also distinguished himself for the last ten years over Warwickshire. All who saw that fine run with Mr. Hay, from Lighthorne Rough to Edge Hills, can speak of his excellent performances on that day.—But he is a hard and good rider.

Mr. Walsh Porter, some years back, was a very fine horseman in Warwickshire, and distinguished himself on his two little bay mares, not more than fourteen hands three inches high, but lengthy and well bred; he purchased one of them of Mr. Wynniatt, and the other of Sir G. Skipwith at 200 guineas. But there was a peculiarity in his style of riding—I mean the long stirrup-leather. In this instance it had a more remarkable appearance, as he was six feet high, and his mare so low. One feared, indeed, as he charged the rasping fences of Warwickshire—which

he did in gallant style—that his feet might strike them, by their hanging so much below the belly of his mare. Mr. P. had likewise an excellent hand.

Mr. Sheldon, of Brailes, son of the late R. Sheldon, Esq. of Weston, that perfect sample of an old English Gentleman, is one of the best of the 'Warwickshire lads,' and a good sportsman withal.

Mr. J. Hawkes, of Snitterfield, used to say, 'Warwickshire can't shew a run—there's no room in it.' But I am happy to say I saw this harmless conceit once taken very fairly out of him. We found our fox one day—and let those who know the country follow me—at Walton Wood, Sir J. Mordaunt's, and passing over the fine lordship of Lighthorne, Long Itchington, and Ufton, killed him at Watergall House, about a mile and a half from Southam. Mr. Hawkes rode *Featherlegs* that day, but he, as well as a very large Field, with the exception of three, were beaten out of sight for the last four miles. 'Now, then, Mr. Hawkes, (said Mr. R. Canning to him when he came up, raising his voice to the highest pitch,) can Warwickshire shew a run?' A finer than this could not be seen, for we had but two momentary checks; and after the first mile, over grass.

Now what shall I say of the late Mr. Hancox, so many years in Warwickshire, and one of the best horsemen there? Why, he did not see one run in ten. Who put his horse to a fence in a more workman-like style? No one; and yet, having a bad eye to hounds, and persisting in taking his own line of country, his general fate was to be beaten. Speaking of him as a horseman, he was, however, decidedly a good one.

There was a very good heavy weight in Warwickshire, of the name of E. T. Cockbill, a yeoman, who attended regularly the Warwickshire hounds. He was a very good sportsman, had a good eye to hounds, and generally had three slapping hunters in his stable. I never saw him without a martingal to his bridle—a blemish, I admit—'Don't talk to me, (he would say,) of the danger or inconvenience of a martingal; with it I can make my horses put their feet where I like—without it they often put their feet where they like, and then I get a tumble, and I falls heavy.' Cockbill, welter as he was, was always in his place, which was a good one, and sometimes not on the best of cattle. I will also go one step further and say, that many a valuable young strong horse has lost his chance of becoming a hunter, by not having had this sturdy yeoman for his owner.

There was a very heavy man in Warwickshire, some years since, who rode well to hounds. I think he could not be under 20 stone. I allude to Mr. H. Roberts, who resided at Stratford-on-Avon, and was, for many years, a constant attendant on the Warwickshire hounds.

Mr. Vaughton, who resides near Coventry, is a very good man of his weight, about 18 stone, and a thrusting rider.

Mr. J. Venour was one of the best men over Warwickshire, in the early part of Mr. Corbet's hunting it. He particularly distinguished himself on a little horse called *Hero*, which I sold him when in my teens.

The late Mr. R. Bradley, of Warwickshire, a famous horse-dealer, rode in a way that stamped him one of the finest horsemen of any age. His fine riding sold him scores of hunters at very long prices, and was the occasion of very

long faces, when the owner found that, without BRADLEY'S *finger*, he had *not* purchased a *hunter*. Remonstrances were in vain, the dealer had an answer for them all. 'I am very sorry, Sir, you cannot ride him, but I only sold the horse, I *cannot* sell the rider.' His nonpareil boy, HARRY, was still a greater artist than his master; for it is admitted, three good runs under his tuition would complete the education of a hunter, even for Lord JERSEY.

Mr. BURTON, a tanner, of Nuneaton, on a small animal only 14½ hands high, called *Jack*, was a match for most men. Tom Smith, over the Leicestershire, by dashing at a high timber fence, over which he thought it was not possible the other could follow him. The huntsman's horse knocked down the top bar, when Mr. BURTON easily jumped over, and in the next field was still close at his heels.

BEN HOLLOWAY, an Oxfordshire man, was a good horseman, and well known in Warwickshire. I have now known him upwards of 30 years, and when I saw him last he was in his old place, 'close to their heels,' as Mat Wilkinson says.

Decidedly the best man Warwickshire ever saw, next to Mr. R. CANNING, was Mr. H. WYATT, a native of that sporting county, six feet three inches high, and weighing 15 stone,—Mr. CANNING beat him by an inch,—who was chiefly conspicuous in the period of Lord MIDDLETON and Mr. SHIRLEY hunting the country, although he commenced in Mr. CORBET'S time. A more daring rider than Mr. WYATT, there not only could not be, but need not be; for if it were in the powers of his horse to carry him to hounds there was nothing wanting on his part; and it is due to him to say, that a more gallant horseman England never saw.

I have seen him in all situations with hounds. I have seen him on the wrong side of a large cover, at starting, and I have seen hounds slip away from him from other causes. I have known him meet with falls and perplexities, and appear in his place again in a trice, as though he had been dropped from the clouds; but I never heard of, or saw a good run, that, if Henry Wyatt was out, he did not see the best part of it, and make his appearance at the finish. I never shall forget one fence I saw him ride over, after his horse had been going some time. It was a hog-back broken stile, quite as high as his horse's back, on a narrow, slippery foot-path, and on a considerable ascent. I certainly did not consider it a practicable fence, situated as it was, and was surprised to see him well landed in the next field. To be sure, he was upon a rare bit of stuff,—his *Morgan Rattler* horse, long and wide, but not tall.

The Warwickshire hounds are an excellently managed establishment, and there is more spirit among the Members of the Hunt, in the way of promoting hunt balls, club dinners, &c. than there is among three-fourths of the hunts in the kingdom.

Mr. Thornhill has adopted a very judicious plan of making his fixtures at a considerable distance from the cover which he means to draw—for instance, Princethorpe for Debdale, Gaydon Inn for Ladbroke and Radbourne Gorse; which those who have ever seen the manner in which covers are disturbed by people assembling before the hounds arrive, cannot fail to appreciate. By this means many fine runs are secured.

WARWICKSHIRE AS A HUNTING COUNTRY.

(FROM NEW SPORT. MAG., MARCH, 1832.)

Descending Long Compton Hill, we enter the rich Vale of Warwickshire,—rich in agricultural productions,—rich in historical recollections,—lavish of rural beauties,—and renowned for the wealth and respectability of its inhabitants. As a hunting country, Warwickshire ranks third. With some, this point has been disputed; but that it once was the third-best hunting country in England, no Sportsman, who knows it, can deny. Look first, at its dimensions:—it commenced at Hook-norton, just on the confines of Oxfordshire, and ended at the town of Birmingham. So much for its length, at least forty miles. In breadth, say from Wolford Wood to Ladbroke, within two miles of Southam, not less than twenty-five. It comprises a very large tract of grass-land, little inferior to that of Leicestershire, and bordering on almost the finest part of Northamptonshire. It is a practicable country to ride over, although a well-trained hunter is essential; it is not subject to be flooded; and though the rivers Avon and Stour run through part of it, foxes very seldom cross them. The Stour is jumpable in some places, and fordable in many; and the brooks not generally wide,—the Ladbroke and Walton prehaps the widest.

There might perhaps be better Sportsmen than Mr. Corbet, but he was eminently gifted for the situation of Master of fox-hounds. He was a very highly finished gentleman of the old school,—preferable, some say, to the new one; polite to every one, but never losing sight of his station; his popularity had no bounds. The gentlemen of the county honoured him; the yeomanry almost adored him. A vulpecide was not known within ten miles of his hunt. 1

Mr. Corbet resided near Stratford-on-Avon, during the hunting months, his kennel and stables being in the town. The situation was far from desirable, being almost on the outside of the country, and consequently occasioning additional travelling to the hounds in going to, and returning from, the covers. He had likewise another kennel at Meriden, six miles from Coventry, on the London road, which he occupied when he hunted his Woodlands.

His establishment consisted of twenty horses for himself and his men, which were generally purchased from his tenants in Shropshire, as yearlings, and he had hounds sufficient to hunt four days in the week, and sometimes five. His fixtures were always made for three weeks in advance, and they were made with very excellent judgment as to the capability of the country, and the convenience of those Sportsmen who resided in it. He was one of the first to separate the sexes of hounds in the field, and his pack of bitches were in the highest repute. They seldom missed

1 Mr. Warde once hunted Warwickshire, previously to his taking Northamptonshire, and was succeeded by Mr. John Corbet, of Sundorne Castle, Shropshire, who hunted it upwards of 20 years. It was during Mr. Corbet's time that Warwickshire flourished. The country was then entire, possessing, independently of what is called the open part of it, decidedly the second best Woodlands in the world for hounds and Sportsmen.

their fox, for their pace with a scent was a killing one. His huntsman was the noted Will Barrow, one of the cleverest horsemen England ever saw, although, as a huntsman, he has been excelled. 1

Mr. Corbet did not shine as a rider to hounds. He was afraid of fences, and therefore never rode straight; but he was remarkable for his knowledge of the country, and the points his foxes made; and as he rode good horses, and feared not to push them to their speed, he frequently made his appearance to the surprise of those with the hounds—being seldom absent long after the finish. He was 'game to the back bone;' and delighted in showing sport to his field. In short, he was everything that a Master of fox-hounds should be, barring the lack of more nerve in the saddle. Like the view-halloo of his huntsman, his good-humoured laugh was delightful; nor under any circumstances, was the well-bred gentleman laid aside.

Before we state what Warwickshire now is, it is necessary to say what Warwickshire once was. In Mr. Corbet's time there was a club of gentlemen at Stratford-on-Avon, remarkable for conviviality and concord. During the many years it existed, a quarrel was unheard of amongst its Members; and every other Thursday it was cheered by the presence of Mr. Corbet.

The Hunt was also then in possession of its Woodlands, since divided among others; neither must the gay doings at

1 The view-halloo of Bill Barrow was musical and cheering to a degree never surpassed, neither will it ever be forgotten in Warwickshire. Lamentable, then, is it to relate, that after hunting a pack of foxhounds for upwards of 20 years, and never many hundred yards from their sterns, in chase, this gallant horseman and trusty servant broke his neck in the service of the present Mr. Corbet, whilst hunting his pack of harriers, having been handsomely provided for by his late worthy master, in his will.

Meriden be passed over, during the residence of the hounds in that kennel, for the purpose of hunting those Woodlands. This took place twice a year, and brilliant sport was the result.

Many who read this will remember the Long-meadow, Princethorpe, the Tile-hill, the Combe, and the Braunston foxes, and the fine wild sporting countries they so often led them over! Nor can the music of Will Barrow, with his cap in his hand, which rang through those noble woods, whilst his pack were bristling to their game, be ever forgotten by those who were so fortunate as to hear it. 1

Modern Warwickshire, however, as we may term it, is not destitute of Woodlands, so essential to all hunting countries. Independently of Weston Park, Snitterfield Bushes, the immense woods of the Marquis of HERTFORD, and Austey Wood, the property of that firm friend to fox-hunting, Sir E. SMYTHE, of Shropshire, Spernal Park and Alveston Pastures are always well-stocked with foxes, and afford excellent cub-hunting. The Marquis of HERTFORD is no fox-hunter, but his good taste has induced him not to be inimical to the sport, and his woods at Ragley, the most extensive in the county, are good nurseries for foxes.—Neither should the kindness of his neighbour, Sir CHARLES THROCKMORTON, be forgotten.

We hear and read of runs twenty miles from point to point, but they are of rare occurrence. In Mr. CORBET'S time a fox broke from Wolford-wood, and taking a line never

1 All now called the Dunchurch country then belonged to the Warwickshire Hunt, including among many others, the woods of Lords Craven and Denbigh, and that fine furze-cover called Debdale, the property of that stanch old Sportsman, Sir Theophilus Biddulph, of Birdingbury, the whole of which was given up to Lord Anson, on Lord Middleton succeeding to Mr. Corbet.

before taken by Warwickshire foxes, was killed near the town of Cheltenham, a distance of full twenty-five miles. Of a very large field of well-mounted sportsmen, only seven were at the death. 1

The prime part of Warwickshire lies eastward of the Avon, bordering on the county of Northampton.

Foxes found in Long Itchington, Kineton, Chesterton, Ufton, Lighthorne, Ladbroke, or Watergall parishes, have as fine a country before them, as any man would wish to ride over, being for the most part grass, and the enclosures sufficiently extensive. Wolford Wood, Preston Bushes, Idlicote, Alveston Pastures, Farnborough, and indeed all gorse covers in their neighbourhood, are capable of shewing splendid runs,—foxes sometimes taking up the hills into Oxfordshire; often to Edge-hill or Epwell, and now and then into the Duke of Beaufort's country.

In Lord Middleton's time a remarkable instance of this occurred. A fox in the Warwickshire vale ascended the Oxfordshire hills at an almost unprecedented rate, and was run to earth at Ditchley Park, not more than twelve miles from Oxford. Of a field of more than a hundred and fifty horsemen, only two, Mr. John Lucy and Lord Molineaux, were able to get to the end of the run, and several good horses fell a sacrifice to the distance and the pace. (See p. 120.)

To praise a man for conduct really deserving of praise, is but a tribute due to him. I must not, however, dwell on the merits of this renowned Sportsman, or, as Cicero expressed himself when alluding to the virtues of Pompey,

1 So brilliant was the performance of the pack considered in those days, that the head of the victim was preserved in a glass case, and ornamented the room at Stratford-on-Avon, which the Warwickshire Club occupied, accompanied by a description of the run.—(See p. 3.)

I shall find it more difficult to know when to stop, than how to begin. I shall only repeat, that he left behind him a title to the gratitude of the sporting world, and an example most worthy of imitation by all Masters of hounds. In short, we may exclaim with the poet,—

'Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.'

The enclosures of Warwickshire are, for the most part, of a fair size; particularly in the grazing districts, which I should estimate at one-third of the whole extent of country. Taking it as a whole, I consider the soil very favorable to scent, as the staple is generally good. A great portion of the ploughed lands, however, are very tender after hard frosts, succeeded by rains; and Warwickshire may be termed a deep country ro ride over, and one which requires strong and well-bred horses. A great many such are annually bred in the county, and it always has been the pride of Warwickshire yeomen to have a good hunter or two in their stables, a species of stock that has, on the whole, paid them well for rearing.

The fences of Warwickshire are, of course, of various descriptions; but, with the exception of the Meriden Woodlands, now partly dissevered from the country, they are seldom placed on banks. Quickset hedges, with a ditch only on one side, are the general obstacles to be encountered; and in the grazing districts, from the richness of the soil, they equal, in thickness and strength, the often described 'bull-finches' of Leicestershire and Northamptonshire.—What are called bullock-fences are also not uncommon in Warwickshire; that is to say, a good stiff rail accompanying a hedge and ditch. Timber fences perpetually occur, either in the shape of stiles, or rails affixed in weak parts of the quickset fences, to which a ditch is always added, as a further security against trespass. Brooks also abound, as they do in all rich vales, but the greater part of them come

under the denomination of brooklings, and few of either are sufficient to stop a well-mounted Sportsman, striving to get to hounds.

In 1810 Mr. CORBET's health rather gave way,—the constant attendance on his hounds was considered too severe for his constitution, and at the earnest entreaties of his family, he consented to give up his hunting establishment.

In 1811, he sold his hounds to Lord MIDDLETON, of Wollaton Hall, near Nottingham, who gave him 1,200 gs. for them, consisting of more than 70 couples. His Lordship accompanied his cheque for the money, by a note expressive of his obligation for the offer Mr. CORBET had made him of his pack, giving him to understand he considered the transaction more in the light of a gift, than a purchase.

In one very essential respect Lord MIDDLETON was the reverse of his predecessor; he was somewhat haughty in his demeanour, and consequently unpopular with many of the farmers, who had been accustomed to the mild and gentleman-like carriage of Mr. CORBET. He also broke up the club at Stratford, divided the country with others, and gave up the second best woodlands in England. On the other hand his Lordship did the thing in good style, and his hounds afforded sport; perhaps a season or two during his reign may be produced as shewing a brilliant succession of runs, unequalled by any hounds of the time.

His Lordship hunted Warwickshire eleven years, and it is but just to say, he is a Sportsman. The cause of Lord MIDDLETON giving up the Warwickshire, was a fall from his favorite horse, *Billy Button*.

Lord MIDDLETON purchased a house in the suburbs of Stratford-on-Avon, where he built a large range of stables and kennels. Nothing could exceed the convenience of these premises as related to hounds and horses, nor the

comfortable arrangement of the house. Perhaps the dining room was, for its size, one of the most complete rooms in England, and its furniture of the richest description. 1

Lord MIDDLETON made a fresh start the season before last, in Nottinghamshire, on Mr. MUSTERS resigning that country; and with his accustomed munificence, was very soon in possession of one hundred couple of hounds,—having given Mr. OSBALDESTON 1000 gs. for ten couple; but his Lordship's health not permitting him to partake largely of his favorite diversion, which out of respect to him as a Sportsman every brother-sportsman must regret, he resigned at the commencement of the present season, and was succeeded by Mr. DANSEY, late Master of the Herefordshire hounds.

Mr. E. J. SHIRLEY, of Eatington Hall, near Shipston-on-Stour, succeeded Lord MIDDLETON, in the Mastership of the Warwickshire hounds. His highly accomplished manners, added to the great worth of his character, rendered it a highly popular measure in Warwickshire, and, assisted by the celebrated Jack Wood, as his huntsman, the reputation of the pack rather increased, than suffered in his hands. He mounted his men in capital style, and during his time the attendance on his hounds was even larger than that of his predecessor. 2

1 Now, alas! what a change! It is now the school room of what is called a young ladies' seminary; the paddocks, in which the hounds were exercised in the winter and his Lordship's hunters soiled in the summer, are now covered with cottages, presenting a dismal appearance to those who remembered this place in its glory. But,—'Sic transit gloria mundi!'

2 Lord Middleton had a temporary kennel in the beautiful village of Kenilworth, lying between Warwick and Coventry. In Mr. Shirley's time, a new one was erected at Butler's Marston, between Wellesbourne and Kineton, a situation which commanded all the covers in the country, excepting some distant woodlands, when the hounds slept at Kenilworth.

In 1824, Mr. SHIRLEY was succeeded by Mr. HAY, of Dunse Castle, Scotland, who, making Wood his kennel huntsman, hunted the hounds himself. Mr. HAY did the thing with great spirit, for a more zealous Sportsman never yet drew breath. His stud was excellent, and he rode admirably to hounds. He gave abundant satisfaction, and his relinquishment of the country was regretted.

Warwickshire was now doomed to undergo another change. In 1827, Mr. FELLOWES followed Mr. HAY in the management of those hounds, having long been resident in Warwickshire, where he had proved himself a Sportsman, in the widest acceptation of that word. He continued Wood as his huntsman, but in 1830 he resigned.

Mr. RUSSELL, nephew to the Duke of BEDFORD, then became Master of the hounds. He was allowed to be eminently qualified for the task he had undertaken, being a good judge of hunting, and particularly gentleman-like in his demeanour.

In Mr. CORBET'S time, the commencement of the season was ushered in after a manner not unworthy of notice, and still less unworthy of example. By the first Monday in November, the gentlemen composing the Club, assembled at Stratford-on-Avon; and on that day, the late Lord WILLOUGHBY-DE-BROKE, of Compton Verney, gave a dinner to the Master of the hounds, and a numerous party of sportsmen then resident in the neighbourhood, in commemoration of the opening of the season. This highly respected Nobleman, of the old school, is dead; but the present Lord, although no fox-hunter, is an excellent friend to fox-hunting. His Lordship, however, was not without a little music in his kennel, having been Master of a clever pack of harriers, now given up.

The late Earl of AYLESFORD, of Packington Hall, near Meriden, was also a stanch ally of Mr. CORBET. The

present Earl is a good preserver of foxes, and although his taste does not often lead him into the field, he now and then takes a look at hounds, and has the character of being a bold and determined horseman.

The Earl of CLONMEL was, for many years, one of the firmest supporters of the Warwickshire hunt. During Mr. CORBET's time he resided at Allesley, near Coventry, from which place, although great was the distance he had generally to ride, he was scarcely ever absent from a cover that was likely to shew sport. His Lordship, during Lord MIDDLETON's occupation of the country, resided at Weston House, near Shipston-on-Stour, once the property of the much honoured Colonel SHELDON, where his hospitality towards his brother Sportsmen was proverbial.

The Earl of WARWICK must not be omitted. When Lord BROOKE, he was a regular attendant on the Warwickshire hounds, and rode in the first ranks; and his Lordship still continues a stanch friend of the sport.

Mr. WEST, of Alscot Park, near Stratford-on-Avon, of racing celebrity, has a strong claim on the gratitude of this hunt. His estate has long been a nursery for foxes, as well as game; and from Preston Bushes how many good runs have been seen! The cover is excellently situated, no other being very near it, and is in a fine country for scent.

To Mr. HOLBECH, of Farnborough, also, are the gentlemen of Warwickshire not a little indebted; as well as to Mr. TOMES, of Southam,—the owner of the Itchington-heath cover.

The late Sir CHARLES MORDAUNT was conspicuous as a rider as well as a Sportsman; his property at Walton lies in the very centre of the hunt.

Mr. Serjeant GOULBURN, of the Midland Circuit, (brother to the Ex-minister of that name,) was a very

conspicuous man in Warwickshire, in Mr. CORBET's time. He was a valuable acquisition to the Stratford-on-Avon hunt. They were the days of his youth; and nothing loth, he yielded to the allurements which England holds out to that delight-giving period. Like the great Lord ERSKINE, he had been a soldier and a sailor. He had racehorses and hunters, and so had others. But he had—what but few possess—the talent to amuse beyond his fellows. In short, he was the charm of society, wheresoever he entered into it; for, although by nature a satirist, he sought but to amuse, and if pain was given, the remedy was at hand by the same means by which the wound was inflicted.

For bold and good riders has Warwickshire been also pre-eminent. In the time of Mr. CORBET and Lord MIDDLETON, those nonpareils, the Messrs. CANNING, were in their prime. Their name and fame have been handed down to posterity by the pen of NIMROD, in an account he gave of Mr. CORBET's hounds, but the subject will admit of repetition. The weight of each of these brothers was, saddle included, nearly eighteen stone, and each was a six-foot man and more. But perhaps the most extraordinary

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1 Warwickshire has always been in good repute as a sporting country; and remarkable for producing what may be termed a breed of Sportsmen, not confined to hunting, but possessing a taste for every variety of field sports. To this circumstance may be attributed the very excellent understanding that has existed between the gentlemen and the yeomanry, and it also accounts for the strict preservation of foxes for which it has been so long conspicuous. The yeomanry of Warwickshire, however, are for the most part an enlightened race of men, and therefore superior to the selfish consideration that induces some persons to destroy an animal that may afford amusement to hundreds residing in the same county with themselves, because the possibility exists of a lamb or chicken being their loss. But from the pen of a Sportsman, too much praise cannot be bestowed on English yeomen in general, to whom hunting is so mainly indebted.

feature in their character, was the circumstance of their having received their education in foreign countries, and not entering the field till some years after the period of manhood. The elder brother was an extraordinary man across a country for his weight; but the younger, Mr. R. Canning, six feet four inches in height, was described by Nimrod as a prodigy. No light weight in the country ever saw more of a run than he could, and he kept this foremost place for a period of near twenty years. He was also distinguished by another enviable qualification for a hard-riding Sportsman; he was totally free from jealousy, and never claimed the palm which was so generally awarded to him by others.

Warwickshire could also boast of producing one other native horseman, such as has been rarely excelled in the art of riding to hounds. This gentleman's name is Wyatt, and another son of Hercules,—six feet three inches would not take the measure of him from top to toe. He was, for many years after the Cannings began to decline, quite the leading man in Warwickshire, and those who have witnessed his performance, can never forget the brilliant and straightforward style in which he rode to hounds.

SUPPLEMENTARY PIECES.

THE CHASE.

A FINE RUN WITH MR. DRAKE'S HOUNDS.

BY A DRAKESMAN.

On Saturday last, we had nearly all the Warwickshire men out with us at Priors Hardwick, when we drew Shuckburgh, and after hanging about the hill for some time, went away with a gallant fox in glorious style, and at the best pace, as if for Priors Marston, which however he left on the right, turning round Catesby, through the park—then being headed as he was attempting to take a line to the right, he pointed back as if for Shuckburgh. But the hounds would not have it, and he then made a bend to the right, crossing the Southam road below Staverton Hill, away with his head for Flecknoe, which he passed on his left, twice (alas! for some,) across the brook to Braunston village, where he fell, nobly for his fame, after an excellent run of 55 minutes. The accidents, 'by flood and field,' on this day were numerous, and not much to be wondered at, for in the experience of the oldest sportsmen, there has seldom been stiffer fencing, and seldom men more athirst for glory. Of seven that took one part of the brook, near to Flecknoe, I saw six floundering in the water at once, Sir Henry only clearing it, the bank giving way to every horse that jumped at all short. In Shuckburgh Park, I saw Mr. Thornhill do what I confess perfectly astonished me—'Catch my horse,' said he, as if certain of a fall—then dash he went at a very high paling, about the height of the room I am writing in, and to my astonishment got over it without being unhorsed, though with a marvellous crash of

timber. A lower place, about six feet high, was cleared by Mr. Williams, from Leamington, son of Gen. Williams. This gentleman, I am sorry to say, afterwards sustained a very severe and alarming accident near Catesby, where his horse, in attempting some rails after a sharp bank descent, went over with a most complete somerset, and gave him one of the most tremendous falls I ever witnessed. The horse made a kind of tottering pause in the middle of it, and then fell with a weight as dead as possible on the body of Mr. Williams, with a sort of squelching sound, that might have been heard I should think more than a hundred yards off. Among other sportsmen that pulled up to give assistance, Captain Magennis with his one arm, and Mr. Tattersall with his black cap, remained, and helped Mr. Williams to Catesby House, near to which the accident happened. The scene was a most interesting one, and from the appearance caused by the scarlet dresses, the led horses, the one arm of Captain M. the head of Mr. Williams bound round with a handkerchief, his cravat untied and dress dishevelled—from all this, added to the antiquity of the mansion, the dilapidated buildings around it, the ruined fishponds, and the old park wall—the mind could scarcely help imagining it a military scene in the civil wars, and a soldier wounded. Fortunately for Mr. Williams, young Mr. Brickwell, a medical gentleman, son of Mr. Brickwell, of Banbury, happened to be passing by Catesby at the time of the accident. He rendered his immediate assistance in a kind and ready manner that, with the knowledge he displayed, will not soon be forgotten. Nor ought I to omit the attentions of the worthy occupant of Catesby House, who, with his amiable family, evinced a degree of tenderness and hospitality deserving the highest praise. In the course of three hours, Mr. Williams was removed in a chaise to Leamington, where, I am happy to hear, he has

since done well, thus proving that the injury was less severe than had been apprehended, and those injuries judiciously remedied. All sportsmen will be well pleased to see such noble instances of kindness and attention displayed by the Field, recorded.—March 1st, 1834.

MR. OSBALDESTON'S STUD AND KENNEL.

The hounds and hunters of this Sportsman were sold by Mr. TATTERSALL, at Brixworth, in August, 1833.—There were 28 couples of well-bred fox-hounds, with 13½ couples of young dogs. With the exception of five couples which were purchased by Mr. FOLJAMBE, for 105 guineas, the whole were knocked down in five lots, to the Hon. Mr. MORETON, for 280 guineas. The following well-known hunters fetched the below mentioned prices :—

Boulton ..	145 gs.	Don Juan ..	90 gs.
Clasher ..	21	Blucher ..	28
Comus ..	44	Gully ..	20
Drage ..	57	Honnington ..	30
Ware ..	21	Doncaster ..	97
Quorn ..	150	Barren ..	89
The Cocktail Bilberry	89	A bay Mare ..	35
A black Gelding ..	25	A bay Gelding ..	20

Sir Harry James Goodricke, Bart. of Ribstone Hall, Yorkshire, died at Ravensdale Park, Ireland, on the 21st of August, 1833, in the 36th year of his age. He was passionately fond of the sports of the field, and his stud at Melton Mowbray, usually averaged between 50 and 60 of the finest hunters; and his hunting-box, at Melton, was the constant scene of profuse hospitality during the season. He was one of the most spirited foxhunters of the day, and the Master of the Quorn Hounds for the last three or four seasons. He was a thorough Sportsman, in the fullest sense of the word, and literally fell a sacrifice to a favorite amusement, otter-hunting, in the indulgence of which he caught a severe cold, and was carried off in 48 hours. Sir Harry died unmarried; he was immensely rich, and will be greatly missed at Melton Mowbray. The subscription to the Quorn Hounds has varied from two to £4000 per annum, but Sir Harry Goodricke, when proprietor, bore the whole expense of them himself.

STEEPLE RACES.

WARWICKSHIRE AND LEAMINGTON GRAND STEEPLE RACE, 1836.

For this Stake, of 25 Sovereigns each, with 200 added, twenty horses were entered. The race came off on Monday, the 21st of March. The Umpires chosen, were Sir E. Mostyn, and the Hon. W. Vaughan; but as the former gentleman had named a horse, J. Sanderson, Esq. officiated in his stead. Mr. W. Brown, C. C. at Warwick, had the management of the race.

The ground fixed upon for starting, was a large meadow in the occupation of Mr. Walker, about a mile and a half from Southam, the line pointing towards Leamington, and the winning post was placed in a field a short distance from the one in which the horses started. The distance rather exceeded four miles. The country was in good condition, and the fences, though practicable, were generally strong and stiff.

At two o'clock the horses went off, at a rattling pace. Manfred took the lead, followed by Vivian, Upas, Beatrice, and many others in the same line. Red Rose and some few with him diverged slightly to the left. The first trying leap was a high gate, at which Manfred was first sent, but in taking it he broke the top bar, and let his followers over easily. Up to the brook, about a mile and a half from home, Manfred still kept the lead, and Vivian was second, Beatrice third, Upas fourth, Flacrow fifth, and Yellow Dwarf sixth.

This order, with a few changes, was kept until the last field, a large grass enclosure, where Beatrice was second, Manfred being very considerably in the front, and the rest

keeping about the same position as at the brook. After clearing the hedge into the road, Manfred dropped into a rut, and fell. Beatrice on gaining the road swerved at the last fence, a thickset one, and fell into the ditch. Vivian also refused the leap twice, and with great difficulty got over. Yellow Dwarf refusing the fence twice, Flacrow came up, got over, and won the race in good style, Vivian carrying 12lb. more than the winner, and being at the post second. The ground was run in 14 minutes. Some of the riders met with accidents, but no one was much hurt.

The result of the race was declared as follows :—

Mr. Coke's b h Flacrow ..	(Mr. Haycock)	1
Capt. Lamb's b g Vivian ..	(Capt. Beecher)	2
Marquis of Waterford's Yellow Dwarf	(Owner)	3

Not placed.

Lord Lowth's Carlow ..	rode by Lord Clanricarde.
Lord Wilton's Prince ..	.. Sir D. Baird.
Lord Macdonald's Fugleman ..	.. The Owner.
Lord Redesdale's Stocking Weaver	.. Mr. D'Oyley.
Sir E. Mostyn's Emanuel ..	.. — Horley.
Capt. Lamb's Manfred ..	.. — Crommelin.
Mr. Phillipson's Beatrice ..	.. — Powell.
— R. Greaves's Midnight ..	.. — Patrick.
— Worth's Baronet ..	.. — The Owner.
— Wadams's Red Rose ..	.. — Ivens.
— Barnard nas. Lancaster ..	.. — Villers.
— Sadler's Desperate ..	.. — W. Sadler.
— Hall nas. Upas ..	.. — Solloway.
— Little's Apostate ..	.. Capt. Fendall.

Drawn.

Mr. Crommelin's Butterfly.
— Hogg's Cannon Ball.
— H. A. Thompson's Barrister.

A great number of the Sporting Characters in the country were present, and the assemblage exceeded, by far, any previous meeting of the kind in this county.

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON STEEPLE RACES, 1836.

These races were contested on Thursday, the 17th of March, over a fine country near to Bourdon Hill, about half a mile from the town.

The umpires, Captains Lamb and Cunynghame, fixed upon the ground, a circle of about four miles, which was so judiciously chosen, that every spectator could see the race from the beginning to the end.

SWEEPSTAKES, 3 Sovs. each, with 50 added.—12 st.

Twenty-one horses were entered. Landscape led off at a slapping pace, to the first brook, with Shakspeare, Barrister, and a few others close upon her, which she cleared in good style. All her opponents were not so fortunate; and five or six of them fell in, but they soon got out without injury, and were again seen dashing along at a spanking rate. Mr. D'Oyley's Austerlitz jumped against the opposite bank, and there stopped. At the next fence, a stiff hedge, Landscape fell, and by the time she recovered herself the other horses got up. Lady Teazle did not come out until they got into the meadows, when she made play and shook off all but The Pilot and Paxford. She kept the lead over the last brook, and was followed closely by Harlequin, Paxford, Cheroot, Miss Hathaway, and Shakspeare. Sir Harry and others fell into the brook All the nags were got out safe, excepting Star, who met with a bad accident, but his rider was only slightly injured. The Pilot fell lame as soon as he had leaped the brook, and the race was won by Lady Teazle.

Mr. Clifford's Lady Teazle	..	(Owner)	1
— T. More's b h Harlequin	..	(Mr. Ivens)	2
— H. Roberts's b g Paxford	..	(Mr. Wadams)	3
Capt. Poultney's gr g Cheroot	..	(Mr. Burton)	4
Mr. Smith's ch h Shakspeare	..	(Dennick)	5
Mr. Robbins's b m Miss Hathaway		(Mr. Sabin)	6

NOT PLACED.

Mr. Thompson's b g Barrister	..	rode by Capt. Fendall.
— Little's The Star	..	.. Mr. Cooke.
— Rochfort's Sir Richard	..	.. The Owner.
— G. T. Smith's Galen	..	.. — Cumines.
— Vevers's Ada	..	.. Hardy.
— T. Lowe's Landscape	..	.. — T. Lowe, jun.
— W. Crowther's Chasseuse	..	.. The Owner.
— Greaves's The Pilot	..	.. — Patrick.
— T. Smith's Fanny	..	.. Webb.
— Brown's Paddy-from-Cork	.	.. — Vyner.
— Ind's Cantab	..	.. — Norris.
— W. Brian's Standard	..	.. — W. Smith.
— D'Oyley's Austerlitz	..	.. The Owner.
— Bicknell's Sir Harry	..	.. The Owner.
— Solloway's Gamecock	..	.. The Owner.

Two fatal accidents, we regret to say, occurred in this race. Austerlitz jumped against the opposite bank of the first brook, and dislocated his spine; and The Star fell upon a wall, the abutments of an old bridge, in taking the second stream, and dreadfully injured his loins. They were both slaughtered.

SECOND RACE.

SWEEPSTAKES, 2 Sovs. each, with 15 added.

Mr. Bicknell's Nat	..	(Mr. CUMINES)	1
— Vevers's b c Viator	..	(— SOLLOWAY)	2
— T. Smith's b h Warwick	..	(WEBB)	3

NOT PLACED.

Mr. Packwood's Mount Eagle	..	rode by Mr. Wallace.
— E. W. Chattaway's Mistake	..	.. — T. Sabin.
— Smith's Fanny	..	.. The Owner.

DRAWN.

Mr. D'Oyley's Fugleman.

Nat was sharply run in by Viator and Warwick, and won by about two lengths.

ALCESTER STEEPLE RACES, 1836.

These races took place on Thursday, March 18th: the distance was four miles, over a severe country with heavy fences. Capt. Lamb officiated as umpire.

SWEEPSTAKES, 5 Sovs. each, with 50 added.

Mr. Greaves's c g Midnight	..	[Mr. Patrick]	1
— Vevers's c m Ada	..	[Hardy]	2
— Marshall's b g Forester	..	[Troughton]	3
— Homfray's b h Harlequin	..	[— Ivens]	4

Not placed.

Mr. Little's Mary Ann	..	rode by Dennick.
— Webb's Tipple Cider	..	.. Mr. C. Walker.
— Wadams's Red Rose	..	.. The Owner.
— Solloway's Gamecock	..	.. The Owner.
— Ind's Cantab	..	.. — Norris.
— Richards's Pony	..	.. The Owner.

Red Rose struck off and made play at starting, but by running on the wrong side the flag he lost his chance of the stake. Midnight then took up the lead with spirit, Ada, Foreigner, and Harlequin, keeping close in his rear; and after a severe and good race, he won by little more than a length.

SWEEPSTAKES, 3 Sovs. each, with 25 added.

Mr. Vevers's Viator	..	[Mr. Solloway]	1
— Holyoake's Wild Boy	..	[— Patrick]	2
— Walker's Piccanini	..	[— Wallace]	3
— Ashburn's Jack	..	[— Ivens]	4

The start was taken by Viator, who was waited upon by Piccanini, until Wild Boy came up and took his place, leaving the other two in the rear. On clearing the last fence, Viator and Wildboy were so close together that the winner was then doubtful. The former, however, laid to in earnest, and won by several lengths.

BIRMINGHAM STEEPLE RACES, 1836.

These races came off on the 14th of March. To start near to the clump of trees, Barr Beacon, down to Queestlet village, and taking a circuit of about four miles, back again.

Mr. Stovin officiated as umpire, in the absence of Lord Ward and Sir E. D. Scott, Bart.

SWEEPSTAKES, 5 Sovs. each, with 50 added.

Mr. Fowler's Mount Eagle	..	[Mr. F. Wallis]	1
— Goodwin's Pharold	..	[— Patrick]	2
— Parrock's Turpin	..	[— Parker]	3

SWEEPSTAKES, 3 Sovs. each, 25 added.

Mr. Wallis's Creeper	..	[Mr. Ball]	1
Capt. Lamb's Manfred	..	[Capt. Beecher]	2

HACK STAKES,—Two Miles.

Mr. Walker's Paganini	..	[Mr. Patrick]	1
— Bindley's Gadfly	..	[Main]	2
— Stovin's The Doe	..	[Reynolds]	3

STEEPLE RACE, 1831.

On the 17th of March, 1831, Sir E. Mostyn Bart. gave a handsome Silver Tankard, to be run for by horses *bona fide* the property of and rode by Warwickshire Farmers, and to have been hunted, according to the conditions, with the Warwickshire hounds before 1830.

Lord Anson and J. Russell, Esq. M. P. Stewards of the Spring Races, at Warwick, fixed upon the ground. The course chosen lay between Itchington Holt and High Down, four miles all grass, with heavy fences.

The race was won by Mr. H. Horley's ch m, (Owner) beating Mr. Russell's bl h, (Owner) Mr. Kent's bl m, (Mr. T. Cumines) Mr. W. Umbers's ch h, Mr. T. Morris's gr h, and Mr. Gibson's b m.

THE TURF, 1836.

WARWICK SPRING MEETING,

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16, 1836.

STEWARDS—Sir J. MORDAUNT, M. P., and Hon. J. VAUGHAN.

TRIAL STAKES, 10 Sovs. each, with 50 Sovs. added.

Mr. Lucas's g c Telltale	..	..	(PAVIS)	1
Lord Warwick's b c Pelops	..	..		2
Mr. E. Peel's br c Morrison	..	..		3

NOT PLACED.—Lord Lichfield's b f by Memnon, Mr. West's Spruce, Mr. Rawlinson's Reliance, Capt. Lamb's Count D'Orsay, Mr. Bristow's Dr. Slop, Mr. Mott's b f Rosetta, Mr. E. V. Fox's Caliph, Mr. R. E. King's b f Zora, Mr. Fowler's br c by Bustard.

DRAWN.—Mr. C. Day's Zeno.

A MATCH for 200 Sovereigns.—Two Miles.

Mr. Fowler's b m Coquette	..	..	(G. WHITEHOUSE)	1
Capt. Lamb's b g Vivian	..	..		2

TRADESMEN'S CUP, 10 Sovs. each, with 50 Sovs. added.

Mr. E. Tomes's bl f by Belzoni	..	..	(Mr. ROOTS)	1
Capt. Lamb's br c Jack	..	..		2
Capt. Lamb's br g Forrester	..	..		3

DECLARED FORFEIT,—Mr. H. Robbins's g g brother to The Asps, Mr. H. Clarke's g m sister to The Flyer, Mr. J. Little's Apostate.

BELZONI STAKES, 10 Sovs. each, with 20gs. added by the Owner of Belzoni.—Mile Course.

Mr. R. Arnold's f out of Lady Godiva, h. b. .. w. o.

DRAWN.—Mr. Beechey's br f out of Dabchick, Mr. Geary's b f out of Lark, Mr. G. Cowley's b c out of Livonia.

DEBDALE STAKES, 5 Sovs. ea., with a Purse added by the Ladies.

Capt. Lamb's Vivian	(Owner)	1
Sir J. Mordaunt's Freedom		2

Drawn.—Mr. J. Little's Apostate, Mr. J. P. Thornhill's Jack, Mr B. King's br g by Filho.

Declared forfeit.—Hon. Mr. Vaughan's b g by Thornton.

HURDLE RACE, 2 Sovs. each, with a Silver Tankard given by Sir E. MOSTYN, for Farmers' Horses.—Six Leaps.

Mr. Wadams's ch g Red Rose	(Owner)	1
Mr. H. Robbins's br g York		2
Mr. S. Tibbitts's ch g by Burgundy		3

Not Placed.—Mr. J. Hiorn's ch m The Duchess, Mr. York's b m Frankton.

YEOMANRY PLATE, 50 Sovs., with 10 for the Second Horse.

Mr. Lucas's b g Asps	(Mr. Sabin)	1
Mr. Newman's br g Smallhopes		2

Not placed.—Mr. W. Stanley's b g Stargazer, Mr. T. Bateman's c m Kitty Moseley.

Drawn.—Mr. T. Sabin's b m Maria.

FARMERS' PLATE, 50 Sovs., with 10 for the Second Horse.

Mr. Reading's g g by Leviathan	(Mr. Roots)	1 1
Mr. R. Bawcutt's br g by Dardenus		0 2
Mr. Cockbill's Little Bob		2 0

Not placed.—Mr. W. Hurlstone's bl g Cricket, Mr. J. Hiorn's br h Cubbington.

FORCED HANDICAP, 10 Sovs. each.

Capt. Lamb's br c Jack	(Hardy)	1
Mr. Jackson's Tristram Shandy		2
Mr. Collett's b h Claret		3
Mr. H. Robbins's g g brother to the Asps ..		4

Drawn.—Mr. S. Lucas's g c Telltale, Mr. E. Tomes's bl f by Belzoni, Capt. Lamb's b g Vivian, Mr. R. Arnold's f out of Lady Godiva, h. b.

Mr. W. BROWN, Veterinary Surgeon, Warwick, C. C.

WARWICK RACES, 1836.

STEWARDS.—H. GRIMES, JUN., & M. WISE, ESQRS.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 6.

The Guy Stakes of 50 *Sovs. each.*

Mr. I. Day's ch. c. by Velocipede .....(PAVIS) 1
Lord Warwick's b. f. Pelopia 2
Mr. Giffard's br. c. by Filho da Puta 3

PAID FORFEIT.—Mr. Dilly's c. Freeholder, Mr. Dilly's f. Weasel, Mr. C. Day's ch. f. by Velocipede, Mr. Dilly's c. Wilberforce, Mr. Giffard's b. c. by Memnon, Mr. Cookes's ch. c. Express, and Mr. W. Shepherd's f. Frances.

Leamington Stakes of 25 *Sovs. each,* 100 *added.—Two-mile Course.*

Capt. Bunney's b. m. Miss Newton..(WHITEHOUSE) 1
Mr. Collins's b. h. Theophilus 2
Mr. B. King's Lucy 3

NOT PLACED.—Capt. Berkeley's Paris and Mr. Wyatt's Fidelio.

PAID FORFEIT.—Lord Warwick's Pelops, Mr. J. Day's b. m. Diana, Mr. Flintoff names Independence, Mr. Herbert's Carnaby, Sir G. Pigot's Altamont, Mr. H. Grimes's bl. c. Cyrus, Mr. Browning's Rose, Mr. J. Hill names Weasel, and Mr. Mott's Rosetta.

FORFEIT.—Twelve, to pay 5 Sovs. each.

A Sweepstakes of 5 *Sovs. each, with* 50 *added.*

Mr. Jno. Day's b. c. Venison .....(J. DAY) 2 1 1
Gen. Yates's ch. c. Sylvan 1 2 2

DRAWN.—Mr. Rawlinson's b. m. Reliance, Mr. Greville's b. h. Taishteer, and Mr. Isaac Day's b. h. Bubastes.

The WARWICK ST. LEGER did not fill.

Yeomanry Plate of 50 *Sovs., with* 10 *to the Second Horse.*

Mr. Newman's br. g. Smallhopes .....(OWNER) 1
Mr. Holloway's b. g. St. Peter 2
Mr. T. Bateman's b. m. Pandora 3

DRAWN.—Mr. Lucas's b. g. Asps.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 7.

A Sweepstakes of 25 *Sovs. each.*

Mr. Bristow's b. c. Obadiah.....(CHAPPLE) 1
Mr. T. Walters's b. c. The Prime Warden 2
Mr. Rawlinson's b. c. by Fungus 3

DRAWN.—Mr. Richardson's br. c. Protection, and Mr. E. Peel's b. c. Canwell.

The Warwick Cup, in Specie.—Four-mile Course.

Mr. Peel's ch. h. Tanworth.....(Spring) 1
Lord Aylesford's b. m. Languid 2

Drawn.—Sir J. Mordaunt's b. m. Diana, Mr. West's gr. c. Telltale, Lord Exeter's gr. c. Luck's All, Mr. H. Grimes's ch. g. Noodle, and Mr. Sheldon's ch. h. Uncle Toby.

Borough Members' Plate of 50 *Sovs.*

Gen. Yates's b. f. Mersey .....(Whitehouse) 1 1
Sir C. Greville's g. g. Rival 2 2
Capt. Lamb's b. c. Count D'Orsay 4 3
Mr. T. Walters's br. c. King Cole 3 4

THURSDAY, SEPT. 8.

The Stand Stakes of 15 *Sovs. each, with* 30 *added,* 10 *ft.*

Mr. Tomes's Random .....(Chapple) 1
Mr. Lucas's g. c. Telltale 2
Mr. B. King's b. m. Lucy..... 3

Drawn.—Sir C. Greville's g. g. Rival.
Forfeit.—Three, to pay 5 Sovs. each.

The King's Plate of 100 *Guineas.*

Mr. Jno. Day's b. c. Venison.....(J. Day) 1 1
Mr. Greville's b. h. Taishteer..... 2 dr
Mr. Isaac Day's b. h. Bubastes ..... 3 dr
Mr. Tomes's b. h. Theophilus..... 4 dr

Drawn.—Mr. Peel's ch. h. Tanworth.

The Town Plate of £50.

Mr. Greville's b. h. Taishteer.....(Nat) 1 1
Mr. I. Day's b. h. Bubastes 4 2
Mr. Jno. Day's b. c. Foozool..... 2 3
Mr. Tomes's b. h. Theophilus..... 3 dr

Hunters' Sweepstakes of 10 *Sovs. each.*

Mr. Newman's br. g. Smallhopes ..(Molyneux) 1 1
Mr. Fowler names b. g. Saint Peter..... 2 dr

Drawn.—Mr. Shirley names b. m. Pandora, Mr. Leigh names b. g. by Sir Gray, and Mr. M. Wise's b. g. Asps.

Mr. W. BROWN, Veterinary Surgeon, C. C..

COVENTRY RACES, 1836.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9.

Craven Trial Stakes, 10 *Sovs. each, with* 50 *Sovs. added.*

Mr. Lucas's Telltale 1
Capt. Lamb's Count D'Orsay 2
Mr. King's Zora 3
Mr. Bunney's b. f. by Longwaist 4
Mr. Little names Miss Caroline 5

Handicap, 10 *Sovs. each, with* 30 *added.*

Capt. Bunney's b. f. by Longwaist..... 1
Mr. Gladwell's Whimsical..... 2
Mr. Little's Slang 3
Mr. Farmer's Timothy 4
Mr. Micklam's Music..... 5

City Stakes of 5 *Sovs. each, with* 20 *given by the Corporation.*

Capt. Lamb's Jack..... 1
Mr. Baring's Lofty 2
Capt. Bunney's Donnington 3

Silver Cup, with 10 *Sovs. to the Second Horse.*

FIRST CLASS.

Mr. Collett's Claret 1 1
Mr. Cheadle's Chance 2
Mr. Barber's Antelope..... 3
Mr. Kemp's Truant 4
Mr. Carter's Bonnce..... 5

SECOND CLASS.

Mr. Farmer's Nothing-at-all 1 2
Mr. Packwood's Little John 2
Mr. Burton's Moggy..... 3
Mr. Mantle's Miss Print..... 4

THIRD CLASS.

Mr. Griffin's Dimity..... 1
Mr. Gavins's Roulette..... 2
Mr. Smith's Freedom 3

Hurdle Race, 5 *Sovs. each, with* 20 *Sovs. added.*

Mr. Little names Apostate 1
Mr. Williams's Wandering Boy 2
Mr. Wyatt names Shakspeare..... 3
Mr. J. Morris's Peeper 4

Handicap of 5 *Sovs. each.*

Mr. Farmer's Timothy..... 1 1
Mr. Little's Slang..... 4 2
Mr. Fowler's Little John 3 3
Mr. Drege's Wandering Boy 2 4

BIRMINGHAM AND SOLIHULL SPRING RACES,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20, 1836.

Birmingham Stakes of 5 *Sovs. each. with* 30 *added.*

Mr. Farmer's b. g. Bilbury	1	1	
Mr. Godwin's b. g. Pharold	2	5	
Mr. Fowler's br. m. Coquette	5	2	
Mr. Edwards's b. f. Maria	3	3	
Mr. Richardson's br. g. Obadiah	4	4	

Match for £50.

Mr. Taylor's b. m. Lady Jane	1
Mr. Mottram's ch. m.	2

Hurdle Stakes of 5 *Sovs. each, with* 30 *added.*

Mr. Fowler's br. m. Coquette	1
Mr. Brown's b. m. Pandora	2
Mr. Wadams's ch. g. Red Rose	3
Mr. Godwin's b. g. Pharold	4

NOT PLACED.—Mr. Walker's Paganini, Mr. F. Wallis's Tom Leedham, Mr. Barber's Antelope, and Mr. Vyner's Risque.

Solihull Stakes of 3 *Sovs. each, with a Purse added.*

Mr. Stovin's b. g. Sir Peter	6	1	1
Mr. Newman's br. g. Smallhopes	1	2	2
Mr. Brown's b. m. Harriet	0	3	3
Mr. Bindley's b. g. Fugleman	0	0	4
Mr. Friend's br. m. Jewess	2	0	0
Mr. Taylor's br. m. Lady Jane	0	0	0

BIRMINGHAM AND SOLIHULL AUTUMN RACES,

MONDAY, AUGUST 22, 1836.

Trial Stakes of 10 *Sovs. each, with* 30 *Sovs. added.*

Mr. Barton's ch. f. Sister to Presto	1
Mr. Leedham's b. f. Young Phantom	2

Whip Stakes of 5 *Sovs. each, with* 30 *added.*

Mr. Ongley's Donnington ..... walked over.

Match of 25 *Sovs. each.*

Mr. Andrun's g. m. Matilda	1
Mr. Taylor's br. m. Pet	2

The Publicans' Purse of 5 Sovs, each, with 20 added, was won by Fearnhurst, beating Little John and Cyclops.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 23.

The Solihull Stakes of 3 Sovs. each, with 10 added, was won by Mr. Friend's Jewess, beating Tom Leedham and Caliban.

Match for £50.—Deceiver agst. Blue Ruin—won by the former.

A Sweepstakes of 3 Sovs. each, with 10 added, was won by Mr. Lea's Atalanta, beating Mr. Andrun's Matilda, Mr. Taylor's Pet, and Mr. Reynolds's Deceiver.

SHOOTING AND TRAINING.

SHOOTING MAXIMS AND DIRECTIONS.

AN AGED SPORTSMAN'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

'Punctatorque canis volucres quo quærere possis.'—VIR.

As to the question—'Which is better,
(My Son,) the Pointer or the Setter?'
'Tis but a taste, both understood
As equal in ancestral blood;
And these the virtues in the sire
I, an Old Sportsman, most admire.
Light be his form, his muscle strong,
Else shortest day may prove too long;
Fleet, with an instinct that demands
The wind on entering stubble lands,
Lest Ponto, running down the wind,
Should leave unfound the birds behind,
Or they too soon alarmed should spring
Far beyond gun shot reach on wing.
Blest too the man that can discern
How near the game by Ponto's stern,
With nose exact and keen to mark
The scent of partridge from the lark;
Eager, not jealous in pursuit,
Cautious, and slow, when game's afoot,
Steady to stand when birds are found,
Willing to back o'er widest ground,
With courage that can bear correction,
When words have proved too weak objection.
Such sire and mother both should be
To give a worth to progeny.

From such a breed select the *male,*
Lest lady services should fail,
And the September season prove
How inconvenient female love.
Breed more than you may well require,
Lest the distemper, ravage dire,
With sad malignity destroy
The kennel treasures of my boy,
And leave him in September dress
Rich in his game but *pointer-less.*
Now learn when first you should begin
And how to *break* your pointers in.
In *March* when marriage contracts bind
In annual links the feathered kind,
And partridge *chap'ron* mothers stand
With daughters introduced on hand,
Just so you see the loveliest faces
Inviting marriage at the *races,*
Each hoping her's may soon be won
By some endowed and elder son;
In *March,* on wedding schemes intent,
Birds may be neared, and strong the scent;
In March then let your puppies know
The various myst'ries of 'To, Ho!'
Trained kindly, and (observe) by hand
To back—go on—lie down, or stand;
To drop the instant gun is shot,
Nor move five inches from the spot
Till told, if honour'd with a call,
To fetch the stricken birds that fall.
Nor think your breaking duties o'er
Till you've observ'd one counsel more.
Your's be in August to explain
These useful lessons once again,

And harden Ponto's flesh and feet,
And make his power of wind compleat,
By ten-mile gallops on the road
Of turnpike nearest your abode.
Next choose your *gun*, each barrel stout,
With bore that will not spread about ;
A *stock* well turned, and poised to rise
On easy level with your eyes ;
Two *ramrods*, lest a fractured one
Should render vain the finest gun,
Of *whalebone*, lest employed to thwack
A dog, or poke a ditch, they crack.
Use *Southwell's* caps, they never fly
Or hurl destruction at your eye
If bought of *Brasher* or of *Dix*,
(Men true in trade and politics.)
Wadding of card or felt prepare,
With hole to free th' imprisoned air.
Your *powder-flask* in form should be
From possible explosion free.
Your *shot-belt* made at touch of spring
To pour a charge that's just the thing.
Keep your gun clean from dirt or rust,
With inside scraped from leaden crust,
Lest shot be hindered in its flight,
And birds escape uninjur'd by't.
September come, don't rise too soon,
Nor linger to the hour of noon.
At dawn the game is wild, mid-day
The scent's completely scorch'd away,
And birds are basking in the sun,
In haunts where pointers seldom run.
Be call'd at six, then, start at seven,
Rest and eat *luncheon* at eleven—

Seated beneath some spreading oak,
With sandwich, wine, cold tea, and joke,
And Ponto (pat him as he lies,)
Reposing with uneasy eyes,
And lackies, envious till they share
The lux'ries of their master's fare.
At three you'll find your sport the best—
Dinner at six—you know the rest.
In easy *camlet* jacket clad,
(The lightest and the best, my lad,)
Trowsers of fustian, gaiters ditt;
Shoes not too strong nor tight in fit.
Methinks I see your early start,
Methinks I hear your throbbing heart,
As, whistling after breakfast meal
Ponto and Carlo to your heel,
You stalk away in youthful pride
To seek the manor's distant side.
'Tis reach'd—your cob with bridle thrown
Over his neck is left alone,
Or ridden by a boy that came
To mark and carry home the game,
Instructed when the birds are flying
To keep them in his constant eyeing,
Till outstretch'd wings to fluttering changing,
Prove they have reach'd their utmost ranging.
Ere ent'ring fields (up-wind) agree
Which your *companion's side* shall be,
And never shoot, (so honour cries,)
Bird that across his pathway flies.
Be tranquil now, your March employ
Suits not September's calm, my boy;
This is no month for pointer breaking,
Or noise, or furious angry speaking;

A whistle, if you choose, scarce heard,
Resemblance of a calling bird,
No whip, no rating, no halloo—
Ponto has nerves as well as you;
Forgive small faults, lest temper cross'd,
His spirit, and your sport be lost.
But let not Ponto, I implore you,
Go through a gate or gap before you,
Lest birds too soon alarmed should fly,
And to some distant hedges hie.
Nor only fly unshot I ween,
But oftentimes, alas! unseen.
Nor move too fast, give time to find,
Or coveys will be left behind.
Where's Ponto? see him yonder stand
Like marble on the hedgerow land,
With Carlow backing staunch and true!
How fine, how beautiful the view!
Breathe a 'To-ho!' in voice subdued,
Then mark their noble attitude,
The frame with leg in slight advance,
The stiffened stern, the starting glance,
O! pause one moment to survey
This glory of the sporting day;
Then make a circuit to enclose
The game 'twixt you and Ponto's nose;
And cock not, for 'tis dang'rous thing,
Your gun till game is on the wing.
And when a bird has dropp'd, beware
Lest *Pot* not sport appear your care.
If Ponto, ere he hears the word,
To go and fetch the stricken bird
Sees you advance without recharging,
He's ruin'd—without more enlarging.

Ah ! no, reload while Ponto stands
Watching each motion of your hands.
Then seek your game, or, if preferr'd,
Bid happy Ponto bring the bird.
This rule neglected, Ponto soon
Will rush, as influenc'd by the moon,
When gun is fired and bird is shot,
Shewing that policy is not
So bad as that of present pot ;
Better lose birds, and hares, and rabbits,
Than teach your pointer vicious habits.
Now mark my prayer with my command,
When you have got your gun in hand.
And first relieve me from alarm
By loading with extended arm,
Fixing the copper coverings last,
When the fourth wadding has been passed,
And guarding well with anxious sight
Lest casual blow the caps ignite.
Point your gun upwards to the sky,
Or to the earth when friends are by,
If only to relieve their fears
Of shot sent rattling round their ears.
And never or in jest or quarrel
Point to your friend or self the barrel.
Oh ! no, not e'en th' unloaded gun,
Lest children in their thoughtless fun
Learn the sad lesson, and in play
Some belov'd friend or brother slay.
Ere struggling thro' the thorny gaps,
Reflect upon what sad mishaps
Are caus'd by sportsman's careless hand
When traversing from land to land.

And when returning home beware
No loaded barrel enters there.
Oh! to discharge your gun, or draw
The charge, is more than nature's law—
Lest chance, or frolic, or design,
Make wretched this abode of mine.
My son! these principles remember
As guides for shooting in September,
Lest I who trust you with a gun
Should prove the murd'rer of my son,
And your dear mother's heart-strings burst,
Made childless on the fatal first.
Think'st thou, my boy, that I could be,
If thus depriv'd of her and thee,
Able to drag life's pond'rous chain
With no delirium on my brain?
Ah! no, that selfsame hour would find
Distraction seizing on my mind,
Nor would it cease till friendly death
Put period to thy father's breath,
And the oblivious grave imparted
Peace to thy parent, broken-hearted.—
The father paused, and you might spy
Tears gathering fast in either eye,
Till, with a hand upon his breast,
As choking with its sighs suppress'd,
Again he cried, 'My Son remember
These Rules for Shooting in September.'

A WORD TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN.

BY VENATOR.

We observe, with strong feelings of regret, that in every successive season, many serious and sometimes fatal accidents occur to gentlemen while shooting. By attending to a few general rules, some of those accidents may be avoided.

The first great principle to bear constantly in mind, is, never to suffer any part of your own person, or that of your companion nor even your dog, to come within range of your gun at any time. This should more particularly be observed in giving or receiving, or in drawing the piece after you through a hedge. Carry your gun, invariably, well poized in the air, or pointing to the ground; then, should it by any chance go off, the charge flies harmless above your head, or is instantly buried beneath your feet.

Charging is the next material point you should attend to. Never suffer any part of either hand to pass over the muzzle of your gun when in the act of loading, or after it is loaded. When the powder is put into the barrel, take hold of the rod with the tip, as near as you can, of your finger and thumb, to ram down the wadding, and observe the same caution both in passing down and drawing the rod in completing the charge; and then, should the gun unexpectedly go off, you could receive no other injury than a slight laceration of the extreme points of your thumb and finger. Any man who has learned his discipline in the army, will explain this method to you in a few lessons.—Keep the piece at a distance from your person while loading, with the muzzle rather slanting outward; this precaution is always a safe one with a short gun.

There is another kind of accident, from which the most serious consequences often occur, that cannot be so easily guarded against, which is a bursting of the gun; yet this,

by care, may sometimes be averted. Your barrel should be made of the best tough twisted stubs, clean it well every time it is used, and keep your gun perfectly dry. Never load with damp paper, as in ramming down it is liable to form a mass so hard, that you may be led to believe it lies firm upon the charge, when it has not reached it: the confined air, in that case, on being rarefied by the explosion, might burst the barrel. By visiting one of the government proof-houses, and seeing heaps of barrels frightfully riven in all directions, will convey to the young sportsman such a practical lesson of danger from the bursting of a gun that he can never forget. In shooting, if you can avoid it, grasp no part of the barrel beyond the stock with your left hand. It is a safe custom to have your barrels proved at intervals, if they are much used.

SHOOTING AT STUDLEY CASTLE,

WARWICKSHIRE.

In the middle of November, 1836, Sir F. Goodricke, and a party of friends, met at the seat of the Hon. Baronet, Studley Castle, for the purpose of diverting themselves by a few day's shooting. The party consisted of the Hon. Baronet, Mr. Massey Stanley, Mr. Pakington, Mr. Lyne Stephens, and Mr. George Payne.

On the Tuesday they killed 486 head of game; and on Wednesday 503 head, consisting of 492 pheasants, 376 hares, 120 rabbits, and a cock. Total 989 head. The party shot but four hours a day.

PERFORMANCES OF THAT CELEBRATED HORSE VIVIAN.

THE PROPERTY OF CAPTAIN LAMB.

We are enabled, by a favour which we thankfully acknowledge, to lay before our readers a correct account, both on the turf and across country, of this extraordinary horse; and we are certain that a list of his great performances will be considered an interesting document by those Sportsmen who have noticed his racing career, and remain a lasting record of the astonishing powers of that noble creature the horse.

In the year 1834, Vivian, bay gelding by Fencer, dam by Spanker, became the property of Captain JOHN LAMB, a gentleman who then resided at Leamington, and was one of the most ardent supporters of the turf and chace in this county.

1834.

Vivian first came out at Warwick Spring Meeting, on the 19th of March, this year, and run second to Alice Gray for the Debdale Stakes, beating Agitator and four others.

His next engagement was of a more important nature, and although a few formed but an indifferent opinion of his chance of success against Cannon Ball, we find him at the post, starting for the Great Northampton Steeple Race, on the 4th of April, with that and another superior horse. The stake was 25 sovereigns each, open to all England, 4 miles, across a severe and thick-fenced country. This race Vivian won, having beaten the b. g. Vanguard, by Vampire, and Mr. Osbaldeston's b. g. Cannon Ball. As that gentleman had challenged the whole kingdom for 500 sovereigns with this horse, and his powers of crossing a country were con-

sidered of the first rate, the betting was 2 to 1 on Cannon Ball, and 5 to 1 against Vivian. This victory added to his fame, and in the steeple races of the ensuing season, the sporting world looked forward to the entry of his name with deep interest.

In September following, Vivian ran at Walsall, where he was beaten by Buffalo, beating Donnington.

On the 12th of November Vivian started for the Grand Aylesbury Steeple Race of 15 sovereigns each, with 50 added; carrying 12st. each, over a country of four miles, free to any horse. This stake he won, beating a long field of the choicest horses. Amongst them were Lancet, Laurestina, Norna, Poet, Flyer, Grimaldi, Glenartney, Cantley, Prospero, and 10 others.

In consequence of this second great victory, Vivian was considered as a first rate steeple racer, and the Marquis of Waterford challenged to run his Cock Robin, a horse well known, against the Captain's, for 1000 sovereigns each, over four miles of the Leicestershire country, each to carry 12 stone. The Marquis rode his own horse; Mr. Beecher rode Vivian. The match came off on the 1st of December, a period of only nineteen days having elapsed since his last severe combat at Aylesbury. Vivian was again successful, beating his opponent by about two lengths, after a most severely contested race, over a frightful country.

1835.

At the Warwick Spring Meeting, March 18th, Vivian won the Tradesmens' Cup of 50 sovs. with 10 sovs. each, beating Bedicote, Annette, Cannon Ball, Ploughboy, Conrad, Skipper, and br. g. by Thornton, dam by Carlton.

On the same day, in beautiful style, Vivian won the Hurdle Race Sweepstakes, six leaps, 12st. each, beating Conrad, Judgment, Angler, and Gipsy.

The next engagement of Vivian closely followed; and at Northampton he ran for the Grand Steeple Race there, but had the misfortune to stake himself in the early part of it, whereby he lost all chance of winning. However, he recovered sufficiently to walk to Bath, where, at the Spring Meeting, on the 29th of April, he surprised every one, winning his match of £50 by beating Lord Ranford's Shade, thorough bred, 11st. whilst Vivian carried 12st. and won easily. The betting was 2 to 1 freely on Shade, who was thought to be the best in the country, at that time, entered for those stakes.

The astonishing muscular powers of Vivian had now been fully displayed; yet, on the following day, he started for, and won the Hurdle Race Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 10 added, beating Colonel, Topsy, Chazadde, Lady Jane, and Splendour.

In the course of the following week, he walked over for the Hurdle Race Sweepstakes, at Clifton, carrying 5lbs. extra on account of his former winnings.

On the 24th of June, we find him matched against Capt. Williamson's Bittern for £50, at Stockbridge, which he won carrying 7lbs. extra.

On the same day he beat Wallington, and won the Bibury Handicap Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 4 paying h. ft.

On the following day, Vivian won the Hunters' Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 10 added, beating Lady Emily, and receiving forfeit from four others.

On the 7th of August, at Salisbury, he was beaten by Bittern, in three heats, Vivian beating one other.

On the 12th, of August, at Southampton, he walked the Cocktail Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added.

On the 13th, at the same place, he ran second to Lady Emily, for the Gold Cup Stakes, beating Bittern, Conservative, Tallyho, and Chancellor.

On the 18th, at Oxford, he ran second to Nike, for a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, Pontiff being third.

On the 9th of September, he won the Belvoir Stakes, of 5 sovs. each, at Leicester, with 20 added by the Duke of Rutland, beating Stonesby, Cricket Ball, and two others, twice.

On the following day, he ran second to Mr. Tomes's b. g. by Bedlamite, for the Burgess Plate—Plaything 3rd, Dacre 4th.

On Friday October 2nd, at Liverpool, Vivian surprised every one. He first won the Hurdle Race of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added, beating Polyanthus, and Sod and Twig.

On the same day, he also won the Hurdle Race of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added, beating Peacemaker, Aristocrat, Old Abraham, Wagtail, and Flareup.

1836.

At Aylesbury, on the 9th of February, Vivian was beaten by Saladin for the Heavy Weight Steeple Race, he beating Yellow Dwarf, Speculation, Wing, Fugleman, The Stranger, Rochelle, The Flyer, Red Deer, Grimaldi, and Redman.

On the 11th, at the same place, he won, easily, The Light Weight Steeple Race, beating Yellow Dwarf, Grimaldi, Red Deer, Glasgow, Laurestina, Butterfly, Jerry, Mantrap, Cannon Ball, The Amazon, Gnat, Sailor, The Pony, and Rochelle, who was second.

At Worcester, closely following, he won the Steeple Race, beating Midnight, who fell at the third fence. Vivian went the distance alone, without making any mistake, over a line of country as severe, perhaps, as ever was ridden.

At Warwick Spring Meeting, on the 16th of March, he was beat by Coquette; but, on the same day, he won his

last race over a course, ridden by the Owner, viz. the Debdale Stake for Hunters, Vivian carrying 12st. 10lbs. and Freedom, 5 years old, 10st.

On the 13th of March he was beaten at Bath, by Challenger.

On the 25th of May, he fell in the Hurdle Sweepstakes at Manchester, and was beaten by Buffer, Vivian beating four others.

1837.

On the 7th of March, Vivian won the Dunchurch Grand Steeple Race, over a heavy line of country, of 25 sovs. each, with 100 added, beating Jerry, Warwick, Wing, Cock Robin, Strideaway, Beatrice, Boy Blue, Emma, Pilot, Stranger, Gridiron, William Tell, and Stag.

On the following Tuesday, the 14th, he ran second to Jerry, for the Leamington Grand Steeple Race of 25 sovs. with 200 added, beating Flacrow, Monarch, Captain Bob, Countess, Creeper, Scripton, Laura, b. g. Negociator, and Valiant.

The last splendid achievement of Vivian was on Tuesday, the 4th of April following, when he won the great Steeple Race, at Cheltenham, of 25 sovs. each, with 50 added, beating Splendour, Deceiver, Dan O'Connell, The Disowned, Cinderella, Harlequin, Sportsman, Cannon Ball, Monarch, Standard, Oberon, Workman, and North Star.

This was Vivian's last engagement; and it will be seen, on referring to the performances of this wonderful animal, across country, that he started ten times, and won seven Steeple-races, beating the choicest horses in England, or from Ireland. He was unfortunate in one, by staking himself, and in every other he was second horse. Thus it will be found, that in the seven races he won he beat 63 horses; and in the two races where he was placed second, he beat 20 horses.

On the Turf he started 23 times, and won 14 races, beating 36 horses. He was second in eight races, and beat 19 horses; and on one occasion he was not placed.

This gallant old horse was named for the Hurdle Races, at Liverpool, in October, 1837, and, apparently, when in better condition than ever he was before, on taking his last gallop, he failed in his near foreleg, and is not likely to come out again as a racer.

MR. MYTTON.

John Mytton, Esq. of Halstone, Salop, was a Sportsman well known in Warwickshire, by attending the races in that county for many years. He came into the possession of property, it has been very confidently stated, real and personal, little short in value of £400,000, but, from an improvident expenditure, and extensive speculations on the Turf, in which it is believed he lost large sums, he spent his noble patrimony, and on the 29th of March, 1834, he died in the King's Bench, from a disease on the brain, and was buried at Halstone. He first married the daughter of Sir Tyrwhitt Jones, who died, leaving him one daughter, on whom he settled £10,000; and he afterwards was united to Caroline, sister of T. Giffard, Esq. of Chillington, by whom he had five children, the eldest son, at his death, inheriting the Halstone estate.—Mr. Mytton was 38.

Now what shall we say of Mr. Mytton—himself a sportsman and a master of hounds? The conflicting passions of the human mind were strongly marked in the character of this gentleman. Some of these, acting upon a temper too easily excited, often threw his better qualities into the shade, and led to results regetted by his acquaintances, and lamented by his friends.

Mr. Mytton's famous horse, Euphrates, stood upon the turf until he was 13 years old, and won his master sixteen Cups.—Birmingham, Independence, and we believe Wolverhampton, once belonged to Mr. Mytton, and were purchased from him by the late Mr. Beardsworth, of Birmingham, when colts.

HINTS ON GROOMING THE HUNTER.

BY BRUSH.

The Stud is now full, a few hints would I give,
As to grooming the horse, and how he should live.
At the top of the morn, my horses are seen
Parading in order our old village green,
They brush off the dew, which refreshes their feet,
Stops contractions of heel, and renders them sweet;
A vigorous tone to their lungs is thus given,
By breathing pure air, now fresh from the heaven.
To their stalls they return when an hour has fled,
And find a swept stable, and fresh litter'd bed;
A wisp of soft hay to the coat is applied,
Allow'd o'er the surface but gently to glide;
With bristle or comb, oh disturb not a hair,
Or, porcupine-like, in your face they will stare;
By disturbing the roots you let the air in,
Which nature rejects by fresh clothing the skin.
In the summer, indeed, how glossy and fine
Are the coats of all horses, and even of kine.
'Tis the absence of cold which keeps the coat sleek,
Your attention to warmth these hints then bespeak.
Distribute with liberal hand the old oats,
For internal heat good condition promotes;
Add not a bean until you have gallop'd your steed,
Lest surfeit should force you to physic and bleed.
The hay which is smallest in bulk should be found,
Nor let it exceed over ten or twelve pound;
When lungs by extension of stomach are press'd,
The horse scarcely moves, but in wind is distress'd.
The sun is declining—again by the pair
On the green are my Stud seen imbibing the air.

ON THE COATS OF HORSES.

BY BRUSH.

No fading beauty desirous of retaining the conquests she had made, ever played more vagaries with her complexion, than we of the present day do with the coats of our horses. One shaves, another clips, and a third singes. Each system has its advocates; and we often meet with an individual who praises the one he has adopted, because it appears to have succeeded with his own particular horse. I believe that each of these systems has a peculiar merit, and that neither is exclusively right. I have heard singeing ridiculed, because it would not shear off a coat which rivalled in thickness a sheep's fleece. Again, clipping is laughed at as a tedious manner of doing in several days what a flame would accomplish in as many hours. And shaving is condemned as the most tiresome of all. All this sweeping condemnation is wrong, and arises from ignorance of the subject. If you take your horse up in August, with a short coat, you may keep it so by singeing him now and then; or if you purchase a horse with a tolerable coat, this is the best preventative against its getting worse; but if you happen to have in November an animal with a thick and long coat, singeing will have about as much effect on it as a shower of rain has on a duck's back; this is a case that nothing will reach but the scissors. Again, there are coats so tough, wiry, and greasy, as to defy scissors, and will yield to nothing but the razor. Before you have recourse to either of these schemes consider the animal, recollecting that the merit of each system depends entirely on the nature of the coat on which you operate. If you find that singeing is the best adapted to your particular case, there is a choice of ingredients for the purpose; either spirits of wine and turpentine, or naphtha by itself; the latter is but half the price of the former, and as it is equally efficacious, its cheapness should give it our preference. Whilst on the subject of coats, I recollect that many years since, being requested by a friend to accompany him to a dealer's in Oxfordshire to assist him in selecting a horse; just as we arrived at the place, I asked him what kind of a horse he wanted? He replied, one with such a coat that when he rode through a town each person should point to him and say, there goes a beautiful horse. I laughed heartily at the idea at the time. But experience has taught me that what he required was really of great consequence; and all our present schemes of clipping, singeing, and shaving are further confirmations of the importance of a good coat.

VENATOR'S FAREWELL, (THIS SEASON,) TO HIS SPORTING FRIENDS.

'The Season o'er, the jolly band
Around the board now take their stand;
Fill to the brim! re-echoes loud
From ev'ry voice within the crowd.
Diana, Goddess of the Chase,
With three times three, in cups we grace,
And all her hunting train;
One bumper more,—one parting glass,
First to fox-hunting,—then your lass,
Until we meet again!'

Now SPRING, indulgent maid, resume
All thy sweet loveliness and bloom;
While Flora gay the glebe and bowers
Richly adorns with corn and flowers.
The god that fitly doth preside
Over the woods and forests wide;
The goddesses that do prevail
Over each wood, and grove, and vale.
The nymphs who rule the fields so gay,
And those who in the meadow stray;
With all that range the fields and grounds
Within imaginative bounds,
Will ev'ry bounty, kind, bestow
To grace our paradise below.
Ye river nymphs of agile limb,
Who thro' the lucid water swim,
And ye who pass, in artless play,
In fountain clear the time away,
Now fearless glide—yet oft be seen
Sporting upon their margent green,
Where flowers of sweetest odour vie
To charm the sense, and please the eye!
Now Mab, of fay the lovely queen,
With all thy train, on pastures green
Dance featly round the magic ring,
To music sweet, and sweetly sing.
Join'd by Robin Puck, the fairy,
Who all winter long the dairy

And the housemaids has closely watch'd,
And when he has the slatterns catch'd
In bed—who've left their hearth unswept,
Or not all things in order kept,
Slyly beneath the yielding clothes
Has pok'd his little saucy nose,
Pinch'd their soft arms quite black and blue,
And other softer places too!

The feath'ry race, in wood and grove,
Renew their pledges sweet of love.
The speckl'd thrush, the throstle bold,
Blackbird with beak margin'd with gold;
The modest linnet, green and brown,
The goldfinch proud in coat of down;
The soaring lark, whose tuneful song
Is not excell'd the birds among;
The ring dove shy—the pigeon wild,
And every little chirping child
Of harmony—the gairish jay,
And garr'lous pie their tribute pay;
With cuckoo of two-noted song;
But none of all the sprightly throng
Can charm the ear like Philomel,
Who nightly doth her love song tell;
And swallow swift, on tireless wing,
Hail thy return—O lovely SPRING!

The partridge now, in courtship's race,
By hedgerows do each other chase;
Answ'ring, at eve, ere night debate,
In love the lovecall of their mate.

The hare—coy, harmless, tim'rous thing,
Will rest in safety thro' the Spring;
And teach her furry brood, beside,
To run and double, squat and hide.

What pow'rs to thee, REYNARD, belong!
Vig'rous, active, fleet, and strong,
Artful, resolute, and bold,
With wond'rous nerve and frame to hold—
We owe to thy stout ferine race
The high diversion of the Chase!

Hippona, goddess of the horse,
Who well the stable guards, of course,
Will her protective halo throw
Around the Steed and Master too,
Until we meet the noble train,
The gallant Warwickshire, again!

When a fine rattling run with a Fox at the end,
Will ev'ry blue devil to Coventry send!

CONCLUSION.

THE WARWICKSHIRE HUNT.

VOLUME 2ND.

The first Volume of this publication, contains, inclusively, a period of 40 successive Seasons, ending in April, 1836.

The Author intends to carry on the Work consecutively, from that time; and, with the view of making the Second Volume an object still more worthy the patronage of his Sporting Friends, he solicits the aid of any confidential pen that can contribute to its value.

PRINTED BY JOHN COOPER, BUTTS, WARWICK.